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OF
ANCIENT AND MODERN
BRITISH AUTHORS.

VOL. CCCCXXXVI.

NOW AND THEN.

COLLECTION

OF THE

BRITISH AUTHORS.

THE

JOHN AND THOMAS

NOW AND THEN.

—THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY.

BY

SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S.,

AUTHOR OF

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR, AND THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.



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THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TOKEN OF LOVE,

BY
HIS FATHER.

London, 18th December, 1847.

TO
EDWARD ALPOPE HARRIS.

THIS BOOK IS LOANED

AS A TOKEN OF LOVE

BY
HIS FATHER.

London, 18th December, 1867.



NOW AND THEN.

CHAPTER I.

Somewhere about a hundred years ago (but in which of our good kings' reigns, or in which of our sea-coast counties, is needless to be known) there stood, quite by itself, in a parish called Milverstoke, a cottage of the better sort, which no one could have seen, some few years before that in which it is presented to our notice, without its suggesting to him that he was looking at a cottage quite of the old English kind. It was most snug in winter, and in summer very beautiful; glistening, as then it did, in all its fragrant loveliness of jessamine, honeysuckle, and sweet-briar. There, also, stood a bee-hive, in the centre of the garden, which, stretching down to the road-side, was so filled with flowers, especially roses, that nothing whatever could be seen of the ground in which they grew; wherefore it might well be that the busy little personages who occupied the tiny mansion so situated, conceived that the lines had fallen to them in very pleasant places indeed. The cottage was built very substantially, though originally somewhat rudely, and principally of sea-shore stones. It had a thick thatched roof, and the walls were low. In front there were only two windows, with diamond-shaped panes, one above another, the former much larger than the latter, the one belonging to *the* room of the building, the other to what might be called the chief bed-room; for there were three little dormitories—two being small, and at the back of the cottage. Close behind, and somewhat to the left, stood an elm-tree, its trunk completely covered with ivy; and so effectually sheltering the cottage, and otherwise so materially contributing to its snug, picturesque appearance, that there could be little doubt of

the tree's having reached its maturity before there was any such structure for it to grace and protect. Beside this tree was a wicket, by which was entered a little slip of ground, half garden and half orchard. All the foregoing formed the remnant of a little freehold property, which had belonged to its present owner and to his family before him, for several generations. The initial letter (*A*) of their name, Ayliffe, was rudely cut in old English character in a piece of stone forming a sort of centre facing over the door-way; and no one then living there knew when that letter had been cut. The present owner of the cottage was Adam Ayliffe, once a substantial, but now a reduced yeoman, well stricken in years, being at the time now spoken of not far from his sixty-eighth year. The crown of his head was bald, and very finely formed; and the little hair that he had left was of a silvery colour, verging on white. His countenance and figure were very striking to an observant beholder; who would have said at once, "That man is of a firm and upright character, and has seen trouble,"—all which was indeed distinctly written in his open Saxon features. His eye was of a clear blue, and stedfast in its gaze; and when he spoke, it was with a certain quaintness, which seemed in keeping with his simple and stern character. All who had ever known Ayliffe entertained for him a deep respect. He was of a very independent spirit, somewhat taciturn, and of a retiring, contemplative humour. His life was utterly blameless, regulated throughout by the purifying and elevating influence of Christianity. The excellent vicar of the parish in which he lived, revered him, holding him up as a pattern, and pointing him out as one of whom it might be humbly said, *Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile*. Yet the last few years of his life had been passed in great trouble. Ten years before had occurred, in the loss of his wife, who had been every way worthy of him, the first great sorrow of his life. After twenty years spent together in happiness greater than tongue could tell, it had pleased God, who had given her to him, to take her away—suddenly, indeed, but very gently. He woke one morning, when she woke not, but lay sweetly sleeping the sleep of death. His *Sarah* was gone, and thenceforth his great hope was to follow her, and be with her again. His spirit was stunned for a while, but murmured not; saying, with resignation, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." A year or two afterwards occurred to him a second trouble, great, but of a dif-

ferent kind. He was suddenly reduced almost to beggary. To enable the son of an old deceased friend to become a collector of public rates in an adjoining county, Ayliffe had unsuspectingly become his surety. The man, however, for whom he had done this service, fell soon afterwards into intemperate and dissolute habits; dishonesty, as usual, soon followed; and poor Ayliffe was horrified one evening by being called upon, his principal having absconded, a great defaulter, to contribute to repair the deficiency, to the full extent of his bond. At the time of this sad event Ayliffe was the freehold owner of some forty or fifty acres of ground adjoining his cottage, besides some sums of money advanced upon mortgage to a neighbour, the interest of which he was setting apart for a purpose which will be presently mentioned. But all was suddenly sacrificed:—not only the small accumulation of interest, but the principal from which it had grown,—and not only that, but more than half of his land had to be sold, to make good the loss for which he had so unhappily become liable. This stroke seemed to prostrate poor Ayliffe, not only on account of his severe pecuniary loss, but his cruelly betrayed confidence. Nor was this all:—his favourite purpose had been suddenly defeated, that purpose having been, to make a provision for the marriage of his only child, a son, called after himself, Adam,—being the fifth Adam Ayliffe, father and son, during as many generations. That grand object was now unattainable; and father and son shortly afterwards experienced a bitter proof of the too frequent fickleness of earthly friendships. The girl whose hand had been pledged to young Adam, readily broke off the match at her parents' desire; and she being very pretty, and they so well to do in the world as would have enabled them with ease to set Adam Ayliffe and their daughter comfortably going in life, little difficulty was found in obtaining a successor to poor Adam, in a thriving young farmer, whom she had actually jilted in his favour; for Adam was not only of an old family, and would succeed to no inconsiderable hereditary property; but was at once one of the finest young fellows in the county; with a handsome countenance, of a most engaging frankness, a figure tall and well formed; possessed of surpassing activity and strength, and of a daring and reckless courage. In all manly exercises he excelled every competitor; and as to his feats at singlestick, they were famous in several adjoining counties. Every one liked Adam Ayliffe: he had a laugh and a good word for

all whom he met,—would do anything to oblige anybody; and seemed not to know that there was such a thing in the world to be looked after as—self.

It was everywhere said that a handsomer couple than Adam and Phoebe would make, was not to be seen. But, poor soul! all his prospects were, as has been seen, suddenly blighted; and Phoebe's heartless desertion hurt him far deeper than he cared for the poverty, with its humiliating incidents, into which he and his father had so unexpectedly been plunged. His buoyancy of spirits had fled for ever; but the manly strength and simplicity of character, which he seemed to have inherited from his father, remained. Much of that father's pious teaching it took to soothe the ruffled spirit of his son. Long was it before any one could exchange a smile with Adam Ayliffe the younger. Alas! what a contrast used now to be, between father and son going formerly together arm in arm to church, the one with his great walking-stick, broad hat, and long rough blue coat, and face of grave, but not austere, composure; the other gaily clad, and his hat somewhat jauntily set upon his curly nut-brown hair, nodding to this one, and smiling to the other, and taking off his hat to the elder ones! As father and son would stand suddenly uncovered while the reverend vicar passed or met them, on his way into the church, his heart yearned towards them both: he thoroughly loved and respected them, and was in a certain way proud of two such specimens of the English yeoman: and, above all, charmed with the good example which they set to all his other parishioners. Now the vicar had from Adam's boyhood entertained a liking for him, and had personally bestowed no inconsiderable pains upon his education, which, though plain, as suited his position, was yet sound and substantial. Greatly concerned had been the vicar at the disasters befalling the Ayliffes; nay, he secretly went so far as to make an effort to reclaim the fickle Phoebe—but in vain—it was plainly not to be; and then the vicar sought to satisfy the disappointed suitor, that he might depend upon it all would turn out for the best.

The Rev. Henry Hylton, M. A., at the time now spoken of, had been Vicar of Milverstoke for nearly twenty years. It was a Cambridge College living, of about 300*l.* a year; the first that had fallen to his choice, after he had obtained his fellowship, to which, in consequence of his distinguished degree, he had been elected almost unanimously. He was a man of good family; powerful intellect;

of accurate scholarship; deeply read in divinity; of great decision of character, and lofty independence of spirit; and fervent piety. He, too, was naturally of a cheerful disposition, but had been saddened by domestic affliction; for marrying, shortly after coming to the living, a woman every way fitted for her post, being of sweet and most amiable temper, they had had five children; all of whom had died, except the youngest, a little girl, for whom it may easily be believed that they entertained an anxious love passing expression.

After young Adam's troubles had come upon him, by way of occupying or diverting his attention, Mr. Hylton would have him often to the parsonage, on some kind pretext or other; one of them being to copy out some old sermons, the manuscript of which had become too small to be read in the pulpit conveniently; Mr. Hylton's eyesight not being as clear and strong as it had been originally. Thus it was that Adam came to be constantly thrown into the way of a certain maid of Mr. Hylton's—Sarah, whose history was short, but not uninteresting. She had been left an orphan when young, by a poor widow, a parishioner of Milverstoke, who had died seven years before; and Mrs. Hylton, having taken a liking to the girl, had her carried, about her fourteenth year, to the parsonage, and brought up under her own eye and that of her housekeeper. Sarah proved a good and grateful girl, and became very useful, being a thoroughly good needle-woman, and very discreet and intelligent: in short, she was a great favourite with both Mr. and Mrs. Hylton. Though her countenance was very pleasing, it could not properly be called pretty; its expression was pensive and thoughtful; her voice was very soft, and pleasant to hear; and her figure excellent and well-proportioned. Now Adam and she were often thrown together; for he used to sit in the housekeeper's room, in the evenings, copying out Mr. Hylton's sermons, none else being present than the housekeeper and Sarah: and no one can wonder if he often talked of what had happened to him, particularly touching Phoebe. The good housekeeper pronounced her a hussy, who would live to repent her shameful conduct, and assured Adam that there were quite as good fish in the sea, as had ever come out; Adam all the while listening in silence, or with a sigh, and shaking his head. The last observation, however, imperceptibly grew more grateful to his feelings whenever it was repeated. At length it occurred to him that Sarah, who was never very voluble, always pre-

served silence when such topic, or anything akin to it, was introduced, and looked very steadily at her needlework. One's own heart helps on the natural result of all this. On one such occasion as that which has just been referred to, Sarah ventured to lift up her eyes for an instant from her work, glanced timidly at Adam, whom she imagined to be busy writing; but, behold! he was looking in silence, and rather earnestly, at her. Thus was kindled the first spark of love between Adam and Sarah; and, after several years' quiet courtship, long discouraged, but never absolutely, by both Mr. and Mrs. Hylton, Adam married Sarah from the parsonage, with full consent of all persons concerned—his own father, and Mr. and Mrs. Hylton—and then took her home to the cottage, where old Adam Ayliffe welcomed them with a solemn and affecting benediction, as he kissed the pale cheek of the meek and trembling new-comer, that was quite patriarchal.

“Daughter-in-law,” said he, “I am poor, so is this your husband; and we may become poorer: but here is that which will make those rich that rely on it. Give me thy hand, Sarah, and thine, Adam,” said he, solemnly, and placed them, with his own, upon the cover of an old family Bible: “Promise, with the blessing of Him that gave us this Book, never to look beyond it, in trouble, nor then to forget it. Thus promised my Sarah when God gave her to me, who hath since taken her away again.”

The old man's voice trembled, but failed him not. Then he tenderly embraced both his son and daughter-in-law, who wept much, and they sat down to their frugal repast with such cheerfulness as they might.

Adam and his son had for some time betaken themselves to labour for their subsistence; and on this marriage taking place, both found it necessary to redouble their exertions, in order to meet their augmented expenditure; for small as it might be at first, prudence warned them to prepare against any probable increase of it. Bitter, bitter was it to young Ayliffe, when first he saw his venerable father enter into the capacity of a hireling; but not so with his father, who heartily thanked God for the strength that he still had, and the opportunity of profitably exerting that strength. To the necessity for doing so, he had long become reconciled.

These three were the sole occupants of the cottage: and Mrs. Ayliffe, being herself, as one might say, neatness personified, felt

a keen and anxious pride in keeping her pretty residence in fitting order. Often, however, when her husband and father-in-law were absent at their labour, to which they would sometimes go very early and return very late, she thought with trembling solicitude about the future; for in due time there was the prospect of her becoming a mother. The sight of her venerable father-in-law thus her daily going to and returning from his labour, at a time when he ought to be enjoying the repose suited to his years, greatly distressed her sensitive feelings; and sometimes she would secretly reproach herself for having added even a straw's weight to his burthens, by becoming the wife of his son. That son, however, loved her tenderly; and with, perhaps, a longer lasting affection than ever he might have entertained for her whose place she had so unexpectedly come to occupy. Both he and his father engaged themselves in their labours with sustained alacrity. But after about a year and a half's severe and constant exertion, in the ordinary out-door operations of farming, it told more heavily on old Adam's physical powers than he had calculated upon, and to his grievous mortification the doctor at length positively forbade his resuming work of any kind, for several months to come. So the old man was obliged to lay up; and also to incur considerable expense by medical attendance, rendered indispensable by a certain serious injury, which strong exertion, at his time of life, was but too sure to occasion.

About a year after her marriage, poor Mrs. Ayliffe brought her husband, at the peril of her own life, a son. She had, indeed, a terrible time of it, and did not quit her bed for three months, nor the cottage for two months after that; during the whole of that period being quite unable to manage her household affairs,—small, it was true—but requiring, nevertheless, constant attention, especially to secure any degree of comfort. Alas! how were all these sadly increased exigencies to be encountered? There was but the labour of young Ayliffe, itself producing no great results, but still sufficient, with good management and frugality, to supply their daily necessities; there being, fortunately, no rent to be paid for the house in which they lived. But how long might that be the case? For already had arisen the sad necessity of parting with another portion of the land which still constituted the family property. It had cost old Ayliffe a bitter pang to part with an acre; yet had he been obliged to do so, and was now again driven to repeat the sa-

crifice. All hitherto sold, had been purchased on account of the Earl of Milverstoke—a nobleman of ancient lineage and vast possessions, whose principal country residence, Milverstoke Castle, a most magnificent structure, stood at only some two miles' distance from Ayliffe's cottage. Much must presently be said of this distinguished personage, for such, indeed, he was, even were it only in respect of his great talents, and the high political position which he had occupied. Suffice it at present to say, that the Earl did not give himself much personal concern with the management of his estates, but devolved it upon others—upon agents resident where his properties were situate, and all of whom were under the control of one principal who lived in London, and was a person of no little importance, from the nature and extent of the influence and authority which he enjoyed and exercised. The Earl's local agent at Milverstoke was Mr. Oxley, formerly a land-valuer in the adjoining county, a shrewd and energetic man, devoted to the Earl's interests, but occasionally acting in a way that was not likely to secure to his noble employer the goodwill of those who were connected with him as tenants or neighbours. It was Mr. Oxley who had negotiated the purchase of the land which old Ayliffe had been forced to sell in consequence of the villainy of the person for whom he had become bound; and the objet of Mr. Oxley, in making that purchase, was the furtherance of a scheme which he had for some time had in view, and which had met with the Earl's own approbation, of making a new approach to the Castle through the woods at the back of it, instead of the present road, which was somewhat inconvenient with reference to the highway, and very circuitous.

This object could not, however, be attained, unless all the remaining property of Ayliffe could be acquired by the Earl—whose agent had teased Ayliffe on the subject to an extent which only one of so well-regulated a temper as his, could have tolerated with anything like calmness. The new road to the Castle, it was intended, should pass exactly over the present site of the cottage, which therefore had long been a very grievous eyesore to Mr. Oxley, as a monument at once of his own abortive negotiation, and Ayliffe's dogged obstinacy. In vain the old man earnestly told him that it would break his heart to be separated for ever from the property of his fathers—to see their residence pulled down, and all trace of it destroyed; in vain did the matter-of-fact man of business hear that Ayliffe had solemnly promised his father, on his death-bed,

not to part with the cottage so long as he had a crust of bread to eat in it, and a son to succeed to it. Mr. Oxley largely increased, and finally doubled, his original offer, on hearing these cunning—for such to him they appeared—pretexts urged so pertinaciously; but Ayliffe was not to be tempted: and his resolution irritated Mr. Oxley the more, because the latter, not dreaming of such an obstacle, had somewhat rashly pledged himself to the Earl, that his Lordship might depend upon the new road to the Castle being laid down, by a day which had—long passed by. A last and desperate effort was made by Mr. Oxley, on behalf of his noble principal—who little dreamed of the real state of the case, or, high-minded as he was he would have sacrificed a thousand acres of his richest land rather than have sanctioned the ungracious and unwarrantable proceedings attempted on his behalf. But his Lordship had only recently made Milverstone his constant residence, on his somewhat sudden retirement from public life, and possibly knew little or nothing of what went on in his name, and professedly on his behalf; and as for Ayliffe and his property, the Earl knew little more than that there was a small freeholder of that name living at a short distance from the Castle, whose slight interest in the soil must be purchased, before the contemplated approach could be made from the high road to the Castle. On the occasion just alluded to, as witnessing the last effort of Mr. Oxley to effect his purpose, Ayliffe and his son were together in the cottage; and the former, unprovoked by much intemperate and coarse language, which, however, greatly inflamed the latter, finally but quietly told Mr. Oxley that he would talk no more with him on the subject: “And as for my Lord,” he added, with a calm smile, “let him be satisfied with what he has: the Castle for him, the cottage for me!”

“Be not a fool, Adam Ayliffe—know your interest and duty better,” replied Mr. Oxley; “depend upon it, I will not throw all this my trouble away, nor shall my Lord be disappointed. Listen, therefore, once for all, to reason, and take what is offered, which is princely, and be thankful!”

“Well, well,” said Ayliffe; “it seems that I cannot say that which will suit you, Mr. Oxley. Yet once more will I try, and with words that perhaps may reach the ear that mine cannot. Will you hear me?”

“Ay, I will hear, sure enough, friend Adam,” said Mr. Oxley, curiously; on which Ayliffe took down a large old brass-bound

book, and, opening it on his lap, read with deliberate emphasis as follows :—

“ Naboth, the Jezreelite, had a vineyard, which was in Jezreel, hard by the palace of Ahab, King of Samaria.

“ And Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying, ‘ Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near unto my house : and I will give thee for it a better vineyard than it ; or if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money.’ ”

“ And Naboth said unto Ahab, ‘ The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee.’ ”

When he had read these last words, Ayliffe closed the Bible, and gazed at Mr. Oxley in silence. For a moment the latter seemed somewhat staggered by what he saw, and what he had heard ; but at length—“ Oh, ho, Adam ! do you make your Bible speak for you in business ? ” said he, in a tone of rude jocularitv. “ Well, I shall wish you good day for some little while, it may be, and good luck to you here. It is somewhat of a bit of a place,” he continued, as he drew on his gloves, glancing, at the same time, contemptuously round the little room, “ to set such store by ; but be patient—be patient, Adam ; there is one somewhat larger that will be ready for you by-and-bye ”—

This insulting allusion to the workhouse, or the county gaol, old Ayliffe received in dignified silence. Not so his son ; who, rising with ominous calmness from the chair on which he had for some time been sitting, as it were, on thorns, and silent only out of habitual deference to his father, approached Mr. Oxley in two strides, seized him by the collar with the hand of a giant, and before his astonished father could interpose, had dragged Mr. Oxley to the doorway, near which he had been standing, and with a single jerk flung him out into the open air with a violence which sent him staggering several yards, till he fell down at full length on the ground.

“ Adam, Adam, what have you done ? ” commenced his father, approaching his son with an astounded air.

“ Nay, never mind *me*, father,” muttered his son, vehemently, standing with arms a-kimbo, and watching Mr. Oxley with eyes flashing fury. “ There, Master Oxley : show never here again that wizened face of yours, or worse may happen. Away ! Back to the Castle, and tell him that sent you here what you have received ! Off ! out into the road,” he added, raising his voice, and moving

furiously towards Mr. Oxley, who precipitately quitted the garden, "or I'll teach you to speak of the workhouse again! See that *the dogs lick not*"—

"Adam! I charge you—hold your peace!" said the old man, loudly and authoritatively, and advancing towards Mr. Oxley; who, however, having, after muttering a few words to himself, and glancing furiously at young Ayliffe, hastily mounted his horse, which had been standing fastened at the gate, had already galloped out of hearing: and about that time in the ensuing day had contrived, during an interview on business with the Earl, to intimate, as if casually only, that the Ayliffes, who owned the road-side cottage, had received the liberal overtures made by Mr. Oxley on his Lordship's behalf, with expressions of coarse disrespect, and even malignant hostility. Not a syllable breathed Mr. Oxley of the treatment which he had received at the hands of young Ayliffe; nor did he deem it expedient, for reasons of his own, to summon his assailant to answer before the magistrates for what he had done. Would that the Earl of Milverstoke had received the slightest inkling of the occurrence of the day before, of the spirit and temper in which Mr. Oxley's negotiations—if such they could be called—had been carried on with Adam Ayliffe. Such information, however, was of course not to be expected from Mr. Oxley. Would, then, that it had occurred to Ayliffe or his son to go resolutely up to the Castle, insist on seeing its stern secluded lord, and apprise him of the insulting and oppressive line of conduct which had been pursued in his name. Mr. Oxley, unless his denial had been believed, would have fled blighted from the presence of his lord, who would have told him in a voice of thunder to give an account of his stewardship, for that he might be no longer steward. But it fell not out so. Such a step was never dreamed of by either of the Ayliffes; who, on the contrary, rather anxiously awaited some vindictive movement on the part of Mr. Oxley. That gentleman, however, seemed disposed to take no notice of what had happened; and the untoward occurrence appeared not likely to be followed by its apprehended consequences.

Ayliffe received no more molestation from Mr. Oxley, or any one else, with the view of compelling him to surrender the poor remnant of his little patrimonial estate. That gentleman probably thought it his wisest course to bide his time, as far as concerned the Earl's interests, with reference to gaining possession of Ayliffe's cottage

and the slip of ground still remaining attached to it, and on which stood the small orchard and garden which have been already mentioned. All the rest Ayliffe had been compelled to dispose of with anguished reluctance during the troubled two years and a half, or three years, ensuing on his son's marriage. Like any slave in the plantations worked that son, from morning to night, with fond willingness, to support those who were so dear to him; and being also stimulated by an honourable ambition to preserve in his family the cherished spot where the parents from whom he sprung had been born, which, moreover, seemed infinitely enhanced to him in value, now that he had become himself a father—the father of yet another Adam Ayliffe, for so the child had been christened. Alas, however, the poor thing had none of its father's comeliness or strength. It was, on the contrary, small and feeble from its birth, and likely to be reared with difficulty. This little heir to misfortune and misery, however, had yet a further claim on the pity of every beholder: for in the momentary absence of the woman intrusted with the care of it, on the occasion of her being suddenly summoned to the bedside of its apparently dying mother, the child fell from the chair on which it had been hastily left, occasioning injuries the effects of which would remain through life. This last occurrence grievously disturbed the equanimity of old Ayliffe, and drove the more excitable temperament of his son, almost to phrenzy. When the mother, too, heard of what had happened—for how could it be concealed effectually?—it caused a relapse which nearly proved fatal. Here was wretchedness indeed! and wretchedness of which the sufferers saw no end! Had it not been for the teaching and example afforded by the father, young Ayliffe would have fallen into a gloomy irreligious humour, sullenly questioning the goodness and wisdom of Him without whose knowledge and permission this sad blow had not descended upon either parent or child. For a time, that which was unaccountable in this visitation of Providence, seemed also unreasonable and unjust! To both his father, and to Mr. Hylton, young Ayliffe once morosely declared, that the spirit of a man could not bear flat injustice, *come from whom it might!* and asked—What had this poor child done?—what had its mother?—what had he, Ayliffe, done to deserve such an infliction? “Questions, these, Adam,” said Mr. Hylton, calmly and gravely, “which millions upon millions of mankind have asked, in their own various troubles, who soon afterwards saw

causes showing the wisdom and goodness which had permitted those troubles to happen and vindicating the justice by which they had been ordained. Are you, Adam, the only one chastened by adverse visitations from God?" inquired Mr. Hylton. "Look at him who now addresses you: why have my four children—whom as dearly loved I as ever you this poor babe—been taken from me, after years of suffering, pain, and misery—and now lie mouldering into dust in yonder churchyard?"

Adam's lip quivered: his heart was softened. And his wife, in whose weak arms lay the injured infant, gently leaned down her head and kissed its pale unconscious cheek with emotions which none but a mother could feel. To her, and to her husband, their child became infinitely dearer from this its misfortune—it was enshrined, as it were, in their very heart of hearts; possibly had it not suffered so severely, it might never have been loved so dearly.

The straits to which the Ayliffes were driven, could not escape the notice of the inhabitants of the village, notwithstanding the stern reserve of the old man, and the somewhat angry and proud impatience of the son; who had rejected several friendly offers of assistance with a morbid sensitiveness for which all considerate persons could make ample allowance. He would not, he said, live on charity, while he had health to work, and they could keep their own freehold house over their heads. It was, however, very hard to act up to all this, when he looked at his emaciated wife, and thought of her privations, borne with apparently a cheerful indifference, which quite vanished the instant that his back was turned. Many marks of substantial kindness were with delicate consideration forced upon them from the parsonage—and whatever came, indeed, from that hallowed quarter, young Ayliffe received with ready and heartfelt gratitude. Mr. Hylton had no income except that derived from his vicarage; and being very easy in the matter of his tithes, was sometimes not inconsiderably inconvenienced. Yet his charities, substantial and unostentatious, failed not: good Mrs. Hylton and her housekeeper made their cowslip, ginger, and elderberry wine, ever in due season; and many a bottle of it had been carried by Mr. Hylton himself, on his visits to those who needed it. He kept one cow, which went by the name of Everyone's-Cow; for when it had yielded sufficient, every morning and evening, for the wants of the parsonage, any one else who pleased

might similarly supply themselves from what was left; and at milking hours were always to be seen one or two of the poorer villagers, pitcher in hand, waiting for their turn.

Ayliffe had told Mr. Hylton, in general terms, of the coarse and offensive treatment which he had experienced from Mr. Oxley; and Mr. Hylton was also thoroughly aware of the fond tenacity with which old Adam clung to the last link which connected him with the soil, which Mr. Oxley would sever with such heartless and rude indifference. Mr. Hylton's best sympathies were with the old yeoman, whom he had from time to time, with cordial alacrity, assisted by loans of small sums of money, to enable him, as the phrase runs, "to keep his head above water" as long as possible. Mr. Oxley was seen through and despised by Mr. Hylton; the former perfectly well knew the estimation in which he was held by the latter, who, however, for the sake of parish peace, presented a decent and constrained civility towards one who was invested with so much authority as enabled him to turn tyrant and oppressor, when so disposed, with almost absolute impunity. Mr. Hylton was not on such terms with Mr. Oxley as would have warranted interference between him and the Ayliffes, even though there were any practical mode of doing so successfully. For what was Mr. Hylton to do? what prevent Mr. Oxley from doing? The latter had planned an improvement in the Earl's property, to which the acquisition of Ayliffe's, would be very conducive; and Mr. Oxley had used every exertion which had occurred to him, to effect his purpose, in vain. He professed no intention, as he certainly had no power, to force Ayliffe to comply with his wishes; and, as the latter was fixedly resolved not to part with his last sad shred of interest in his native soil, till absolutely compelled to do so, Mr. Hylton saw that, whatever might be his wish, he could not interfere between them for any practical purpose whatever. He saw, alas, but too clearly, that the old man's grasp, however desperate, was feeble, and could not be long maintained, unless some decisive and permanent change in his circumstances were to take place. And as the sad inhabitants of the cottage were aware of some efforts which Mr. Hylton was making on behalf of the younger Ayliffe, for whom he was endeavouring to procure a permanent situation as a resident school-master, in a school conducted on a new plan, which Mr. Hylton had been for some time anxious to establish at Milverstoke, with what tenacity did they cling to this

solitary plank in the sea of sorrow in which they were buffeting! Yet were their hopes here doomed to be disappointed; for Mr. Oxley brought forward a person as candidate for the office, whom, therefore, there was no possibility of rejecting; for the Earl of Milverstoke had contributed the site, and through Mr. Oxley provided funds for the building of the school, and had promised to contribute largely to its support.

Baffled here, however, Mr. Hylton bethought himself of a similar opening which was about to occur in an adjoining county; where, in the parish of a friend of his, a school on a much larger scale than that in Milverstoke was being erected, with a commensurate superiority of advantages to the person who might be so fortunate as to obtain the appointment. His move in this quarter, however, he did not communicate to the Ayliffes, lest he should excite hopes which might never be realized. His strenuously expressed opinion in favour of Ayliffe,—his account of the family to which he belonged, and of the exemplary father by whom he had been brought up,—and personal testimony to his qualifications for the office,—were likely to have great weight with the persons with whom Mr. Hylton was thus good-naturedly negotiating. He saw with pain the effects which long-continued anxiety were producing in young Ayliffe, on whose manly but harassed features he had not seen a smile, nor anything approaching a smile, for many a long day. He had become silent and reserved; and Mr. Hylton feared lest a tendency to moroseness should be established, such as it might be difficult to overcome; for he learnt from old Ayliffe that his son no longer seemed desirous of conversing with him on their circumstances, as formerly they had conversed; and when the old man read the usual morning and evening chapter in the Bible, he could not but observe that his son lacked much of that devout attentiveness with which he had, from his youth up, joined in the family devotions. And an effort it appeared also to Mrs. Ayliffe to do so; who, while holding her crippled child in her lap, would fix her eyes on the moody face of her husband, too well knowing, the while, how and whither his thoughts were wandering.

One night, as she told Mr. Hylton with sobs and tears, her husband started up in bed, and, after sitting in silence for some time beside her, said,

“And all this, Sarah, has come upon us from the good charitable deed my father did towards another, in giving security! Who can

make me believe that that is just? Sarah, Sarah, this is very strange!"

This she mentioned also to old Ayliffe, who received it with expressions of sternness and sorrow.

"With me," said he, "my son will not hold talk, nor scarcely listen to me, with the duty which he owes to an old father, who has ever striven to teach him aright! But, Sarah, be not you guided by him herein. It is a spirit undevout and rebellious, and which may be grievously chastised. Never said I before, Sarah, be not guided by thy husband—but now do I; for when thus he speaks, it is not he, but Satan through him: and God deliver Adam from this peril to his soul!"

On the same day on which the old man thus rebuked the distrustfulness of his son, his own fortitude was not a little tried by an incident sadly indicative of his rapidly failing circumstances. One by one had been parted with the chief articles of furniture which had for so many years made their little sitting-room a model of neatness and comfort,—articles which had gone, with as much privacy as might be, by the carrier to be disposed of in the neighbouring market-town. With aching hearts the owners saw them removed, and with heavy misgivings received the little produce of them. Still was there, however, in the corner, an old-fashioned clock in a dark oaken case, curiously carved, and which had stood on the same spot, *tick, tick*, with exemplary regularity, for more than half a century, but was that evening to cease performing its monitory functions in the cottage, having been sold by old Ayliffe during the day for three pounds to a chandler living in the village, and just married; and who was coming to fetch it away in his cart. The top of the clock had, during all the years which have been mentioned, formed the resting-place of the family Bible, a large old-fashioned volume, already alluded to, with heavy brass clasps and corners, kept, by frequent handling, in constant brightness. Quaint and mysterious were the pictures illustrating the text of the holy volume; and by how many of the Ayliffe family, now dead and gone, had that volume been read and hung over with solemn and enchainning interest! Yet so carefully had it ever been preserved, that not a leaf was missing, or bore noticeable marks of injury. The spare leaves at the beginning and the end were covered with entries of a century's births, deaths, and marriages among the Ayliffes. There seemed scarcely room for above three or four more; yet one

would soon be required, of another birth!—and, as old Ayliffe glanced at the abridged space remaining, he sadly wondered whether room would be found for a certain brief entry, by-and-bye, concerning himself!

It is impossible to deny that, as old Ayliffe sat in one corner of the room by the dull red fire on the hearth, gazing at the old familiar face of the clock, knowing that he did so for the last time in his life, and that on the ensuing day that old clock would be standing, with its grave methodical *tick, tick*, among a new circle of faces at the chandler's, its new proprietor, he felt an inexpressible melancholy. Never would three pounds have been so precious as at that moment, presenting themselves to avert the coming spoliation! But it was not to be—the clock must go—and those whom it had so long served—so long guided and warned—must do without it. On that evening Ayliffe had read aloud to his daughter-in-law the last chapter of Job; the preceding ones having been read regularly every evening, from the first chapter. Old Ayliffe, as had ever been his wont, read aloud the Bible: and methinks it was a subject for a keen-observing painter to see him and his son and daughter in that their partially stripped cottage, awaiting its entire dismantling, nay, its transfer to strangers,—the first reading with grace, simplicity, and energy, and the others earnestly listening to that solemn and sublime part of Holy Writ, the book of Job. Ayliffe's voice now and then trembled somewhat while reading passages exactly applicable to his own situation and circumstances; but, generally speaking, he discharged his duty with dignified composure and firmness, albeit with a certain rough and quaint simplicity. As he finished the last verse of the last chapter, and closed the book,—

“Ah, my good father!” said Mrs. Ayliffe, with a sigh, “how happy and grand Job must have been at the last! I wish that such things would happen to those who sorrowfully read it!”

Old Ayliffe remained silent for some time; and then said, looking at her with a grave reproving air,

“Sarah, didst thou notice that nought is said in this last chapter concerning Job's wife?”

“No, did I not indeed—but now I do,” she replied—“And why is it?”

“There is a reason for it, Sarah; that thou mayest rely on. She perhaps was not let into her husband's prosperity and rejoicing,”

—he looked at her keenly,—“because she had said to him in his trouble, when God’s hand was heavy on him, *Curse God, and die*. And these things, Sarah, He forgetteth not.”

His daughter-in-law raised her hand to her eyes, and submitted to the old man’s kind and calm reproof in silence; for she remembered a hasty expression of her own, in his presence, some day or two before, which in spirit had fallen not far short of the impious language of Job’s wife. While they were thus talking, was heard the sound of approaching cart-wheels; on which Ayliffe rose, went to the door, and shading his eyes with his hand, as he looked up the road, saw that it was the chandler’s cart coming for the clock. On this Ayliffe returned rather suddenly, to await the moment of his friend’s departure; gazing with a sort of fondness at the poor old clock’s face: “Good-bye—good-bye,” said he, “I do not willingly bid thee go; but go thou must: and how soon we must follow thee—and quit this, our little home—who can tell?” Now approached to the door the two men who had come for the clock, which they received very carefully; Ayliffe scarcely opening his lips the while, but looking on in silence. At length the business being ended, the men bade him respectfully “Good evening;” the cart rumbled away; and Ayliffe gazed at the corner then standing vacant for the first time during half a century, with moist eyes and feelings too big for utterance.

How gloomily did all this herald in the approaching Christmas!

All hail, thou season of rightful, but solemn and elevating joy! Oh, what EVENT, gracious, stupendous, and awful, dost thou not commemorate! What but the mysterious—yet foretold—advent of the Almighty Redeemer of mankind, the joy and glory of heaven and earth! In the wrapt contemplation, behold the very dust of earth become instinct with heavenly intelligence: even as the stars sang together for joy! Let a universal HOSANNAH fill the hearts and voices of mankind. For HE came! and was God With Us; dwelling in the flesh! With us! HERE! on this dim speck, amidst the bewildering and inconceivable vastness of the universe, singled out for such purpose in the unsearchable wisdom of the Most High! Angels unseen! bow with us—your present dust-clad brethren—your heads in awe profound! Together let us celebrate this Mystery, saying, “Glory to God in the highest; and on earth PEACE, GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN! Thus, heaven-kindled, is the joyousness of Christmas: soul-elevating: heart-opening. Therefore do all

Christian people welcome this solemnly cheerful season; their hearts being first prostrate before God, and then expanding towards man, in deeds of charity and virtue.

But the coming of this hallowed season cannot, alas! banish gloom, poverty, and wretchedness,—no, not even for one day—from among mankind. The great and the humble, the distinguished and the obscure, the rich and the poor, the gifted and the simple, may alike have their happy or their miserable Christmas. Be the season, therefore, approached with mingled fear and hope; and, when past, regarded with pious reflection, with reverential gratitude, and cheerful submission.

How bleak and blighting was to the Ayliffes the aspect of the coming Christmas! How different the feelings with which father and son regarded it! It is not to be denied that there was becoming evident a great disparity between their views and feelings; the one tending towards a sullen intolerance of that adversity, which the other bore with faithful humility and resignation. During the week preceding that of the Christmas with which we are concerned, there occurred between old Ayliffe and his son, their first serious dispute and misunderstanding, and which arose as follows. Anxiety and privation were doing their work conspicuously upon the health and appearance of Mrs. Ayliffe, who was shortly expecting to become again a mother; and, judging from a former occasion, with what a prospect before her! The sight of her sweet but care-worn face was agony to her husband insupportable; and it sent her good father-in-law often to his knees in private. The doctor who had attended her before, was again engaged; and never left her, without speaking of the necessity of nourishing food, which alone, he said, would go far to help her through her coming trouble. The son would listen to this with a quivering lip and a full heart: inwardly exclaiming, as the doctor spoke, “Nourishing food! Heaven help thee, dear Sarah, where is it to be got?” With these thoughts in his mind, burthening and depressing it, he went one day to his work at a farmer’s, at some distance from Milverstoke, having only one companion the whole day long: but that companion appearing goodnatured and communicative, the frank young Ayliffe could not refrain from talking about that which was uppermost in his thoughts—the feeble condition of his wife, and her doctor’s constant recommendation of nourishing food. “And why don’t you get it, if you care for

her?" inquired his companion with a surprised air, resting for a moment from his work.

"Surely," quoth poor Ayliffe, "you should ask me why I do not get one of the stars out of the sky. Is meat to be picked up in the high road?"

"No; not in the high road," said the other, drily, "but there's dainty eating for the sick and the gentle to be had—elsewhere!"

In plain English, Ayliffe's new friend pointed at game; speaking most temptingly of hare, above all other sorts of game, as a dainty dish, whether roast or stewed, for those that were sick and delicate; and assured Ayliffe that his (the speaker's) wife had lived secretly on hare all through *her* time of trouble, and had never in her life thriven so well; for nought was so nourishing as hare's flesh. Poor Ayliffe listened to this with but too willing an ear, though it went clean contrary to all his own notions, and those which he knew to be entertained by his father. He resisted but very faintly the arguments of his new friend; who, indeed, fairly staggered Ayliffe by asking him whether he thought that he did wrong, if he caught a hedgehog, a weasel, or a snake in the field or hedge of another; and if not, why was it different with a hare? Much conversation had they of this sort; in the course of which poor Ayliffe, in the frank simplicity of his nature, gave such a moving picture of his wife's necessities, as seemed greatly to interest his companion; who said that he happened to have by him a very fine hare that had been given him by a neighbouring squire, and which was greatly at Ayliffe's service. After much hesitation he, with many thanks, accepted the gift; and, accompanying his new friend to his cottage, received into his possession the promised hare (a finer one certainly was hardly to be seen), and made his way homeward with his perilous present, under cover of the thickening shades of night. What horrid misgivings he had, as he went along! How often he resolved either to return the hare to the giver, or fling it over the hedge, as he passed! For he was aware of his danger: there being no part of England where game was more strictly preserved, more closely looked after, or poachers more severely punished than at Milverstoke. But he thought of his wife—of the relish with which she must partake of this hare; and by the inspiring aid of thoughts such as these, he nerved himself to encounter her suspicions, and his father's rebuke and reproaches. And to be sure, a sad scene ensued on his reaching home; where

he found his father and wife anxiously awaiting his protracted arrival.

“Sarah,” said he, as he entered, “here is a present that I have for thee,” and he placed before her what he had brought, scarcely daring to glance at his father; who, however, instantly took the alarm, demanding to know how, and when, and from whom he had gotten the hare that he had brought home. His son said that it was a gift, but refused to say who had given it to him. This startled his father still more; and more pressing he became to know how his son had obtained the hare.

“Adam! Adam!” said the old man, very sternly, “you have gone very wrong in this matter, and your face shows the trouble which it has cost you to do it! I will have none of this hare in my house. Strange doings are on foot, truly; and of a sudden,” he added, sighing, “is clean forgotten all that ever I have tried to teach!”

“Well,” replied his son, somewhat doggedly, “let no more noise be made about this hare; but let it only be quietly eaten by Sarah there—and, it may be, I shall not bring another.”

Mrs. Ayliffe kissed her husband, and grasped her father-in-law’s hand, earnestly, but in vain, trying to pacify them. Old Ayliffe was inexorable, and spoke far more sternly than either of them had ever heard him speak before; till, indeed, he had spurred his son’s temper into unwonted heat and violence.

“I am tired, and so should we all be, of being beggars, and living on charity,” said he.

“Better be beggar, Adam, than robber,” replied his father.

“I am no robber!” said his son, with flushed cheek and flashing eye.

All this while the hare lay on the floor, in the midst of them, there being no light in the cottage, except the low ruddy one proceeding from the peat fire. After gazing for some time with gloomy steadfastness at his son, old Ayliffe rose, took up the hare, and walked with it towards the door.

“Why, what are you going to do with that hare?” inquired his son, amazedly.

“To bury it,” replied the old man, sternly.

His son made no answer, and, without speaking even to his wife, strode out of the cottage, got into the high road, and paced up and

down it, walking to a considerable distance in a state of utterly unprecedented agitation and anger. At length, however, he returned somewhat calmed; and finding his father and his wife sitting up awaiting his return, and cowering chillily over the nearly extinct fire, his heart suddenly softened at the sight of them, and he could not return their fond greeting, for emotion.

"Come, Adam, my dear son!" quoth the old man, grasping him affectionately by the hand, "mischief you meant not, I am sure; but mischief and wrong have you done. But now are we friends: and get thee to bed, with Sarah, and vex me thus no more, dear Adam! Meddle not again with game, which in these times is verily like hell-fire, the least touch of which burns terribly. That hare haunts me, though I have put it away, Adam. Nay—it much misgives me that we have not heard the last of yon poor hare, buried though she be!"

"Listen, dear Adam, to this," said his wife, throwing her arms round her husband's neck; "never will I touch game that I know not how it came hither—nay, I will not, Adam, lest we get into trouble, and do anger God!"

These last words made her husband glance suddenly towards her as if he would have spoken; but he restrained himself, and they retired to their little room.

Poor old Ayliffe's words overnight were prophetic. Scarcely had they sat down to their scanty breakfast, the next morning, when two constables entered the cottage, with a warrant against young Ayliffe for poaching. The sad truth was, that he had been entrapped into accepting the hare as a gift, by one who, having sent a companion to watch him home with it, went immediately to inform against him, in order to get half the penalty, if any were awarded; and who should be at the justice's, on some matter of business, when the warrant was applied for, but Mr. Oxley, who quickly saw what a lever this occurrence afforded him, wherewith to force the Ayliffes into the surrendering their cottage, and so allowing the long-sought improvements in the Earl's estate, to be at once effectuated. The prisoner at first was about to resist, infuriated by a faint shriek of his wife, who fell senseless into the arms of the agitated old father; and had the young man resisted, in spite of the staves of the constables, his prodigious strength would have made him their match—and who could have answered for the result?—but a miserable groan from his father, accompanying

the words, "Go, lad! go : and I'll follow thee presently!" brought him to his senses; and he peaceably, but despairingly, accompanied the officers. The only words which he uttered to them, were a request not to go through the village, and they complied.

The matter would soon have been settled at the justice's, before whom the case was proved in a trice: Ayliffe confessing that he had had the hare in his possession (the offence with which he stood charged), and honestly telling what had passed between him and his old father, on the subject. The punishment was a penalty of five pounds, or three months' imprisonment in the House of Correction.

"I have not five farthings," said Ayliffe, desperately; "and if I go to prison, it will go hard with my poor wife—that's all!"

The magistrate looked at him very kindly, and read him a serious lecture on the consequence of listening to bad advice, and the heinous nature of an offence against the game laws; which his Worship said were the only things that prevented the country from becoming barbarous; on which account the law was properly very strict—but, alas! not half strict enough to put down the enormous vice of poaching.

While this and much more was being said, some one, at the instance of Mr. Oxley, who dared not be seen by the prisoner personally, offered to pay the penalty of five pounds, if his father would promise to sell his cottage to the Earl of Milverstoke.

"No! I'll rot in gaol first!" said young Ayliffe, fiercely. "Mayhap I now see how I got here!" This he said with a strange expression.

At this moment arrived Mr. Hylton, accompanied by old Ayliffe; who, on his son's being taken away, had gone to the parson, and told him everything that had happened: and so moved him by his artlessness and misery, that Mr. Hylton took five pounds with him, and borrowing a gig from the surveyor in the village, drove off in it, accompanied by old Ayliffe, and arrived at the magistrate's just in time to save young Ayliffe from being committed to prison for three months according to the statute.

"I have reason to believe," said Mr. Hylton to his brother magistrate, "that this poor soul has fallen into a trap set for him, and hath done it ignorantly, and from love of a sick wife; and I will pay the penalty for him."

At this young Ayliffe could not restrain himself, but wept bitterly.

"I wish," said his Worship, "it were fitting for me to join in paying this fine, or that I could remit it; but my duty is imperative."

So this sad affair ended. Mr. Hylton very sternly desired young Ayliffe to attend at the parsonage at nine o'clock the next morning, and then drove home the elder Ayliffe, who could scarce speak for sorrow.

"This five pounds," said Mr. Hylton, "is not a light matter to me, for I cannot get in my tithes without great trouble, and neither of you will be able, I fear, to repay it me: that, however, I ask not, but freely forgive your son; whom I will, with God's blessing, read a lesson in the morning that he shall not forget."

With this they alighted at the parsonage, where old Ayliffe was obliged to swallow a little refreshment; and then he made his way to his desolate cottage, where he was some two hours afterwards joined by his son, wearied with a fourteen miles' walk, and the agitation and mortification of the day. No reproaches had he to encounter from his father, whom he found on his knees, in his bedroom, with his hands clasped over his heart!

By nine o'clock on the morning ensuing, young Ayliffe was standing in the library of Mr. Hylton, who was greatly moved when he saw the woe-struck face of the culprit.

"I am not going to make a mighty business of this, Adam," said Mr. Hylton, after compelling him to sit down, "because I see that you feel deeply the wrong that you have done. You knew better, Adam, and terribly forgot yourself;—and see the consequences! Your father never had to bow his good head with shame, before yesterday; and then through no fault of his: and your wife, I dare say, has suffered not a little on this account."

Ayliffe's lip quivered, and presently his tears could not be any longer forced back.

"How is she, Adam this morning?" said Mr. Hylton, gently.

After a few moments' pause, Ayliffe faltered, "Terribly ill, Sir!"

"I was afraid of this; but we must look after her: and Mrs. Hylton is by this time there, with some small matters suitable for her situation."

"Sir—Sir!" said Ayliffe, with sudden vehemence, after forcing down emotions which seemed likely to choke him, "you are killing me: I cannot bear it—you are too good, and I must go away—I

cannot look you in the face, Sir!—I'm quite heart-broken, Sir!"

"Give me your hand, Adam," said Mr. Hylton, rising and approaching him. "You are restored to my good opinion : great allowances were to be made for you ; and I believe that you acted from mere love to a suffering wife. And now, Adam," continued Mr. Hylton, opening a drawer, and taking out a letter, "see how nearly you have seriously injured yourself—and yet what a prospect there is of better days for you ! Here have I been doing all that I could to get you made the master of a school in the next county, and this letter tells me how nearly I had succeeded : when, behold ! you are suddenly a convicted poacher ! I have fears that you have undone all ; but hope that what passed yesterday has not yet been carried into the next county. I am going to the rector, who is an old friend of mine, to tell him the true state of the case, and what great allowances ought to be made for you. He is a very feeling man, and I may prevail on him to give you the place, that I have so long striven to get for you ; but it must be only by-and-bye, when this matter may be somewhat blown over. I have to prepare for my Sunday duty, and it is inconvenient for me to leave home : yet this thing is so urgent, and so much for your good, that I am going to ride over this very day—nay, my horse and saddlebags are even now being got in readiness."

It is in vain to attempt describing the feelings of mingled gratitude, fear, hope, and vexation with which all this was listened to by Ayliffe.

"You know I am dealing kindly by you", continued Mr. Hylton, "and now make me, and keep when you make it, a promise—that you will never, knowingly, speak again to a poacher, or receive game from him, or by means of him ; nor let any unlawfully come into your hands or your house."

"As I'm a true man, Sir, for all that's happened, I never will, Sir ; even though we be all starving !" replied Ayliffe, with energy.

"God will not permit you to starve, Adam, depend upon it : you shall not, at least, while we live at the parsonage : so now, my poor friend, go back home, and comfort your wife and father as well as you may. I have a very long day's ride before me."

So they parted. About ten minutes afterwards Ayliffe, trudging homeward, was overtaken by Mr. Hylton on horseback, in travelling trim, having thus made good his word, and being already on his errand of goodness.

“God bless you, Adam,” said he, as he passed smartly along.

“God Almighty bless you, Sir!—and thank you!” faltered Ayliffe, almost inaudibly, taking off his hat, and gazing bare-headed after his benefactor till he was hid from his sight.

How little either of those two thought, at that moment, of what was ordained to happen before they met again!

When Ayliffe reached the cottage, he found that Mrs. Hylton had not long before quitted it, having spent half an hour by his wife’s bed-side, and left with her two bottles of cowslip, and one of port wine, together with some rice, tea, sugar, two rabbits, and nearly a quarter of a cheese, all of which had been most sympathisingly carried by the servant who accompanied her, and who had known Mrs. Ayliffe in her happier days at the parsonage. When Ayliffe was aware of the visit of these gentle benefactors, he stood gazing in tearful silence at the prints of their slender feet, in the snow, homeward; and his heart was so full that he could have fallen down and kissed them, as traces of an angel’s visit.

The next morning he presented himself, as usual, to his employers; who, however, rejected his services, having heard of the atrocity of which he had just been convicted, and being moreover directly under the influence of Mr. Oxley, from whose noble master the hare had been purloined which lay buried behind the cottage: having attained thereby a distinction possibly never conferred upon hare before.

Three days elapsed before Mr. Hylton returned, and when he did, it was with a sad countenance; for his friend had, not unreasonably, deemed the conviction for poaching to be an insuperable obstacle in the way of receiving Ayliffe as the master of the newly established school. Still the resolute kindness of Mr. Hylton led him to persevere, though with faint hopes, and he determined to get up, if possible, a memorial in favour of poor Ayliffe’s irreproachable character from the leading people in the village. On the Sunday Mr. Hylton observed that young Ayliffe was absent from church, and sent the clerk at the close of the service to old Ayliffe, who was in his usual place, but with a very dejected look, desiring him to attend for a moment in the vestry. When he appeared, Mr. Hylton shook him warmly by the hand, told him of the disappointment which he had experienced; and seemed much affected when the old man told him that it was pure shame only that had kept his son from church, seeing that all present would

have had their eyes on him. Mr. Hylton also heard with anxiety that the young man had continued in a very moody humour, and had let fall, as he supposed unnoticed by his father, certain expressions which had somewhat disquieted him; for they were of an unforgiving nature.

“Talk you to him, Ayliffe,” said Mr. Hylton earnestly, “and in a day or two’s time I will come and speak to him. But I wish first to see whether I may yet be able to bring you news about the school.”

And Ayliffe did talk to his son often and seriously; and so were they engaged, on the evening but one before Christmas, when a rumbling sound, coming from the direction of the high road, which ran at only a little distance from the front of the cottage, caused both of them to walk towards the door, where they stood, just as a coroneted travelling carriage and four (followed by two others) turned the corner, being that of Lord Alkmond, the only son and heir of the Earl of Milverstoke, coming down to the Castle for the Christmas holidays.

“Stay and pay respect to the young Lord,” quoth the old man to his son, preparing to uncover. “Honour to whom honour is due!”

“No—I will not, if even thou, mine own father, went on thy knees,” said his son sternly, walking inward; while the old man, standing rigidly erect, respectfully took off his broad hat, exposing as fine a bald head, fringed with white hair, as ever had been uncovered to the young Lord, who, catching sight of him, returned the courtesy in a hasty military fashion (for he was an officer in the Guards) as they shot past. He knew no more than the beautiful boy whom he was at the moment fondling, of the injurious and offensive proceedings of Mr. Oxley towards the owner of that cottage.

“There will be rare doings at the Castle, I warrant me,” said the old man, retiring into the cottage. “They be like to make a merry Christmas on ’t!”—and he sighed.

CHAPTER II.

Milverstoke Castle was a truly magnificent structure, worthy of its superb situation, which was on the slope of a great forest, stretching down to the sea-shore. Seen from the sea, especially by moonlight, it had a most imposing and picturesque appearance ; but from no part of the surrounding land was it visible at all, owing to the great extent of woodland in which it was embosomed. The Earl of Milverstoke, then lord of that stately residence, had a personal appearance and bearing which might be imagined somewhat in unison with its leading characteristics. He was tall, thin, and erect ; his manner was composed, his countenance refined and intellectual, and his features comely ; his hair had been for some years changed from jet-black into iron-grey. His bearing was lofty, sometimes even to repulsiveness ; his temper and spirit haughty and self-reliant. Opposition to his will, equally in great or small things, rendered that arbitrary will inflexible, whatever might be the consequence, or sacrifice ; for he gave himself credit for never acting from impulse, but always from superior discretion and deliberation. He was a man of powerful intellect, extensive knowledge, and admirably fitted for public affairs ; in which, indeed, he had borne a conspicuous part, till his imperious and exacting temper rendered him intolerable to his colleagues, and objectionable even to his sovereign : from whose service he had *retired*, to use a courteous word, in disdainful disgust, some five years before being presented to the reader. He possessed a vast fortune, and two or three princely residences in various parts of the kingdom. Of these Milverstoke was the principal ; and its stern solitude suiting his gloomy humour, he had betaken himself to it on quitting public life. He had been a widower for many years, and, since becoming such, had become alienated from the distinguished family of his late Countess ; whose ardent and sensitive disposition they believed to have been utterly crushed by the iron despotism of an unfeeling and domineering husband. Whatever foundation there might have been for this supposition, it contributed to embitter the feelings of

the Earl, and strengthen a tendency to misanthropy. Still his character had fine features. He was most munificent; the very soul of honour; a perfect gentleman; and of irreproachable morals. He professed a firm belief in Christianity, and was exemplary in the discharge of what he considered to be the duties which it imposed upon him. He would listen to the inculcation of the Christian virtues of humility, gentleness, and forgiveness of injury, with a kind of stern complacency; unaware, all the while, that they no more existed within himself, than fire could be elicited from the sculptured marble. Most of his daytime he spent in his library, or in solitary drives, or walks along the sea-shore or in the country. Unfortunately, he took no personal part, nor felt any personal interest, in the management of his large revenues and extensive private affairs; intrusting them, as has been already intimated, implicitly to others. When he rode through the village which lay sheltered near the confines of the woodland in which his castle was situated, he appeared to have no interest in it or its inhabitants, though nearly all of them were his own tenantry. His agent, Mr. Oxley, was their real master.

Mr. Hylton was one of his Lordship's occasional Chaplains, but by no means on intimate terms with him; for that the Vicar's firm independent character unfitting him. While he acknowledged the commanding talents of the Earl, his Lordship was, on his part, fully aware of Mr. Hylton's strong intellect, superior scholarship, and the pure and lofty spirit in which he devoted himself to his spiritual duties. The good Vicar of Milverstoke knew not what was meant by the fear of man—and that his stately parishioner had had many opportunities of observing; and, in short, Mr. Hylton was a much less frequent visitor at the Castle than might have been supposed, and was at least warranted by his position and proximity.

Possibly some of the Earl's frigid reserve towards him was occasioned by the cordial terms of intimacy which had existed between him and the late Countess—an excellent personage, who, living in comparative retirement at Milverstoke, while her lord was immersed in political life, had consulted Mr. Hylton constantly on the early education of her two children. The Earl had married late in life, being nearly twenty years older than his Countess, who had brought him one son and one daughter. The former partook largely of his father's character, but in a somewhat mitigated form: he was quicker in taking offence than his father, but had not his implaca-

bility. If he should succeed to that father's titles and estates, he would be the first instance of such direct succession for nine generations : the Earl himself having been the third son of a second son. The family was of high antiquity, and its noble blood had several times intermingled with that of royalty.

His daughter, Lady Emily Amaranthe, was, when presented to the reader, nearly entering, on her eighteenth year, and promised to be, as had been her mother, one of the most beautiful women in England. In her were the lofty spirit of her father, and the gentle virtues of her mother, blended in such a manner as to be gradually investing her with considerable influence over her stern surviving parent—for that occasional firmness, in a beautiful girl, secretly pleased him, which in one of his own sex would have served only to call into action an over-mastering manifestation of the same quality.

On his son, the Lord Viscount Alkmond all the Earl's hopes and anxieties were centred : he had been watched with exquisite solicitude from his birth. He was, as has been already said, an officer in the army ; and had been for nearly three years married to a very lovely person—the heiress and representative of a family of the highest distinction ; and, to the Earl's unutterable delight, she had brought her lord a son and heir within a year after their marriage.

Lord Alkmond's spirits had never been buoyant ; but he had returned from his continental tour with a perceptible gloom of manner, for which he assigned no reason ; even his marriage had only temporarily relieved this ; and the return of it occasioned both his wife, and father, considerable anxiety. Fond as was the Earl of his son, it is strangely true that he had never quite made a friend of that son ; the cause lying in a peculiar temperament of both, unfavourable to the growth of affectionate confidence. They had had but one serious misunderstanding, however, in their lives, and that had occurred some year or so before their being presented to the reader—when Lord Alkmond astounded even his wealthy and munificent father, by asking for a very large sum of money, at the same time refusing even to answer any question concerning the destination of it. His manner somewhat alarmed, but more irritated and offended the Earl, who peremptorily refused to comply with what he deemed a monstrously unreasonable request on the part of his son ;—and there had ever since existed a certain uneasy feeling between them, which did not, however, perceptibly affect

their demeanour before strangers. The Earl was haunted by the suspicion of a *post obit* bond ; but, from a variety of considerations, never deigned to ask his son a question on the subject.

There were, indeed, as old Ayliffe had supposed, grand rejoicings at the Castle that Christmas, to celebrate the first anniversary of the birth-day of the future heir to the Castle ; and many distinguished visitors had been invited, whose equipages had thundered at intervals past old Ayliffe's cottage for a day or two before that on which Lord Alkmond had passed, as has been described ; he having been detained in town by military business, rendered necessary by his having obtained a somewhat extended leave of absence.

The rejoicings were not to be confined to the brilliant circle assembled at the Castle : the order had gone forth for corresponding festivities and holiday making among the villagers and the surrounding tenantry ; for all of which Lord Milverstoke had most bountifully provided, after the usual fashion of old English hospitality, on a grand scale. His frigid courtesy was, on that occasion, melted into cheerful cordiality. Except during a brief tenure of high office, and of great political power, his ambitious and craving soul had never appeared so nearly satisfied. The domestics of the Castle reaped a rich harvest ; the pecuniary remembrances of the season being doubled, from the highest to the lowest, by the Earl's express direction. Alas, even half of the sum paid to the humblest helper in the stables would have provided a substantial repast on Christmas-day for the melancholy occupants of the cottage ; but no one in that magnificent structure ever thought of *them*. Had it not been for the kindness of Mr. Hylton, who had forwarded to them some little contribution towards a Christmas dinner, scarcely more than a nominal one would have been theirs ! Cheerless and disconsolate though Christmas threatened to be with old Ayliffe, as far as this world's hopes and happiness were concerned, he rose very early in the morning, while even yet the stars were glittering brightly in the cold clear sky, and all was solemn silence. What pure and elevating thoughts were his, whose spirit dropped for a while the fetters of earth, while mounting into heavenly contemplation ! The old man was the only one from the cottage who made his appearance at church that day ; and the vigilant eye of Mr. Hylton could scarce detect his distant figure, lost as it was in the novel crowd of gentle and simple, from the Castle, that occupied the church. When he returned home, he found his son and

daughter far more despondent even than he had left them. The former seemed scarcely capable of speaking in answer to either his wife or father; who attributed the main cause of his depression and taciturnity, to grief at losing the situation which Mr. Hylton had been striving to obtain for him. All three of them now gave it up in despair; but none of them knew of another effort on the behalf of young Ayliffe which had been made by the indefatigable Mr. Hylton on his visit to his friend, and which was likely to be successful, viz., to obtain for him the situation, then vacant, of bailiff to a wealthy squire, related to the clergyman who had demurred to appoint young Ayliffe to the mastership of the school. Here Mr. Hylton was sanguine of success; and he had good grounds for expecting, within a few days' time, to be able to announce to that unhappy little family an event which would be really, to them all, like life from the dead. Only one visitor had the Ayliffes on that dreary Christmas-day, and it was Mr. Hylton, who went to them after the morning service. The snow lay nearly a foot deep, and continued to flutter down thickly, threatening to do so for hours. He carried with him a bottle of port wine, which he gave to them with a solemn and hearty benediction; at the same time placing a five-shilling piece in the trembling hand of Mrs. Ayliffe, as a Christmas-box for the little Adam. There was not much fire on the hearth; and they were just concluding the meal for which they had been indebted to Mr. Hylton as he entered. They all looked so sad—even old Ayliffe—that Mr. Hylton longed to announce the strong hopes which he entertained that better days were, through his efforts, in store for them; but, after balancing the matter for some little time in his mind, humane prudence prevailed, and he left them to return to his own snug Christmas fireside; partaking of those homely comforts awaiting him, with a sense of quiet enjoyment, which was somewhat dashed, however, by a recollection of the cheerless scene which he had shortly before quitted. The first glass of wine which he took after dinner accompanied the following expression of his benevolent feelings:—"May God Almighty bless all mankind, and especially the virtuous poor, with his choicest blessings.—Let us drink to the health of all my parishioners, peer and peasant, in castle and cottage,—all this day duly remembering who it was that lay in the manger, and why. And may God bless thee, my Mary," said he, embracing his wife; "and thee, our only little one—thou last lamb of our flock," he added, folding his little

child in his arms, and kissing her, as did the mother, in silence. Their hearts were full: and their eyes unconsciously glanced at several chairs ranged at the farther end of the room, which had no longer any stated occupants. Presently, however, they got into a more cheerful vein, which was interrupted for a moment only when, in talking over their neighbours and parishioners, and the events of the past year, they spoke of the unfortunate Ayliffes.

“How full the church was to-day!” exclaimed Mrs. Hylton.

“Ay, it was; it seemed to me as if there were a sea of strange faces, and all, too, with a sort of town look about them. There were one or two of the great ones of the earth there, Mary, I can tell you! Who would have thought of the King’s prime minister being one of Parson Hylton’s Christmas congregation? And I can tell you, too, that he listened to my sermon very attentively: and, by the way, there were one or two things in it that might do his Grace no harm to remember.”

“He has a fine commanding face, Henry, has he not?”

“Polly, Polly,” said Mr. Hylton, chucking her under the chin, and smiling good-naturedly, “I fancy you would say as much of any prime minister: you would say it—ay, of me, were I he.”

“Well, and, dear love, I might say as much, and yet tell no fib,” said she, affectionately.

“Pho!” he replied, laughingly, and poured out for each another glass of wine.

Good Mrs. Hylton was not far wrong. Her husband’s features were still handsome, plainly stamped with the impress of thought, and, as it were, radiant with benignity. You would have said also, on looking at them, that their owner had seen his share of troubles.

“The most striking figure in the Earl’s pew,” said Mr. Hylton, “crowded though it was with those whose names are so often heard of, was, in my opinion, my Lord Milverstoke himself.”

“Yes, he truly had a stately appearance—that I myself noticed: but he is so stern and distant in his bearing—one feels, dearest, no *interest* in him.”

“Ay, that is so, doubtless; ’tis a pity he is of so imperious a temper. He has a heart, which is in its proper place, but, as it were, embedded in ice, which you have to break through before you can get at it. He is one of the most powerful intellects that we have; and yet”—

“How like him young Lord Alkmond is—only handsomer.”

“Not handsomer than his father was, when he was his son’s age, I can tell you. But did you notice how charming looked dear Lady Emily? Mark my words, Mary; she will in a year or two shine at Court a star of the first magnitude!”

“I hope they won’t spoil the dear girl: she is one of a disposition simple, and noble, and perfect.”

“*Perfect*, my dear, is a huge word; but ’tis Christmas, and we won’t quarrel about *words*. Lady Emily is a fine creature; but, when she chooses, she can be as stately as her lofty papa.”

“She is growing very like the Countess, Henry.”

“So I thought to-day.”

“By the way, I wonder whether we shall be asked to dinner at the Castle this week. If *she* have her way, we go—that I am sure of,” said Mrs. Hylton, resolutely.

And she proved not mistaken; for the next day Lady Emily called at the parsonage, as she drove by, and delivered a very cordial invitation from the Earl for dinner on the day after, and the Earl’s coach was to come down for them, as it did whenever both Mr. and Mrs. Hylton dined at the Castle. Splendid was the scene which they encountered on that occasion. The Castle had never, in fact, during twenty years, witnessed such festivity. As they returned home, both remarked the buoyant spirits of the Earl of Milverstoke, and the exquisite courtesy of his manners. While good Mrs. Hylton had occupied herself chiefly with Lady Emily, and Lady Alkmond and her beautiful boy, Mr. Hylton had been watching the Earl and Lord Alkmond, observing in the latter manifestly forced spirits, especially when he was brought into contact with his father, whose eye Mr. Hylton occasionally observed directed towards his son with what appeared an expression of rapid but anxious scrutiny.

On one of the more advanced days of the Christmas week there was to be a kind of military banquet at the Castle, in compliment to the officers of a dragoon regiment, one of whose out-quarters were at the barracks at some two miles’ distance, their head-quarters being in an adjoining county. Every officer, either in that regiment or any other, was invited, if within reach, though at even twenty miles’ distance; for an affair of that kind was not an everyday occurrence, and Lord Alkmond, moreover, being himself, as has been noticed, an officer. Every evening had the band from the

barracks been placed at the disposal of the Earl, for the entertainment of his guests; and charming indeed was the effect which they produced, when, the weather admitting, their music echoed through the woods.

On the occasion last mentioned, namely, that of the military demonstration at the Castle, Mr. Hylton happened to be returning home from paying a visit to a sick parishioner. His walk lay for upwards of a mile along the outskirts of the wood. It was about ten o'clock, and the night calm, but gloomy. With what ravishing sweetness came fitfully towards him the sounds of bugles and French horns! He often stood still to listen; and, while thus engaged, heard the report of a musket, evidently fired in the wood. Then there was another report. "Oh ho!" thought he, as he resumed his walk homeward, "the rogues think they have found an opportunity!" He was somewhat surprised, a few moments afterwards, at the music abruptly ceasing, in the midst of a well-known national air; and, unless his ear deceived him, he heard the faint sound of human voices, but evidently at a considerable distance. His experience as a magistrate suggested to him a solution of what he had heard, viz., a collision between poachers and the keepers. Just as he had reached the parsonage-gate, which was not till some half-hour after he had heard the suspicious sounds in the wood, a horseman came galloping up the road which he had just quitted, and which led on the park-gates of the Castle. A moment afterwards, and a dragoon in undress uniform thundered past him at top speed. "What's the matter?" hastily called out Mr. Hylton, but received no answer; the soldier had either heeded or heard not, and was quickly out of sight. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed before other similar sounds from the same direction brought Mr. Hylton suddenly out of the parsonage down to the gate, when he saw a groom coming along at full gallop.

"Stay, stay a moment! What has happened?" called out Mr. Hylton, loudly.

The man did not slacken his pace, but, as he passed, shouted hoarsely, and evidently in desperate agitation, "Oh! murder! murder!"

And, indeed, an astounding and horrifying event had occurred within the last quarter of an hour. How shall it be written? Lord Alkmond had just been MURDERED in the wood! And at the moment of Mr. Hylton's asking the question, the bleeding body of the young

peer was being carried into the Castle, by two dragoons, who trembled violently under their lifeless burthen. By the time that Mr. Hylton, greatly agitated, had got into the village, all its startled inhabitants were at their doors, or standing in groups in the street, conversing so intently together that they scarcely observed a troop of dragoons, fully armed, galloping past them towards the park-gate of the Castle. Within a few minutes afterwards, a portion of them galloped back again faster than before, following a person in plain clothes, who appeared to be leading the way for them. Woeful to relate, their errand was to Ayliffe's cottage; which they reached a few moments after young Ayliffe had sprung into it, nearly striking down the door as he entered; reeking with perspiration; with horror in his face; breathing like a hard-run hare; and glaring blood-stains on one of his arms. His father, who was sitting beside a small candle, reading the Bible, shrunk from him, aghast and speechless; and young Ayliffe was uttering some incoherent sounds in answer to his father's inquiries, when the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard; and the next moment four dragoons, carbine in hand, entered the cottage, while others remained outside around the door with swords drawn.

"What do you want with me?" at length gasped young Ayliffe, hoarsely, staring with haggard countenance at the soldiers.

"Do you surrender to us, who demand it in the King's name?" said one of them,—the sergeant.

Young Ayliffe started up from the seat on which he had thrown himself, and, with a desperate effort, said, "Where's your authority to take me? This is my father's house!"

"Raise but a finger to resist us, and we fire!" said the sergeant; and the three dragoons who were with him lowered their carbines.

"What do you arrest me for?" inquired Ayliffe, hoarsely.

"When we have you in safe keeping according to orders, you shall know," quoth the sergeant.

At this moment Ayliffe's eye lit upon the blood on his sleeve, and he gave a frightful start. "I know nought of it! I am innocent—God be my witness!" he gasped, looking imploringly to the soldiers.

At that moment was heard the sound of rapidly approaching horse-feet; and presently a constable entered, with his staff, and approaching said—"Adam Ayliffe, I arrest you for the murder of

Lord Alkmond, in the wood, just now!" on which a loud groan issued from poor old Ayliffe, and then he fell senseless on the ground. In the sudden agitation and horror of the scene, had not been noticed a female head thrust hastily through the half-opened door, the moment after young Ayliffe had rushed into the house, as has been described; nor had any one observed or heard a dull sound, as of one falling; but the miserable Mrs. Ayliffe had sunk on the floor of her room in a swoon, and never moved since. "Sally! —Sarah! Where art thou?" shouted young Ayliffe, wildly, making a motion towards the door; but the constable proceeded to put handcuffs on him.

"If thou stir a foot, till these be on," said the sergeant, coolly, "thou wilt have lead in thee:" on which Ayliffe, with a bewildered stare, yielded himself to his captors, and shortly afterwards was gently forced from the room, and assisted on the horse of one of the dismounted dragoons, who first withdrew the pistols from the holster. The others instantly mounted, leaving the one whose horse was ridden by Ayliffe, in the cottage, to attend on old Ayliffe, who seemed in a fit; and within half an hour the horror-stricken and half-stunned Ayliffe was safely lodged in the cage near the village; the troop which had escorted him remaining on guard around it, till relieved by orders from the barracks. An excited crowd of villagers soon gathered around the cage, but was kept at a distance by the dragoons, who would not allow even Mr. Hylton to approach it, though he came up to them, greatly agitated demanding admission as a magistrate. His right, however, was not recognised by the soldiers, who also listened with rigid indifference to the loud murmurs of the crowd around, expressing indignation at Mr. Hylton's rejection. "Where did you take Adam Ayliffe —your prisoner?" he inquired, but received no answer. Mr. Hylton withdrew hastily; one of the officers in full uniform, who had been dining at the Castle in company with the late Lord Alkmond, rode up, and was, of course, duly saluted by the soldiers.

"Is your prisoner secured?" said he.

"Yes, Sir; handcuffed."

"Did he resist?"

"No, Sir."

"Who his he?"

"Don't know, Sir."

The officer cast a glance of hasty but effectual scrutiny at the

cage. He saw that it looked old, and was not over-strongly constructed. "No one," he whispered, "is to approach this place nearer than you; and I will send down some irons from the barracks immediately. Let him remain till further orders;" and with this the officer was galloping off, when a loud howl was heard from within the cage, curdling the very blood of the bystanders. "Open the door," said the officer, turning round his horse, and dismounting.

Two soldiers dismounted, and stood, sword in hand, by their officer. "Stand back!" said he, quietly. The door was opened, and the sergeant, holding up the lantern in the doorway, disclosed the figure of apparently a maniac, striking his forehead violently with the handcuffs.

"Be quiet, Sir, or you will be placed in irons," said the officer, sternly.

Ayliffe gnashed his teeth, and his bloodshot eyes glared fearfully at the officer, who whispered to one of the men. The door was then closed, and the officer rode off at full gallop. Within half an hour's time the unfortunate prisoner was in irons, which had been sent down from the barracks. Mr. Hylton's benevolent heart dictated another errand to him; on being repulsed from the cage, he remounted his horse and had ridden off to the cottage. Oh, what a scene he encountered! The soldier who had been left there was, with a kind air, giving some water to the old man, who sat on the floor, apparently in a stupor. Beside him lay huddled up near the fireplace the poor child of the prisoner, still sobbing, having cried itself to sleep. A woman whom the soldier had fetched from a neighbouring cottage, was in the inner room; and on Mr. Hylton entering, came out in weeping agitation, saying, "Poor soul! I believe, Sir, she is dead, and yet in labour!"

"Oh, poor Mrs. Ayliffe! Oh, poor Mrs. Ayliffe! What's to be done?" quoth Mr. Hylton; "I will go for the doctor;" and, as fast as his horse could carry him, he went.

Who shall describe the scene going on at the Castle in consequence of this awful event? It seemed as though a thunderbolt had fallen upon them from heaven. All was petrifying consternation and bewilderment. At the moment when the bleeding corpse of the young Lord was being carried towards the Castle, Lady Alkmond was gracefully dancing a minuet. The ball-room presented a very splendid appearance. Many officers were there; the costume of the ladies was exceedingly beautiful; and the loveliest

of the figures that wore it, was the young Lady Emily, who that evening was making her first appearance in public. The Earl of Milverstoke had never appeared before to such great advantage; having dropped almost all his stern stateliness, he was a model of courtly ease and affability. Even the Duke of Bradenham, formerly one of his colleagues in the Cabinet, was eyeing him with great interest, wondering how mollifying an effect had been produced, by retirement and reflection, in the temper of the haughty, impracticable peer, whom none of them had been able to tolerate in office. The ghastly countenance of the groom of the chamber suddenly appearing at one of the large doors of the ball-room, where he whispered to the nobleman standing nearest, and who instantly followed him out, sufficed to give token of something awful having happened. In a moment the dancing ceased; the music was hushed; hurried whispering was heard; agitated faces were seen; hurried gestures were observed; and when Lord Milverstoke quitted the apartment, with a face suddenly blanched and overspread with horror, amazement and terror reached their climax. Faint shrieks and loud cries, and universal agitation ensued throughout the Castle; and in a few moments more all was known, and Lord Milverstoke verging on madness.

The banquet of that day had partaken of a military character, in compliment to Lord Alkmond; nearly twenty officers—all, in short, who happened to be within twenty miles of the Castle—had been invited; and the Earl of Milverstoke and several of the guests had quitted the room, leaving Lord Alkmond and his brother officers around the dinner-table to themselves. The conversation was for some time gay and animated, till accidentally a topic was introduced which only one or two perceived to be, for some reason or other, distasteful to Lord Alkmond, who changed colour, and immediately addressed the person next to him, on some other subject. The general conversation, however, continued on the topic alluded to; and Lord Alkmond was at length observed by one next to him, an officer, to be disquieted; he became silent, uttering suppressed sighs; and at length all of them quitted the room to repair to the ball-room. Lord Alkmond was seen by some servants, directly afterwards, quitting the Castle, with his hat on; but this attracted no attention, since his Lordship was frequently in the habit of taking solitary rambles in the woods. He walked for a time to and fro on the grand terrace then descended from it by a by-path

into the wood; and was not seen again till his body was brought into the hall, carried by the two dragoons (several of whom were guests in the servants' hall), followed by two or three other persons, all of them greatly agitated. The head keeper, with two others, had, while going his rounds in the woods, heard suddenly a dull, heavy sound; then that as of a person falling at some little distance; then, steps, as of one running. Continuing in the same direction, they encountered a body stretched on the ground, and, to their inconceivable horror, recognised Lord Alkmond, wrapped in a great coat, bleeding profusely from a frightful blow on the side of the head, and speechless—motionless—senseless—DEAD.

“Follow! follow! follow those steps! There's some one running!” exclaimed the head keeper.

“Hollo!—There, there's the murderer!” all of them shouted violently.

The two who were in pursuit at length caught sight of the figure of a man, running with great rapidity, and who at one bound cleared a wall, and got into the high road, where he resumed running; on which one of the two pursuers fired, but missed the fugitive.

“Ha!—I know him!” exclaimed one of the pursuers. “It 's Adam Ayliffe!” and while the one who had not fired continued the pursuit, the other ran to the barracks, which were little more than a mile from that part of the road; and the result was, the capture of Ayliffe, as the monster who had done this deed of cruelty and horror.

The next morning at an early hour the formidable prisoner was formally delivered up to the civil power; but owing to the public excitement, which was every moment increasing, the military were requested to escort the prisoner to the justice-hall of the neighbouring justice, who was the one that had adjudicated on the prisoner so short a time before, for the trifling delinquency of which the reader has heard. The moment that the miserable man was seen, heavily ironed, stepping from the cage into the post-chaise which was to convey him to the magistrate, a groan issued from the appalled bystanders—a groan of mingled pity, terror, and wonder. Those who caught the nearest glance at the prisoner, from behind the horses of the dragoons, saw the blood on his left sleeve, and shuddered. Ayliffe's eyes were bloodshot, and his forehead was severely bruised, and much swollen, with the blows,

which he had given himself over night; his lips were tightly compressed together, and he uttered not a syllable to the officer who accompanied him. In another chaise were the clerk of the peace and Mr. Hylton, the latter intending to be present in his magisterial capacity. They set off at a rapid pace, preceded and followed by the dragoons. \ Their road lay past Ayliffe's cottage, and as they approached it, the prisoner became dreadfully excited. He sat upright, and stared with a half-phrenzied eye as they passed. A woman had just quitted the cottage with a child covered up under her red cloak: it was the infant son of the prisoner, whom she was taking to her own home for awhile, at Mr. Hylton's request, the mother lying desperately ill, and about to be taken to the infirmary the moment that it could be done with safety—if indeed her doom were not already sealed. The prisoner moaned heavily as they drove past, and sunk back with a deep groan in the chaise. There was already a considerable concourse around the gates of the magistrate's house, and it was deemed prudent for the military to remain till the proceedings were over.

There were three magistrates present, including Mr. Hylton, who looked harassed and most unhappy. He had been up several hours during the night, in attendance at the cottage, where at that moment was Mrs. Hylton herself, in compassionate attendance on her suffering sister. When Ayliffe, heavily ironed, entered the justice-room, with a constable on each side, he seemed not to observe any one before him; but presently his eye lit on Mr. Hylton, who sat at the table, his head leaning on his hand, which concealed his face from him.

“Sir!—Mr. Hylton!” shouted the prisoner with frantic energy, “could I do this thing that I am charged with? No, no, no! you know I could not!”

Mr. Hylton unconsciously shook his head without removing the hand that supported it. Again the prisoner addressed him, with wild gestures and a loud hoarse voice:

“How's Sarah, Sir? how's my wife?”

Again Mr. Hylton shook his head and remained silent, and the prisoner sunk down on the bench that was placed for him, his heavy irons clanking dismally. The hearing was not long, nor was much more disclosed than has been already told. The doctor who had been summoned on the occasion declared that death must have been instantaneous, for that the wound was most frightful,

and had been inflicted with a bludgeon, or some other heavy instrument. The blood on the prisoner's sleeve was pointed out; at which he seemed suddenly roused from a sort of stupor; and Mr. Hylton observing it, instantly arose, and with an air of great agitation quitted the room, nor did he return again.

"Have you any other evidence to adduce?" said the magistrate.

"None, your Worship."

"Is any one else suspected?"

"Nobody at present, your Worship; but a strict inquiry is on foot."

The justices' clerk then read over to the witnesses what had been taken down from their lips,—the prisoner's haggard countenance, and eyes fixed intently on the floor, showing that he was not attending to what was going on. When the depositions had all been read over, and signed by the witnesses.

"Adam Ayliffe," said the magistrate, "you stand committed for the wilful murder of the late Lord Viscount Alkmond."

"It is false! I never murdered him! I know nought about it: and you are all driving me mad!" said the prisoner, starting up and looking wildly at the principal magistrate, who calmly made out the warrant of committal, and within an hour's time Ayliffe was safely lodged in gaol, having been escorted by the dragoons, for fear of any sudden and desperate resistance being offered by one of such formidable physical powers as the prisoner. When the proceedings were closed, the two committing magistrates withdrew into another room, where was Mr. Hylton, and the three had a long conversation on the mysterious and frightful transaction which had called them together officially that day. Mr. Hylton was asked with much interest by his brother magistrates concerning the passionate appeal which had been made to him by the prisoner, but said only, that to him it appeared an awful mystery; that the prisoner was by nature one of the frankest and best natured men in the world, and had been brought up by a father who was himself a very pattern of virtue and piety.

"Ah!" said one of the magistrates, "there's something very fine in the character of old Ayliffe; I know a little of him."

"What conceivable *motive*," commenced Mr. Hylton—

"Stay," said the justice in whose house they were, dropping his voice almost to a whisper—"you do not forget a former occurrence

in this justice-room some few days ago, Mr. Hylton, when you acted so very liberally?"

"Alas! of what avail was it?" said Mr. Hylton.

"That is not what I mean," said the other; "I heard a word or two from the prisoner on that occasion, which perhaps no one else did:" and he repeated what had caught his ear, unless he had been greatly mistaken, and about which he declared that he would make some private inquiry. He mentioned the words, and after a pause Mr. Hylton sighed, changed colour a little, and shook his head. "Well, still," said he, "I cannot believe he did this murder."

On the ensuing evening sat the coroner's inquest at the inn in the village; and having gone in several post-chaises to the Castle and seen the body of the murdered nobleman, which lay just as it had been brought in from the woods, and was a sight which none of them could ever forget, they heard substantially the same evidence which had been given before the magistrates, and at once returned a verdict of wilful murder against Adam Ayliffe; all of them, on retiring to their various homes in the village and neighbourhood, expressing amazement, horror, and deep sympathy for poor old Ayliffe, and the prisoner's wife. The most rigorous inquiries elicited no circumstances which could throw any light on an event which soon occasioned excitement throughout the whole kingdom. The woods had been scoured all night long by soldiers from the barracks, constables, gamekeepers, villagers, and others, but in vain. There was nothing to afford a trace of the deed which had so recently been done but the dismal crimsoned spot that had witnessed the mysterious and horrible occurrence which had suddenly extinguished the mortal life of the next heir to the domains and dignities of Milverstoke, in the very flower of his youthful manhood. Poor Lord Alkmond was, when thus hastily smitten out of the land of the living, apparently possessed of almost every imaginable worldly advantage and guarantee for happiness. He was one of the handsomest men of his day; his features were symmetry itself, at once refined and manly; he was tall and well-proportioned as his father, but his manner was infinitely more gracious and winning, at all events till latterly, when some strange spell seemed to have come over his spirits, such as even the lovely wife of his bosom—now, alas! his prostrate and broken-hearted widow—could neither account for, nor was permitted by him to inquire into, such as even only deepened before the stern solicitude of his father. How awful the

obscurity which shrouded his sudden departure! impenetrable perhaps for ever, to all but the eye of Him from whom nothing is hid, of whose ordering are all things in perfect wisdom, not to be vainly or presumptuously questioned, and whose will it might be that this mysterious event should not be unravelled on earth. Beat your fair bosoms and bewail the departed, ye lovely kindred of the dead, and of him, the living,—deep in whose dark spirit is quivering an arrow from on high! Let the light of heaven be shut out from yon gloomy and silent residence of the great ones of the earth, till their dead be buried out of their sight, and their stricken hearts may be enlightened, humbled, and consoled from on high!

On Saturday was the burial. Lengthened was the funeral cavalcade, and many the noble mourners composing it, that wound slowly its way from the Castle to the church of Milverstoke, where a silent assemblage of awestruck beholders awaited it. The chief mourner was the Earl of Milverstoke, treading with firm step, his face of ashy whiteness,—a world of woe in his dark eyes; and from his lips had fallen no sound since he had, over night, ordered away the attendants from the chamber of the dead, that he might himself the livelong night pace before the bier of his murdered son. He now followed into the church, and to the black entrance of the vault, the remains of his only son in grievous silence—in all the majesty of sorrow and suffering—seen by every beholder to be too great and awful to be approached or intermeddled with. Oh, with what solemnity was read the Service for the Dead, stirring the very soul alike of every great one, and humble one, who heard, that day, the voice of the minister of God! Fain would Mr. Hylton have devolved that sad office upon another; but his duty was here plain, and, though with a voice sometimes tremulous, he gave grand significance, because simple utterance, to the sublime Burial Service of the Church.

At a late hour in the evening there was delivered into the hands of the desolate and bereaved Earl, by a special messenger from London, an autograph letter from the king, expressing very deep concern for his misfortune; and, as far as he could thence derive any consolation, the Earl had abundant proof of the sympathy felt for him by the whole kingdom.

On the evening after the capture of young Ayliffe, occurred a circumstance worthy of perpetual remembrance. Mr. Hylton, inclement though the weather was, paid a visit to the late residence of

the imprisoned malefactor, tenanted now by his miserable father, and alone. There, by the dim light issuing from the low fire, he beheld the old man kneeling, absorbed in devotion, his large Bible lying before him, open on the floor. He scarcely noticed the entrance of Mr. Hylton; but slowly rose on feeling the hand of Mr. Hylton gently squeezing his own, and hearing his friendly voice. The food which had been laid beside him early in the morning, lay untouched, and the old man tottered, from evident faintness, while Mr. Hylton assisted him from his knees to the stool on which he had been sitting. Mr. Hylton poured out a little wine which he had brought with him, and forced the old man to drink of it. After a while he pointed with a shaking finger to a distant part of the room. Mr. Hylton asked him what he meant. "A light, a light, Sir!" said he. Mr. Hylton lit a small candle which stood on a shelf over the fireplace, and, on going with it to the spot to which old Ayliffe had pointed, saw an object sufficiently startling: a thick oaken walking stick, which had been brought in by his son on the evening of his capture; and, alas, on it were evident marks of blood!

"This is dreadful, Ayliffe—dreadful indeed," said Mr. Hylton, laying it down with a silent shudder; and neither he nor the old man spoke for some time, each actuated by conflicting emotions.

"It is strange: hath not the cottage been searched?" said Mr. Hylton.

The old man shook his head: "No," said he, in a feeble tone; "that stick hath lain there ever since he came in; and"—he paused, and added, with a long-drawn sigh, "but for that book," pointing to the Bible, "that bloody witness had not been here now."

Mr. Hylton was silent. *He was a magistrate*, and his duty was painful, but plain. "Ayliffe," said he, gloomily, "I am a magistrate."

"I know thou art; and that book, and thy good teaching from it, hath taught me my duty. There must lie that sad stick till it be sent for, if sent for it must be."

"Thou faithful servant of God," said Mr. Hylton, his eyes almost blinded with tears, rising and grasping in his hands those of the old man, who spoke not—"put thy trust in God, who hath for His own wise purposes sent thee this terrible trial, and He will bear thee through it."

“Ay, though He slay me”—began the old man; but his voice suddenly failed him.

“Whether thy son be innocent or guilty, this stick must appear against him,” said Mr. Hylton, firmly but mournfully; “and even were it by any accident not to be produced, yet have I seen it, and must by force of conscience tell that I have seen it.”

“No one shall touch it, Sir, while I have strength to prevent it,” said the old man, laying his hand on the open Bible: “and if, this concerning my son, I have done him wrong, God forgive me; and if I do right, I pray thee, Sir, give me thy prayers to help my trust and strengthen me.”

Mr. Hylton rose, and pronounced upon him a solemn benediction; and then sat opposite to him for some time in silence, lost in admiration of the old man’s virtue, and troubled sorely at the duty which that virtue had just cast upon himself. “I would have given much, Adam, that it had been any other than myself who had come hither and heard this,” said he, at length; “but if thine unhappy son be innocent, God may make it appear so; but, whether He do or not, His will be done. And He cannot will that we should pervert or conceal truth!”

“He doth support me now,” replied the old man. Mr. Hylton gazed in silence, as though on some old patriarch, or martyr, risen from the dead, to exemplify trust in the Almighty.

The next day, alas, the dumb but dreadful witness was taken possession of by a constable under a search-warrant, and delivered over to the proper authority. Mr. Hylton’s painful share in the transaction was known to none but the committing magistrate; who passed a high eulogium on what he termed the Spartan spirit of the father of the prisoner.

On the Sunday succeeding the day of the funeral, the church wore a very impressive aspect. The pulpit and reading-desk were hung in black; so was the great family-pew belonging to the Castle, and untenanted; but one side of the gallery was nearly filled with a long array of the Earl’s domestics, in deep mourning. The church was unusually crowded by the saddened occupants of the village and neighbourhood, and others who had come from far and wide, thinking that the Vicar might, as was his custom on those which he deemed fitting occasions, make some allusions to the awful occurrence of the past week. Nor were they mistaken or disappointed. Methinks one may now see that exemplary

person in the pulpit, on that memorable, melancholy, and exciting occasion, resolved to turn it to the profit of those who were before him. He was not quite as old as the Earl of Milverstone; and of middle stature. His hair was grey; his face was intellectual—somewhat care-worn, but of a most benevolent expression. He was a man of firm purpose, of stern integrity, of profound piety, and devoted to the duties of a parish priest. It was only his independence of character, which had stood in the way, some years before, of his obtaining great clerical advancement. Here, however, lay his parish, the parishioners of which he loved—whose children's dust was intermingled with that of his own in the adjoining churchyard. When he had entered the pulpit, and looked round upon his solemn congregation, his soul rose to the height of the occasion, and felt itself in unison with theirs. The few words which formed his text fell as he pronounced them into the hearts of all present with fearful weight: — “*Boast not thyself of to-morrow: for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.*” His own feelings forced him to pause for some moments after he had uttered that divine injunction; and there ensued, till his voice broke it, the silence of the grave. His sermon was brief, but weighty; and the chastened severity of his judgment prevented any approach to indecorous directness of allusion. It was only towards the close of his most affecting and solemn address that his voice faltered as his eye lit upon an unexpected figure, in the furthestmost corner of the gallery, old Adam Ayliffe; who, with a stern consciousness of rectitude of conduct, as far as concerned his fellow-creatures, and a lofty sense of what was at once his right and his duty towards God—to enter the house of God, with a heart which He had smitten, to pay his vows there. Alone had he come, and unsupported, though with limbs weakened by abstinence and the agitation of the week, to *His Father's house*. As he returned home, several offered him their arms, and kindly saluted him; but he spoke not a word to any; and his silence deepened their sympathy for his sufferings, their reverence for his character. When he arrived at the cottage to which his little grandchild had been taken, on its mother's removal in almost a dying state to the infirmary, he entered it, and seated himself beside the kind woman in whose lap it lay, a sad little figure. The child, recognising him, stretched forth its little hand, and smiled; on which the old man's pent-up feelings gave way: “Nay, nay, lad, don't do that!—thou'lt break

my heart!" And the child seemed surprised, and then somewhat alarmed, at the weeping of both his grandfather and his nurse.

"It doth not trouble thee much, I trust?" at length said Ayliffe, quietly.

"Nay, never at all—never was there a quieter child; 'tis content with whatever is given to it."

"This was a terrible fall," said the old man, sadly, pointing to the child's shoulder.

"Ay, it was; and"—she pointed to the little creature's left leg—"much it misgives me he walk lame."

"Well, God's will be done!" said the old man; and he leaned down and kissed its forehead tenderly, while his tears fell fast upon it.

There was another grandfather looking, about the same time, at at an infant grandson, with feelings which language cannot express or describe. And there were also two mothers, whom it seemed to be the will of Heaven to remove for ever from the sight of their children.

On the third Sunday after the funeral, two figures in very deep mourning passed slowly along the aisle to the central pew in the parish church: they were the Earl of Milverstoke and his daughter Lady Emily, whose beautiful but pale countenance was almost entirely hid beneath a long black veil; and, on taking her seat, she was evidently suffering under strong emotion. No eye that saw the Earl, as he followed after his daughter, had ever looked before on so affecting an object,—a black monument of grief unutterable. His daughter had placed herself at a distance from the Earl, wishing to avoid the sight of his pallid, wasted, and gloomy features, which bore deep and perhaps indelible traces of the sufferings which he had undergone. His was a morbid and haughty spirit, which would rather perish under the crushing pressure of misery than seek for any alleviation of it by communion with others. An expression of sympathy was indeed intolerable to him; and by a certain strange perversity of his nature, he appeared loth to lose sight, even for an instant, of the full extent of his wretchedness. The bulk of the congregation were simple souls, who could not forbear gazing at him with a sort of subdued awe, which seemed to exclude all tendency to pity. He had rarely ever spoken to any of them, and they had attributed it to his naturally cold stern ha-

bits; his occupation with high and important matters, and sorrow for the death of his Countess. A few there were who not unnaturally had attributed much of his apparent moodiness to sheer vexation, about high political matters, and anger and mortification at not having been appointed, some two years before, Lord Lieutenant of the county. But there was not one present, even down to the very humblest, who had ever had just occasion to complain of the Earl as a landlord, or as having ever turned a deaf ear to the cry of distress; and some were there whose eyes were constantly in tears, while gazing at the haggard and emaciated figure of their own munificent but secret benefactor. There also was one whom the noble mourner saw not, but whose eye was often occasionally upon him under an undefinable impulse — old Ayliffe. Possibly neither might have entered the church had he known that the other had been there. The Earl was perfectly calm, and deeply attentive to the service. Mrs. Hylton's pew adjoined that of the Earl: and she was often in tears, for she several times heard stifled sobs from Lady Emily, but not one after the Earl had whispered in a low, a kind, but peremptory tone,—

“Restrain your feelings, Emily, or we must retire.”

When the service was concluded, the Earl and Lady Emily rose, and slowly walked down the aisle, before those in the body of the church had quitted their seats. This had not been observed, however by old Ayliffe in the gallery; who, desirous of quitting before the Earl should have left his pew, had gone as quickly as his enfeebled limbs would allow him, down the stairs: yet it actually so chanced that the two encountered each other immediately outside the little porch. The Earl involuntarily stepped back for a moment, and heaved a mighty but inaudible sigh. Then he passed on to his carriage, and threw himself back in it with much agitation, which his daughter did not then observe. Old Ayliffe, though it was snowing thickly, took off his hat and bowed; trembling in every limb, he yet stood as erect as the Earl; but, when the carriage had driven off, he sat down for a moment on the nearest snow-covered gravestone, as if staggering under the weight of his agitated feelings. Two farmers who were near, kindly gave their arms to the troubled old man, and set him far on his way home. One of them had early in the week driven him to the county gaol in his market-cart, and thereby afforded the unhappy father, who had obtained the requisite order for that purpose, his

first opportunity of seeing his imprisoned son, who was just recovering from a violent brain fever, and during his illness the doctor had peremptorily forbidden any interview between him and his father. Old Ayliffe was very minutely searched by the turnkey before he was allowed to enter. He shook his head and sighed during the operation. "These be the orders of this place," said the turnkey gruffly: "poison and razors have been found, before now, on folks going in to see murder-prisoners!"

Ayliffe trembled at the words. "No one, friend, that feared God would do so," said he.

"I don't know that," replied the turnkey, "but *now*, you are a safe man and may go in:" and the next moment the heart-broken old man stood before his unhappy son.

They were allowed to be alone for a short time, the doctor and nurse of the prison being within call, if need might be. The prisoner gently raised his father's cold hand to his lips and kissed it, and neither spoke for a few minutes; at length—

"Adam! Adam!" said the old man in a low tremulous whisper, "art thou innocent or guilty?" and his anguished eyes seemed staring into the very soul of his son, who calmly replied,—

"Father, before God Almighty, I be as innocent as thou art, nor know I who did this terrible deed."

"Dost thou say it? Dost thou say it? I never knew thee to lie to me, Adam!" said his father eagerly, half rising from the stool on which he sate; "Dost thou say this before God, whom thou art only too likely," he shuddered, "to see, after next Assizes, face to face?"

"Ay, I do, father," replied his son, fixing his eyes solemnly and steadily on those of his father, who slowly rose and placed his trembling arms around his son, and embraced him in silence: "How is Sarah?" faltered the prisoner, faintly.

"Ask me not, Adam," said the old man; who quickly added, perceiving the sudden agitation of his son, "but she is not dead: she hath been kindly cared for."

"And the lad?" said the prisoner, still more faintly.

"He is well," said the old man; and the prisoner shook his head in silence, the tears running down his cheeks through closed eyelids.

At this point the doctor re-entered, apprehensive for the safety

of his patient, and ordered the old man at once to withdraw, as he did, having tenderly kissed the fevered forehead of his son. As the old man passed the governor's room, he was called in, and offered a glass of wine, which had been very kindly placed in readiness for him :—

“No, no, I thank thee, Sir,” said the old man, somewhat excitedly; “I need it not; I have just gotten a great cordial that hath warmed my heart!”

“Ay, ay! who gave it thee?” quickly inquired the governor.

“My son, thy prisoner! for he hath told me that he is innocent,” said the old man confidently.

“Oh! hath he?” quoth the governor gravely, with melancholy significance; and pressing the old man to take the wine, before again facing the bitter cold air, he was presently ushered out of the guarded and gloomy gates of the gaol. When next he saw Mr. Hylton he spoke of his son in the like confident tone in which he had spoken to the governor of the gaol.

“Adam, it is not his mere *saying* that he is innocent, that will satisfy the Judge and the jury at the coming Assizes,” said Mr. Hylton very seriously; “be not, my poor friend, over sanguine, for the case has very, very black features in it, Adam: has your son explained to you how he came into the wood just when he did? why he fled as for his life? how he got the blood upon his coat and his stick? Adam, Adam, these are terrible things to deal with; and”—he paused and seemed troubled—“there may be, for ought you or I know, other matters proved still blacker.”

Old Ayliffe listened to all this in silence, but his face whitened visibly as Mr. Hylton proceeded.

“He's innocent, Sir, for all that,” at length said he; “he never lied to me since he was born, Sir; and I trust in God that He will not let the innocent suffer for the guilty!”

“So do I,” replied Mr. Hylton, solemnly; “but go you to the attorney whom we have engaged to take up the case on your son's behalf, and see what he says: I, you must always remember, am a magistrate, and therefore desire not to hear what conscience might possibly hereafter force me to disclose.”

“Ay, ay, Sir,” said the old man sadly, sighing deeply; “I see it, I know it; appearances be against my son terribly; but my lord judge will be a just man, and may find out my son's innocence though others may be unable to see it till then.”

That which greatly disturbed Mr. Hylton, was the communication which had been made to him by the county magistrate, of the remark of young Ayliffe, in the matter of the hare, and which undoubtedly gave a dismal complexion to the present overwhelming case against him.

Some short time after the first appearance at church, Lady Emily called upon Mrs. Hylton, whom she had always tenderly loved from her childhood, and was tenderly beloved in her turn. It was a painful interview, and both of them wept much. The poor girl's feelings had long been strung to the highest pitch of intensity, scarce ever relieved by communion with her father, though he really loved her fondly. Partly owing to his nature, however, and partly from a belief that conversation would but make deep wounds bleed afresh, he rarely spoke to her on the subject of the event which had enveloped the Castle in a gloom and desolation, which, to him, formed indeed a darkness that might be felt. Beside all this, she was almost constantly an attendant on the miserable and heart-broken sister-in-law, Lady Alkmond, whose recovery from the shock which she had sustained seemed to the last degree uncertain; and that uncertainty and fear occasioned the Earl an intolerable agony of apprehension, lest his infant grandson, now an object precious in his eyes beyond all comparison or expression, should be deprived of his surviving parent. What delight thrilled through the heart of Mrs. Hylton when she found the lovely creature before her, reverentially recognising in the disaster which had befallen her family, the ordination of the all-wise disposer of events, without a murmur, without a question!

"Thus you spoke to me, Mrs. Hylton, when my poor mamma was taken from us: thus she herself spoke to us a short time before she died! I wish my dear papa saw these things so; but he is always so stern and gloomy!"

"Depend upon it, my dear, dear Lady Emily," said Mrs. Hylton, "that all which has happened may one day plainly appear to us to have been for the best; or it may please the Almighty never to reveal his purposes to us."

While they were thus talking Mr. Hylton rode up to the door, and, seeing the Earl's carriage there, looked at the window, and, recognising Lady Emily, hastily uncovered and dismounted, leading his horse round to the stable.

"Why do you change colour, dear Mrs. Hylton?" said Lady Emily with surprise, preparing to go.

“Shall I tell you where Mr. Hylton has been?” said Mrs Hylton, after a moment’s pause.

“Yes, if you please, unless there is an objection.”

“He has just been to the infirmary”——

“What! are you afraid of fever? Don’t fear for me,” said Lady Emily, with a faint smile, but added hastily, “stay—remember poor Lady Alkmond, whom I am with all day—and the dear child! If anything were to happen to it, I do believe my papa would die outright! for he almost trembles when he takes it into his arms for a moment!”

“Oh no! dear Lady Emily, there is no fever there at all, I believe. Mr. Hylton has been to see one of the most unfortunate beings on the earth.”

“Dear Mrs. Hylton, your looks alarm me—what do you mean?—Who is it?”

“Alas! alas! it is the poor innocent wife of”—Lady Emily changed colour; “of that wretched man who”—Lady Emily turned deadly pale, and trembled violently. Vain were her strong efforts to recover from the shock, and she at length swooned, to the great consternation of Mrs. Hylton. With the aid of the usual restoratives, however, she soon recovered; on which she gazed on Mrs. Hylton with a look of agonizing affection and apprehension.

She lay in Mrs. Hylton’s arms, with her raven tresses slightly disturbed, and straying over her pale but exquisitely beautiful features, Mrs. Hylton gently re-arranging her truant locks, and fondly kissing her forehead as Mr. Hylton entered: and Mrs. Hylton motioned him to withdraw.—“No, no, no!” said Lady Emily, extending her hand to him, “I am better now!”

“What is all this?” inquired Mr. Hylton, sufficiently surprised.

“I rather suddenly told dear Lady Emily where you had been.”

“I am sorry for that, Mary,” said he, rather displeasedly; and he tenderly shook Lady Emily by the hand, and took his seat beside her.

“How is the poor creature?” she inquired faintly.

“We will talk about this on some other occasion,” said he. But Lady Emily would not have the question thus parried, and repeated it.

“She is certainly in a very sad state,” said Mr. Hylton.

“Is there any danger?” she inquired, slightly trembling.

"My dear Lady Emily, you have suffering enough at the Castle; I cannot add to what so oppresses you."

"But how is this poor woman?" she repeated firmly; and Mr. Hylton's acute eye detected a momentary resemblance to her father's peremptory spirit.

"She is, alas! at death's door!"

Lady Emily remained for several moments silent, and visibly agitated.

"What sort of a character has she borne?"

"Oh, poor soul!" interposed Mrs. Hylton with sudden energy, "she was one of the best, meekest, most self-denying Christian creatures that I ever saw!"

Again Lady Emily was silent. "She must not want for anything, dear Mr. Hylton," said she suddenly.

"She is well cared for at our excellent Infirmary; and as for her unfortunate child"—

"What! child!—has she a child?" said Lady Emily, bursting into tears.

"Ay; but such a poor, little, lame, injured creature!"

Lady Emily wept bitterly. "May God protect it!" said she at length: "Where is it?"

"It is taken care of by a woman at one of the cottages."

"How old is it?"

"About two years old."

"Just the same age!" exclaimed Lady Emily, half unconsciously, and apparently falling into a momentary reverie. "You said it was lame and injured; how came it to be so, dear Mr. Hylton?"

"It was always a feeble child, and when not much more than eight months old had a sad fall, which nearly killed it, and has left it lame for life, and a little deformed in the back," said Mrs. Hylton.

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Lady Emily, with a shudder: "Are you sure that the poor little thing is with a careful woman?"

"Yes."

"But who pays her to attend to it?"

"My husband," quickly replied Mrs. Hylton; not caring for his displeasure, and only too proud of his conduct.

"I have ten guineas here," said Lady Emily, opening her purse eagerly, and emptying its contents into Mrs. Hylton's lap: "I don't want them; I have more money than I can use; and I will bring

you fifteen more to-morrow; and pray let both the mother and the child have proper attention paid to them."

"My dear Lady Emily," commenced Mr. and Mrs. Hylton in a breath, "the half of what you have now given us will suffice for nearly a year."

"Never mind, keep it all, and to-morrow I will give you the remainder! It is really nothing to me, I assure you; my dear papa is very, very liberal to me: I cannot spend a tenth part of what he gives me."

"Well, then, dear Lady Emily," said Mr. Hylton, with energy, "I will be the almoner of your bounty willingly, and carefully."

"But don't let it be known where this trifle comes from, dear Mr. Hylton, lest my papa should happen to hear of it and be displeased; for he might think it undutiful in me. Will you, now, promise me this?" continued Lady Emily, winningly, but very earnestly.

"I will—we both will," replied Mr. Hylton; "and you have in part anticipated something of what I intended to ask you, Lady Emily."

"What is that?" she inquired, anxiously.

"After what you have said, it seems hardly necessary; but I was about to have entreated you on no account to mention any of these poor beings to your harassed father, the Earl."

"Oh mercy! mention them to him?" exclaimed Lady Emily, with a great start, "oh no! not for the whole world! The very thought makes me tremble. Not that he might—but—*consider!*" she paused—and looked anxiously at Mr. and Mrs. Hylton, who assured her that they perfectly understood her meaning, and profoundly sympathized with the afflicted Earl. With this she rose to depart; and, kissing Mrs. Hylton, promised to call the next day with fifteen guineas. Mr. Hylton then led her to the carriage, in which sat one of her maids, wondering at her Ladyship's prolonged stay at the parsonage. And as the carriage drove rapidly away, "There goes an angel in human form!" said Mr. and Mrs. Hylton to each other. Ah! what a contrast did the youthful Lady Emily present before the eye of Mr. Hylton, to her inaccessible and implacable parent! for such, alas! he but too plainly appeared to Mr. Hylton, on the very first occasion on which the Earl and he had said anything to each other at all bearing on the recent calamity. Three times had the Earl's carriage appeared before the parsonage,

since the funeral, to convey Mr. Hylton, on a friendly invitation, to the Castle, to dine with its taciturn and gloomy lord and Lady Emily; and when she had withdrawn to Lady Alkmond's chamber, Mr. Hylton felt oppressed by witnessing in his companion a misery incapable of relief. He was a man of superior intellect, thoroughly well educated, acquainted with the world, and possessing a penetrating knowledge of human nature. He had long before thoroughly mastered the Earl's idiosyncrasy, and perceived and lamented his utterly insufficient notions of religion. A thousand times had he striven with all the delicacy and tact of which he was master, to turn the Earl's attention inward upon himself, but in vain: feeling himself ever courteously, though sometimes somewhat sternly, repulsed. Some fortnight after Lady Emily's visit to the parsonage, Mr. Hylton made his appearance at the Castle on one of those cheerless occasions which have just been spoken of; and on Lady Emily's departure, as usual, after dinner, the Earl produced a sheet of paper, containing a Latin inscription, which he had been framing during the day, for a tablet which he meditated erecting in memory of his son. The language was quite unexceptionable; the Earl being noted for his elegant scholarship. Mr. Hylton read it very attentively twice or thrice, and then laid it down before the Earl.

"Has it your approbation, Mr. Hylton?" said the Earl.

"The Latinity, my Lord, is, as I expected, faultless," replied Mr. Hylton, with a certain significance of manner which arrested the attention of his noble companion, who remained silent for a few moments, while he cast his eye over the paper.

"I presume the matter, Mr. Hylton, is unobjectionable as the manner?—I composed it in a sad spirit, I assure you." Mr. Hylton remained silent, apparently absorbed in thought. "Pray, tell me frankly, Mr. Hylton," said the Earl, with slight displeasure in his tone, "are you now thinking *painfully* about what you have just read?"

"My Lord," replied Mr. Hylton solemnly, "I have been thinking how this inscription would appear before the eyes of Him whose minister and servant I am!"

"Indeed, Sir," said the Earl haughtily; "would it not bear the scrutiny?"

"I fear not, my Lord, if I have read the New Testament rightly. But pardon me, my Lord; if you will favour me for a day with that paper, I will give your Lordship my written sentiments on the

subject, I need hardly say, with all respect and faithfulness."

"I will consider of it, Sir," said the Earl, gloomily, endeavouring to repress a sigh, as he returned the paper to his pocket-book.

"There is no living being, my Lord, I verily believe," said Mr. Hylton, earnestly, "who wishes better to your Lordship than do I, and few who think of your Lordship more frequently and anxiously. Even should your Lordship not feel disposed to honour me with that paper, may I ask permission to send your Lordship my written impressions concerning it; chiefly upon one expression?"

"I think, Sir, I know now what you allude to;" said the Earl, with a lowering brow and a stately courtesy of manner; "I have considered the subject, and deem the expression unobjectionable: if I consider it necessary to consult you upon the matter again, I will receive your opinion in writing."

"My dear Lord, forgive me if, when appealed to, a solemn sense of duty forces me"—

"I thank you, Mr. Hylton, but we need at present discuss this matter no further," said the Earl coldly.

"Be it so, my Lord," replied Mr. Hylton sadly; and after a brief interval of chilling silence they separated; the Earl with feelings of suppressed indignation and gloomy excitement; Mr. Hylton with concern and apprehension. Had he been a mere man of the world, he would have felt the supercilious demeanour and treatment of the Earl to be insupportable; but he knew himself to be invested with a holier character, to be engaged on a mission of which as yet scarcely anything had been accomplished. With what different feelings he quitted the little cottage of old Ayliffe, where he was a very frequent visitor; on every occasion conceiving a more and more exalted opinion of him, standing alone in his misery, unbefriended but by Heaven. He was kept from the workhouse, a destination of which he had all a true Englishman's horror, solely by the kindness of a few neighbouring farmers, and Mr. Hylton; all of whom contrived to find him some sort of employment for a portion of each day, such as supplied his slight wants, and left him time for frequent inquiries after each of the scattered members of his family—his infant grandson, his dying daughter-in-law, his death-doomed son. On one or other of these sad errands he was to be seen almost every day, in all weathers, an object of universal respect and sym-

pathy. Little, however, spoke he to any one but Mr. Hylton, for his heart was sorely oppressed with fear on account of the peril of his son, suddenly charged as that son was with so tremendous a crime, and looked on with horror by the whole kingdom, as too truly was reported to the old man : a son who had passed all his life, till that moment, in peace and virtue. Late at night might a curious passer-by have observed a faint light within old Ayliffe's solitary cottage, and on looking closely, seen him at one time poring over his old Bible, at another on his knees. And early in the cheerless mornings, and later in the more cheerless evenings than others were found stirring, might he have been seen standing silently in the churchyard beside the grave of his wife, with solemn thoughts and unutterable. "Here," said he, "*the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!* and in God's good time I may lay my bones beside thee, and we may moulder away together till the day when we rise again, and see the meaning of everything that hath befallen us here!"

In the meantime thicker and thicker darkness gathered around young Ayliffe as the dreaded Assize-time drew near. The active kindness of Mr. Hylton, and of a few of the chief inhabitants of the village, had provided him with professional assistance in preparing for his defence; but as time wore on, it somehow or other got abroad that the prisoner's skilful and experienced attorney looked not cheerful about the business, though he knew his duty better than to say anything of a desponding character to any one but the prisoner. Him he told, and sickened in telling, that though he, the attorney, verily believed him to be innocent, he saw not, then at least, how the judge and jury were to be brought to look at the affair in the same light, without witnesses to guide them. Many and anxious were the interviews between Mr. Hylton and old Ayliffe on the dismal subject of the approaching trial; and more and more frequent they became as the time drew nearer. The miserable old man was wasted, so to speak, to a shadow, and but for the patient indulgence of his agonized inquiries by Mr. Hylton, his overstrained and overburthened mind might have given way. Little, however, could Mr. Hylton conscientiously say to sustain hopes of a favourable issue; dwelling, on the contrary, strongly upon the dreadful directness of the evidence which it was understood was ready to be brought forward. The old man gave implicit credit to his son's unwavering protestations not only of innocence, but total

ignorance who the murderers were, or why the murder had been committed.

“Why went he that night to the wood? Why were his clothes stained with blood? Why ran he from the wood as for his life?” said Mr. Hylton: “these, as I have often told you, my poor friend, are questions which it is very terrible to hear asked, and not satisfactorily answered.”

“Sir, I do assure you,” replied Ayliffe, “that he can show why he did all these things, and yet is innocent.”

“Can he? Can he? How?” inquired Mr. Hylton: “What witnesses has he?”

His companion pressed his hand against his forehead: “Lord, have mercy on him, poor soul!” said he; “I misgive me that he hath not any; but he may surely say as much when he is on trial, and God may put it in the hearts of those he pleads before to believe him; for I will swear for him that never an untrue word did he ever, that I know of, speak in his life: and as for cruelty—why the heart of a woman hath he, for all his strength and spirit! Oh, Sir, why should poor Adam do this bloody wickedness? What hate had *he* against the young Lord?”

“Adam,” said Mr. Hylton, looking steadfastly at Ayliffe, “that is like to be an awful question, from what I have heard. ’Tis whispered that they can show malice on your son’s part towards Lord Alkmond; that he hath been heard to speak in that way”—

While Mr. Hylton spoke, a sickening change came over the features of the old man, and he almost groaned aloud.

“What! do you fear,” said Mr. Hylton kindly, “that any will swear falsely against him?”

Ayliffe remained silent, and looked the picture of despair; for while Mr. Hylton was dwelling in his own mind on the expressions which it would be found that young Ayliffe had let fall when he was convicted for unlawfully having possession of the hare, but which Mr. Hylton did not communicate to old Ayliffe, the latter suddenly recollected, for the first time since his son’s arrest, his sullen refusal, when requested by his father, to stay and salute the young Lord, as he passed the cottage on coming down from London, and the strong expressions of his son which accompanied that refusal. And with those expressions were quickly associated certain others, which also old Ayliffe had till then forgotten, and which, thus combined and coupled with the suggestion thrown out by Mr. Hylton,

suddenly acquired a significance that was appalling. The old man staggered under the shock; and the doubts and fears which had vanished before his son's solemn asseveration of his innocence, when first his father saw him there, suddenly returned with tenfold force. Mr. Hylton saw that his misery had reached its climax; for his long and fondly cherished confidence in his son's truth and innocence appeared suddenly shattered. He spoke with infinite kindness to him, and forced him to take a little refreshment. When he was somewhat revived,

"Tell me, Adam," said Mr. Hylton, "if you choose, what is the explanation which your son is going to give of the circumstances in which he was found; you may do so with perfect safety, for on consideration I can see no impropriety in my hearing what his defence is likely to be."

On this Ayliffe told Mr. Hylton what his son's statement was, and Mr. Hylton listened to it with deep attention.

"That's the whole matter, Sir," said Ayliffe, as he concluded; adding eagerly, "and don't you believe it, Sir? You would, if you knew my son as well as I do, Sir!"

"Let me consider a little, Adam, let me consider," said Mr. Hylton very seriously.

Old Ayliffe gazed at him with intense anxiety for some minutes, during which Mr. Hylton was evidently deep in thought.

"Of course, all this has been told to your attorney?" at length he inquired.

"Every word on't, Sir, every word!" answered Ayliffe eagerly.

"And what says he of it?"

"Why, Sir, I cannot rightly make out; only that it is a serious business, and a counsellor will decide on it, and it will clear my son, if it be believed; but, Sir, I would rather know what you think on't?"

Mr. Hylton shook his head. "Why, Adam, the account he gives is strange, very strange; it may be quite true, but much discretion, methinks, will be required on the part of your son's counsellors. I am glad, my friend, that your son has so shrewd and experienced an attorney as has been engaged for him; and for the rest, may God detect the guilty, and vindicate the innocent."

"Amen, Sir," said the old man; and Mr. Hylton having bade him adieu with great cordiality, he betook himself homeward, but with such direful misgivings as kept him awake the whole night;

and Mr. Hylton himself spent some hours in revolving what he had heard, but without being able to come to any satisfactory conclusion. His first impression, however, when he woke in the morning was, that poor young Ayliffe's doom was sealed.

A few evenings before the commencement of the Assizes, Mr. Hylton was at the Castle, whither he had been summoned to read the solemn service for the visitation of the Sick, in the chamber of Lady Alkmond. The Earl and Lady Emily were present, as had been the case on several previous occasions; and on that now referred to, the Earl, who had been during the day grievously depressed by the precarious condition of Lady Alkmond, requested Mr. Hylton, on quitting the chamber, to accompany him for a few moments to the library. On being seated, "Mr. Hylton," said his Lordship, whose manner was so subdued as to give infinite satisfaction to the pious mind of Mr. Hylton, "it has been this morning intimated to me that you are about to give evidence at the approaching trial in favour of the prisoner,"—pausing as he uttered the word,—"as far as his previous *character* is concerned."

"I am, my Lord," replied Mr. Hylton with energy; "most warm and willing testimony, most decisive testimony: would to God, my Lord, I could speak in the like terms and with the same justice of many others of my parishioners, as I shall speak on the dark day that draws near on behalf of these Ayliffes, old and young; a more exemplary little family never knew I nor heard of; and I consider the old man, my Lord, to be a very fine character. He trained up his son as a Christian, and showed him the life of one. It is he, old Adam Ayliffe"—

"I wish merely to assure you, Mr. Hylton," replied the Earl with much of his usual haughtiness of manner, "that I can have no objection to your giving favourable testimony on behalf of the prisoner, as far as you conscientiously can do such a thing."

"Forgive me, my dear Lord," said Mr. Hylton with dignity, "if I feel impelled to say that I need to ask no consent or permission from any one living, to do that which is a duty incumbent upon me."

This was said with a calm firmness very perceptible to the Earl, who appeared for some moments as if about to say something in reply; but rather abruptly, and with a very gloomy courtesy, he wished Mr. Hylton good evening, and they parted. As the latter was passing, in deep meditation, through a long and dusky corridor which led to that part of the Castle by which he usually quitted, he

thought he heard the faint sound of steps hastening towards him, and the rustling of a lady's dress. Nor was he mistaken : for Lady Emily, with her finger on her lips, and a furtive glance round, hastily approached him, and whispered hurriedly but softly, "How is that poor woman at the Infirmary?"

"She remains barely alive, dear Lady Emily."

"Is she resigned, poor creature?"

"I think so; but she is often miserable, and her mind, latterly, wanders much."

"Could she be better cared for, if she were removed to a private house?"

"Certainly not, my dear Lady Emily; she cannot possibly have better nursing and medical attendance than she has now. I have myself given special instructions on the subject."

"And," her voice faltered, "that wretched little being, her poor child, is it" —

At that moment were heard distant footsteps, which both Lady Emily and Mr. Hylton recognised as those of the Earl; and Lady Emily vanished as though she had been a spirit.

CHAPTER III.

At length arrived the day of the great Murder trial, which the Judges of Assize had fixed for Friday—a day always, in those times, when practicable, named for capital cases, with the humane view of giving, in the event of conviction, as long an interval as possible for carrying into effect the dreadful sentence of the law. There were two other capital cases fixed for the same day, but of no public interest; being only those of a farmer's man, for stealing a pair of shoes from a booth in a fair, and another for taking a cheese, in the night-time, out of a dairy; both the offenders being found with the stolen property upon them. These were simple cases, and could be quickly disposed of. But the great murder trial seemed to have attracted nearly half the county into the Assize-town, besides many persons of quality from very distant parts of the country. The case was to be tried before the Lord Chief Justice, who was a very humane man, and a great lawyer; and the Solicitor-General had come down, on the part of the Crown, to conduct a case of such public interest and importance. The town was astir from four o'clock in the morning; since which time, a great number of country-folk, who had walked five, ten, and even fifteen miles, had been standing outside the gaol till the doors were opened. There were upwards of a thousand people, collected round those doors, more than by any means could be got into the gallery; and as for the body of the Court, and the bench, all that part had been allotted to persons of distinction, long before, by favour of the Sheriff. At a few minutes before nine o'clock, the Judge was to be seen, sitting in his scarlet and ermine robes, in the Sheriff's coach, preceded by a troop of javelin-men and trumpeters; and so excited was the crowd through which they slowly passed, that many of them thought there was something very startling and dismal in the sounds of the trumpets on that morning. The Judge took his seat while the clock was striking nine. On sitting down he seemed for a moment to be adjusting his robes; but he was also secretly disposing *his black cap*, so as to

have it in readiness against a sad event which, having read what had been deposed to before the Coroner's jury, and the magistrates who had committed the prisoner, his Lordship foresaw was but too likely to happen. This done, he leaned back for a moment, and while the stir raised by his entrance was subsiding, he looked around him, with great composure, not at all surprised at the prodigious number of people who were present. On the bench near him were noblemen and gentlemen of high rank (but no ladies, as now-a-days happens), whom he knew well, but then took no notice of whatever. The seats round and beneath him were densely crowded by counsel : among whom, facing the jury-box, was Mr. Solicitor-General, who had a grave care-worn face ; and a little to his right was the counsellor engaged on behalf of the prisoner, but only to cross-examine the witnesses, or (if he could) detect an objection to the proceedings in point of law : not being permitted to say one word for his client, to the jury. Next to him sat his attorney ; and both of them looked very anxious. Beside the attorney who conducted the case for the Crown, sat the Earl's solicitor, and Mr. Oxley. In the magistrates' box sate Mr. Hylton, looking pale and harassed. Just before taking his seat, he had quitted poor old Ayliffe ; whom, with infinite effort, he had at length prevailed upon to remain out of Court, in a room close by, with every comfort provided for him by the High Sheriff. From the moment that Mr. Hylton sat down, he seemed buried in his own thoughts ; his head leaning on his hands, which quite covered his agitated face. " Put the prisoner to the bar," said the officer of the Court to the gaoler ; and there was instantly a solemn silence, broken presently by the clanking sound of irons : and amidst beating hearts, hurried breathing, and eyes intently fixed on the dock, there slowly approached it, accompanied by two gaolers, and walking not without difficulty in his heavy irons, a tall marvellously well-proportioned man, apparently about thirty years old, with a countenance that, especially irradiated just then by a transient gleam of sunshine, said instantly to all present—that it could never be that of a MURDERER. All were struck by it. 'T was a frank manly face, of a dauntless English cast, yet looked somewhat emaciated from illness and confinement. But for this, there was not among the gentle or simple who beheld him, a finer specimen of the Saxon countenance, including even the colour and disposition of his hair, somewhat disordered though it seemed. He stood

straight up at the bar, with an air of manly and somewhat indignant confidence; having bowed respectfully to the Judge, who was watching him with searching scrutiny. Ayliffe's pale face had reddened a little, as he first encountered so exciting a scene, on an occasion to him so unspeakably awful and momentous. His light blue eyes spoke eloquently in his favour, being full of intelligence and spirit, and indicative of goodness; but there was much of suffering in them. As the Judge gazed at him, this favourable impression was deepening, but was effaced, in a moment, by habitual caution, and a recollection of what he had read concerning the case, in the depositions.

"Adam Ayliffe," said the Clerk of the Peace, "hold up thy hand." The prisoner obeyed; holding up his right hand, which was observed to quiver a little. "Thou standest indicted by the name of Adam Ayliffe, late of the Parish of Milverstoke, in this County, labourer, for that thou, not having the fear of God before thine eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, on the 31st day of December last, in the Parish of Milverstoke, in this County, in and upon one FitzStephen Geoffry Lionel Bevyll, Esquire, commonly called Viscount Alkmond, in the peace of God and of our Lord the King then and there being, feloniously, wilfully, and of thy malice aforethought, didst make an assault, and then and there with a certain bludgeon, in thy right hand then and there held, in and upon the head of him, then and there feloniously, wilfully, and with malice aforethought, with the bludgeon aforesaid, didst give him a mortal wound, whereof he then and there instantly died. How sayest thou, Adam Ayliffe, art thou guilty of the murder and felony with which thou standest indicted, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty! Not guilty!" said the prisoner quickly, and with great energy, and his chest heaved.

"How wilt thou be tried?"

"By God and my country," replied the prisoner, prompted by two of the turnkeys near him.

"God send thee a good deliverance!" quoth the officer.

"Let the prisoner's irons be removed," said the Judge, after having spoken privately to the Sheriff, who told him of the prisoner's recent severe illness; that no rescue had ever been attempted; and that no violence was to be apprehended.

On this the irons were knocked off; during which process the

officer of the Court thus addressed him :—" Prisoner at the bar , those good men whose names thou wilt now hear called over, are THE JURY, who are to pass between our Sovereign Lord the King and thee upon thy trial. If, therefore, thou wouldst challenge them, or any of them, thou must do so when each comes to the book to be sworn, and before he is sworn, and thou shalt be heard."

The prisoner listened to this brief but significant address so intently, as to be apparently unaware of the act by which he was being liberated from his irons.

Every juryman was then thus publicly and separately sworn :—" Thou shalt well and truly try, and true deliverance make between our Sovereign Lord the King, and the prisoner at the bar, whom thou shalt have in charge ; and a true verdict give, according to the evidence. So help thee God !"

When the twelve had been counted aloud, one by one, and their names called over, the crier thus made proclamation : " If any one can inform my Lords the King's Justices, the King's Serjeant, or Attorney-General, on this inquest to be now taken between our Sovereign Lord the King, and the prisoner at the bar, of any treason, murders, felonies, or misdemeanours done or committed by the prisoner at the bar, let him come forth, and he shall be heard ; for the prisoner now stands upon his deliverance : and let all persons bound, by their recognizance, to prosecute or give evidence against the prisoner at the bar, come forth, and give their evidence, or they will forfeit their recognizances." After a moment's pause, the officer of the Court said to the prisoner, " Adam Ayliffe, hold up thy hand." When this had been done, the officer thus addressed the jury, " Gentlemen of the Jury, look upon the prisoner, and hearken to his charge." Then he read the substance of the indictment, and proceeded, " Upon this indictment the prisoner hath been arraigned : upon his arraignment he hath pleaded Not guilty. Your charge, therefore, is to inquire whether he be guilty or not guilty, and to hearken to the evidence."

The Solicitor-General was rising to state the case to the jury, when he turned to the Judge, and whispered ; on which, " Prisoner," said the Judge, with a kind and dignified air, " I hear that you have been ill, and may be unable, with comfort, to stand : you may therefore be seated, if you choose."

" I would rather stand, my Lord, till I cannot, with thanks to

your Lordship," replied Ayliffe ; and the next moment Mr. Solicitor-General had commenced his speech to the jury ; speaking with a directness and cogency that were utterly sickening to all who felt any interest with him whose life depended on the proof, or disproof, of what was stated in that speech. Mr. Solicitor made, indeed, a very plain case of it.

"That a foul and bloody murder (it signified nought that it had been done upon a young nobleman, more than upon any other person, high or low, man, woman or child) had been committed, was beyond all doubt whatever ; and the only question that day to be tried, was, whether the prisoner had done that murder. He is found," continued Mr. Solicitor, "within a few yards of the place where lay the newly murdered body ; his clothes have a great stain of blood on them ; he has a club with him, which, marked with blood, is found in his house ; he flies, as for his life, from the spot where the body lay, and, being hotly pursued, reaches home with this blood on him, and this stick with him ; and while panting and affrighted, is arrested. This, of itself, surely is the very case put by my Lord Coke, as that of a most violent presumption of guilt ; and his words are these : ' It is if one be run through the body with ' a sword in a house, whercof he instantly dieth, and a man is seen ' to come out of that house with a bloody sword, and no other man ' was at that time in the house.' If the prisoner answer not ; nor explain away what will be proved against him ; nor show how he came to be in my Lord Milverstoke's wood that evening, at that very time, and to be running away bloody, and with a bloody weapon capable of doing the deed, and yet quite unconcerned in, and ignorant of, this most barbarous and horrid murder—why, gentlemen, what shall be said ? Whatever must in such case be said, it is for you alone to say. But the Crown will, as I am instructed, carry this matter much further than even all this ; and will show an evil will and malice aforethought of the man at the bar, towards my Lord Milverstoke and his late son, the murdered person ; arising, so I am told, out of some angry feeling at the desire of my Lord Milverstoke to become the purchaser of some cottage property of his father's ; but more especially because of a poaching affair, which had occurred only some week or so previously to the murder : and on that occasion the prisoner was convicted of poaching on my Lord Milverstoke's land ;"—here the prisoner made some eager gesture of dissent, but was anxiously motioned to

silence by his advisers—"and then let fall some expressions which I shall leave to a witness to tell you ; and which will, I fear, be thought by you to have a serious bearing on this case. These, gentlemen, are the facts which, I am told, we shall prove most clearly before you : so that, you see, however dreadful the consequences of this crime, and exalted the position in society of the victim and his bereaved relatives—with whom there is, as there surely ought to be, a universal sympathy—the case is short and simple on the part of the Crown, who have no wish (God forbid that they should have) to press on the prisoner. He may not make his defence before you by counsel : such is the law of the land, be it good, be it bad : but this I know, it secures the prisoner a counsel in the Judge that tries him, and who will take all fitting care of his interests, as well as those of the public."

With this Mr. Solicitor-General sat down ; and the case was not long in being proved, much as the reader has it already. The head keeper and two underkeepers were called as witnesses : and explained that, as they were going their customary rounds, they heard, some twenty or thirty yards off from a particular spot where they were, a dull heavy sound ; followed by a fall ; then something like a faint groan or sigh ; and footsteps. "Hallo !" cried the head keeper, "what is that ?" Then all three pushed on, spreading a few yards from each other ; when, just as they had got into a pathway, one of them stumbled over the body of Lord Alkmond, and cried Murder ; while the two others, hearing running footsteps, followed in their direction till they caught sight of the prisoner ; fired after him ineffectually ; and finally succeeded in arresting him as has been described. His Lordship was in dinner, or evening dress ; but had put on a dark great-coat before quitting the Castle ; and nothing about his person had been taken away, or disturbed.

The doctor who had been called in, described the blow which Lord Alkmond had been struck, to have been most tremendous, and death to have followed almost instantly ; that it had been given by some heavy blunt instrument from behind ; and then was produced the stick which was proved to have been taken from the prisoner's house, a day or two after the murder, and which still bore blood-stains on it. (At all this the prisoner was much agitated, using vehement gestures, which were with difficulty restrained by his advisers beneath.) The doctor said that such an instrument was

quite sufficient to occasion the blow which Lord Alkmond had received ; and from which he had died.

“It is not true ! — it cannot be ! — it is not so !” exclaimed the prisoner, with agitation ; but he was temperately checked by the Judge.

Then were produced, by the constable, the clothes which the prisoner had worn, when arrested. The left sleeve of the coat must, on that night, have been almost soaked in blood ; and other parts of his dress had also marks of blood on them. The prisoner turned ghastly white as these dumb witnesses were arrayed before him and the jury ; there was agony in his averted eye ; and he shuddered—so indeed did most of those in court : and his agitation at that moment did him mischief, perhaps irreparable, in the minds of the jury.

Then was called Mr. Oxley—and the prisoner changed colour on hearing the name. This proved to be, indeed, a terrible witness : for speaking in a mild and somewhat prepossessing way, and with a show of reluctance, he yet mentioned expressions used by the prisoner, which, in the judgment of everybody present, established great ill-will towards the noble owner of Milverstoke. He said that he feared the beginning of the son’s grudge was the Earl’s having bought, on several occasions, parts of a little property owned by the prisoner’s father ; and showing a desire, through the witness, to purchase the remainder, but at a price infinitely beyond its value. That on one occasion the prisoner had said to the witness, in a sullen way, “Those that live in the cottage may outlive those that live in the Castle !”

The prisoner, on hearing this gave a prodigious start.

“Was any one present when this was said ?” interposed the Judge.

“No, my Lord ; we were alone,” said the witness.

“Never said I such words—no, nor any like them—nor ever thought them,” said the prisoner, vehemently.

Mr. Oxley looked sadly towards the jury, and shook his head. Then he spoke of the conviction for poaching—of which, as then concerned the prisoner, the witness made a far blacker business than the other. He said that the prisoner, observing Mr. Oxley to be present, and knowing the hare to have come from Lord Milverstoke’s land, muttered, thinking himself unheard by any, and

no one *did* hear him but the witness—" *They shall rue it that own that hare.*"

With this answer sat down, very gravely, the counsel for the Crown : but the prisoner became deadly pale, and said aloud, in a kind of agony, to the counsellor beneath him—"I said not so! I never had a thought to say so! O! that my life should thus be sworn away!"

On this his attorney got up, and whispered to him earnestly ; so did he to the attorney ; and the last to the counsellor, who thereupon rose, and was going to ask the witness a question, when a piece of paper was handed to him from the magistrate's box, written by Mr. Hylton in some agitation ; it was this—"Ask Mr. Oxley whether the words did not apply to another, who had got him into trouble by giving him the hare ; and whether the words were not—" *he shall rue it, that brought me here!*" Tell him that this is written by one who was there that day."

This question was closely pressed on Mr. Oxley ; but he said, with great firmness—"No ; the words were as I have sworn to them, and closely noted at the time, not liking the prisoner's looks. I thought of them often afterwards, before this murder was committed, but never dreamed of anything so bloody as this coming of it, or would have had him bound in sureties of the peace, I warrant you."

"And will you say this, when those are present who were then there?"

"Yes, I will ; whether they heard it or not, I cannot tell ; but I did. If they heard differently, let them say so."

Mr. Oxley happened to know that Sir Henry Harrington, the magistrate who had convicted poor Ayliffe, was ill at home, of the gout.

"Did the magistrate's clerk hear it?" inquired the counsel for the prisoner, after much hesitation.

"I cannot say : being busy, he might, or might not. I have not spoken to him on the matter."

Several other questions the counsel was disposed to have put, but refrained—perceiving, and having, indeed, been assured, what sort of person the witness was, and how disposed towards the prisoner ; so he sat down, and Mr. Solicitor-General asked no questions.

"But," said the Judge, in a calm and scrutinizing way, "Mr. Oxley, you will be pleased to repeat the very self-same words which you allege the prisoner to have used on each of the two occasions you have spoken of."

Mr. Oxley immediately did so, with the variation of only an immaterial word or two.

"Do you positively swear, Sir, that his words before the magistrate were not—'He shall rue it, that brought me here!'"

"I do, my Lord. His words were—'they that own that hare.'"

"Is not the sound of the one, very like that of the other?"

"Not, my Lord, as the prisoner pronounced it."

"Of course the man was present who had informed against him?"

"Yes, my Lord; he got half the penalty."

"Did anything pass between him and the prisoner?"

"Not, that I saw or heard, my Lord."

"Are they neighbours?"

"They live at some six miles' distance from each other."

"What was the man's name?"

"Jonas Hundle."

"Who, or what is he?"

"For aught I know, my Lord, a decent farming-man."

"Do you know how he came by the hare that he gave or sold to the prisoner?"

"No, my Lord."

"Is Jonas Hundle still in that part of the country?"

"Yes, my Lord; I saw him last week, hedging and ditching."

"How came you to be then at the magistrate's, Sir?"

"I chanced to be there on other business with the justice's clerk, and through one present, offered the prisoner to pay the fine for him, if he and his father would agree with the Earl of Milverstone about selling their cottage."

"Did he accept the offer?"

"No, my Lord; but used some horrid words concerning the Earl, which I recollect not exactly."

"Have you and the prisoner ever had any disputes?"

"No, my Lord; except that he has sometimes made me angry by what he said concerning the Earl and his family: otherwise we have never fallen out."

"What sort of a character bears he?"

Mr. Oxley considered for a moment; and then said, in a very candid manner—"I knew never of anything to his disparagement, before this matter, and that of the hare, were laid to his charge."

After a considerable pause, during which the Judge was evidently engaged in deep thought—"Pray, Mr. Oxley," said he, "do you happen to know how Lord Alkmond came to be in the woods, at so late an hour, and alone?"

"No, my Lord; only I have heard"—

"That you cannot tell us, Sir."

"But I know, my Lord, that when at Milverstoke, some time before, his Lordship would take such walks, and go alone."

His Lordship made a few notes, very deliberately; and then, laying down his pen, leaned back, and looked gloomily thoughtful. "Call back Mr. Oxley," said he, just as Mr. Solicitor-General was rising to say something. "Which was the taller and larger man, Lord Alkmond, or Jonas Hundle?"

"Oh, my Lord, his Lordship was very tall and slight; and Jonas Hundle is stout and short."

"Call back the keeper," said the Judge; and on that witness re-appearing—"Have you ever seen Hundle in the woods at Milverstoke?"

"I cannot recollect, my Lord; I know but little of him."

"Now attend particularly to the question which I am about to ask you. Are you quite certain that when you heard the two sounds you have spoken of, just before you came up to the body of Lord Alkmond, you heard no footsteps—I mean, no sound of footsteps in any direction, before you had come up with his Lordship's body?"

"None, my Lord."

"None after you had discovered the body?"

"Only those of the prisoner, my Lord, whom my men followed."

"There were no sounds as of running in any other direction?"

"No, my Lord—none."

"Were you not so greatly disturbed at seeing Lord Alkmond's body, that you might have heard, but without noticing, footsteps in another direction?"

"My Lord, I am assured that I did not; I have often since thought of it."

The other two keepers were recalled by the Judge, and asked similar questions, to which they gave similar answers : and then Mr. Solicitor declared that the case for the Crown was closed.

The Judge thereupon glanced ominously at the prisoner's counsel and attorney ; who were instantly in anxious consultation, amidst the breathless silence of the court—being, up even to that critical moment, in direful perplexity whether or not to hand in to the officer of the Court, the account which the attorney had drawn up in writing from the prisoner's lips, of the affair, as he protested, without ever varying, that it had happened. Just as they had determined in the negative, but with a dreadful sense of responsibility, behold ! their prisoner, as if unable to resist a sudden impulse, turned to the jury, and spoke in substance thus, with a voice at first somewhat smothered, but presently becoming clear :—

“ Gentlemen—With my Lord's permission to speak, I have done wrong, and meant to do wrong, but no murder ; and I do not wonder why I am now here, for truly appearances be against me terribly. Yet of this murder which has been done, am I every whit as innocent as any of you, or his Lordship there ; nor know I who did it, nor why. But I was in the wood at the time when that most cruel deed was done, and was (may God forgive me !) lying in wait to punish one who had hurt and deceived me greatly ; and that was the man whom I took yonder stick to cudgel soundly, and teach him thereby how to lay a cruel snare for one whose wife (as I told him mine was) lay nearly at death's door for lack of nourishment. He spoke kindly to me, as we were hedging, and so afterwards did the man beside us, that came as witness against me before the magistrate ; those two being doubtless to have between them what I might have to pay. I cannot but say I knew I had gone against the law therein, and nought like it had ever I done before, though many a time I might. And truly, had I on that terrible night, caught them, or either of them—as I had heard they might chance to be there—God knoweth how much greater mischief I might have done than I intended. But to say I killed Lord Alkmond, is quite contrary to God's truth. I, hearing footsteps at some distance, and thinking only of Hundle, crept onward ; and some time after, they getting fainter, I went on faster, and”—a visible tremor came over him—“ right across a

path lay a body, and I thought the arm moved a little. The fright I then felt, none of you may ever know—God grant you may not! I saw who it was—the poor young Lord, wrapped in a great-coat. I tried to lift him : and just then heard steps coming another way. ‘ Ho,’ quoth I, ‘ they will say that this I did—having come out after hares again,’ as I misgave me it would be said ; and though at first I was minded to shout for help, I feared, for appearance’s sake ; and knowing that I did it not, and hearing steps coming nearer, and then voices speaking, as hath been told you to-day, I ran quicker, and was followed, and fired at, as though I had been a wild beast : and here am I this day to answer before you for a murder I never committed, nor dreamt of. Never passed word good, or word ill, between the poor young Lord and me, in our lives ; nor, as God doth know, had I malice against him. Now, gentlemen, I hope you believe all this ; and may God put it into your hearts to do so, for it is nothing but the truth ; and there is one, I think, could say”—he paused, his eyes filled with tears, and he seemed choked. After a while he resumed—“ I mean, my old father ; were he here—truly glad I am that he is not—that he hath never known falsehood come from my lips—and this is all that I can plead for my poor life, now in danger.”

Here his counsel got up, and whispered hastily to him.

“ Ay, ay, my Lord, that Mr. Oxley hath put a wrong colour on my words, and much I fear he hath done it knowingly, for he doth not love me nor mine. The words that I said, when I was before the justice for the hare, were not what hath here been said by Mr. Oxley ; but I will own I did say then to myself, as I had thought, that it should go hard with them that had brought me where I was, by the cruel means of trapping me with that hare ; and those other words I never said at all, nor any like them, that I can remember, at any time.”

At this moment the prisoner suddenly fell heavily on the floor, overcome with exhaustion both of mind and body (which was much weakened by illness), rendering him for a short time insensible. This greatly startled and moved all present. After a while, he was assisted from court, and given wine and water ; and on a message from the Judge being sent to know if he were able and ready to come back, he returned, looking very ill, leaning between two gaolers, and sat down on the bench, which had been placed for him in the dock, by order of the Judge. Then were called wit-

nesses to speak to his good character, beginning with Mr. Hylton, whose words, and hearty emphatic manner of uttering them, and his high character, evidently produced a great impression in the prisoner's favour. For no mortal man could more have been said, than he said, as clergyman and magistrate, for Ayliffe: who sobbed violently while Mr. Hylton spoke.

Then the Chief Justice turned towards the jury, and all they with anxious faces to him. In a twinkling no earthly sound was audible, but his clear, distinct voice, which thus began:—

“Gentlemen of the Jury:—There be many cases in which we are forced to some judgment or other, on the question of *true*, or *false*; though lamenting, with just cause, that we have but scanty means for forming such judgment. But in this world it ever must be so, judging, as we must, with imperfect faculties, and concerning matters the knowledge whereof, as (observe you!) constantly happens in crimes, is studiously impeded and concealed, by those that have done such crimes. Seeing, then, that our judgment may be wrong, and, as, in this case, may be folloved by consequences that cannot be remedied by man; and yet that we *must* form a judgment one way or another, or fail of doing our duty to both God and man; we must very solemnly and carefully do our uttermost, as though our own lives were at stake; and devoutly asking God's assistance in doing so, leave the result with His mercy, wisdom, and justice. Now, gentlemen, in this case, forget, for a very little while, that life depends on the judgment which you must pronounce; but only by-and-bye to remember it the more distinctly and religiously. Did this man at the bar slay the late Lord Alkmond? is your first question; and the only other is—Did he do it with malice aforethought? for if he did, then has he done murder, and your verdict must need be *Guilty*. He says before you to-day, that he did not kill the Lord Alkmond at all. If you verily believe that he did not, nor was by, counselling and assisting those who did, why, there ends the matter, and he is Not Guilty. But did he? No one but Almighty God above, and the prisoner himself, can—as far as we seem able this day to see—absolutely know whether the prisoner did, as though you had yourselves seen him do it; for even if he had never so solemnly told you that he did, yet that telling would not be such absolute knowledge, but, as I may say, next door to it; and so is it, observe you well, if facts be proved before you, which, be they few or many, point only one way, unless all

sense and reason are to be disregarded and outraged. Look, then, to what are proved, to your satisfaction, to be facts; and also forget not that which the prisoner himself has this day voluntarily told you. That some one did this foul murder is past dispute, the wound proved not being of such a nature that it could possibly have been inflicted by Lord Alkmond himself. The prisoner owns himself to have been with the body at a time closely after that when the deed must, by all accounts, have been done; and yet says, that he knows nothing whatever of it, though he ran away; and bloody; and with a bloody stick, such as, it is sworn before you, might have done it. If these be really *facts*, are they not such as point one way only, according to the expression of my Lord Coke, which was read rightly to you by Mr. Solicitor? There is, as you see, no suggestion this day concerning any other who might have done the deed. But the prisoner himself does admit that he went whither he had no right to go; and, in doing that, trespassed secretly by night on the land of another for a malicious and revengeful purpose, armed with that dangerous weapon which you have seen, and is now here; which purpose was privily to lay wait for one who, he says, had wronged him: and (he says himself) that he might, in his anger possibly have gone further with this unlawful and felonious assault, than he had intended when he began it. Now, gentlemen, is it possible, according to the best of your judgment upon these facts, that the prisoner unhappily lit suddenly upon Lord Alkmond, and in the darkness, and the haste of his angered temper, mistook him for the man for whom he was lying in wait, and slew him; and, hearing voices and footsteps, fled for it?" The Chief Justice paused, and the jury were evidently uneasy, gazing on him very intently.

"If that were so," continued the Judge, "then is the person guilty of the murder of Lord Alkmond, beyond all possible doubt; and your verdict must be Guilty, founded on facts proved, and his own admissions. That, I tell you, is the clear law of England, which you must, on your oaths, abide by."

The prisoner here made violent efforts to rise and speak, but was prevailed on by those beside him, and beneath him, to remain silent, while this frightful possibility against him was being put to the jury. The man most agitated at this time, next to the prisoner, was Mr. Hylton.

"Your first question, gentlemen, as I have told you," proceeded the Chief Justice, "is, Did the prisoner kill Lord Alkmond? And

methinks it may not be ill for you to ask yourselves, If it were not the prisoner, who could it have been? Do you, in your sound discretion, verily, on your oaths, believe that it was not the prisoner? You may so believe, if you credit what he has said here to-day, having, look you, due regard to what is otherwise proved against him. But have you, gentlemen, in your souls, and on your consciences, so much uncertainty on the matter, that you cannot bring yourselves to say the prisoner struck the blow, or (which is the same thing in law) was present counselling or assisting those who did? Then has the Crown failed to bring before you evidence sufficient to prove the case which they undertook to prove. But beware, gentlemen (as 'tis my duty to warn you) of being led away from proved facts, by speculation and conjecture, which are mere Will-o'-the-wisps, as I may say, if far-fetched and fanciful; and also take care not to be drawn from your duty by thoughts of the cruelty or meanness which the prisoner charges (for aught we know, truly) on him whom he owns that he went to injure. And as for what has been sworn by Mr. Oxley, my Lord Milverstoke's local agent, and seemingly a reputable person, why, consider whether you believe that this gentleman really heard the very words which he swears he heard the prisoner use. If such words were spoken, as are told us to-day, they go some little way to show deliberate malice towards the Lord Milverstoke and his family generally;—but Mr. Oxley may be mistaken after all, or (which God forbid) may have had such horrid wickedness as to colour, invent, or pervert, advisedly, against the prisoner. You will also, though I trust it may be needless to mention such a thing, think nothing whatever of the interest with which this trial may have been looked forward to outside or be listened to in this place, to-day; but think you only of your being on your solemn oaths before Almighty God, and judging as fearlessly and justly as though the prisoner and the late lord Alkmond had changed places—as though the prisoner had been murdered, and Lord Alkmond were here to answer for it. Consider the case, then, gentlemen, under the pressure and sanction of your oaths, according to proved facts, and plain probabilities, such as would guide you in important affairs of your own. Say—Did Lord Alkmond kill himself? Are you totally in the dark? Can you form no reasonable opinion on the matter? Did Lord Alkmond and the prisoner contend together, so as to make the killing manslaughter? Of this there is no pretence whatever now before you.

Then did the prisoner strike the fatal blow, whether knowing the person to be Lord Alkmond, or mistaking him for some one else whom he intended to kill or maim? In either of these two cases you must say—*Guilty*. But if you think the prisoner neither struck the blow, nor counselled nor assisted those who did—knowing nothing, indeed (as he hath alleged), about the matter, and that what he has said before you this day is the pure truth, then say you that he is *Not Guilty*. And now, gentlemen, consider the verdict which you shall pronounce.”

On this a bailiff was thus sworn publicly,—

“You do swear, that you will keep this jury without meat, drink, fire, or candle, in some quiet and convenient place; that you will suffer none to speak to them, nor any of them, neither speak to them nor any of them, yourself, without leave of the Court, except to ask them whether they have agreed on their verdict.—So help you God!”

Slowly then arose the twelve from their seats; and following the bailiff to their private room, passed on to it, scarcely one of them looking at the prisoner, within a few yards of whom they walked on their gloomy errand; nor did he look at them, but seemed faint and exhausted: which the Judge observing, gave him leave to retire, till the jury should have returned with their verdict.

Then Mr. Hylton withdrew for a moment to the room, the key of which he had with him, where he had left old Ayliffe, whom Mr. Hylton found staring towards the door, with mute terror, as he entered.

“I bring no news yet—the case is not over yet,” said Mr. Hylton quickly, but with a heavy sigh, and a face of fearful gloom.

After in vain attempting to make the old man take any nourishment, Mr. Hylton returned to Court, almost trembling at the bare thought of a sudden knock at the door announcing the return of the jury while he was absent with the prisoner’s father, on whom a sudden shock might have fatal effects. On his return to Court he found the Judge sitting with a very solemn countenance, having spoken to no one since the jury had retired, except to utter a stern “No” to some counsel, who, after the jury had been absent some time, got up and asked his Lordship if he would go on at once with the other two capital cases, “which would not occupy long!” Thus lightly was spoken, and thought of, in those

times, a capital conviction for trivial and uninteresting offences.

Mr. Hylton permitted another to occupy his seat, he standing near the door in a state of sickening anxiety, in order that, whatever should be the verdict, he might be able to enter with a little preparation and calmness the room where the old man was, at the door of which he had a servant stationed, to prevent any sudden noise or knocking. At length the low general whispering which had been going on in Court, for upwards of an hour and a half, was arrested by the sound of knocking at the jury-room door; and, while all voices were hushed, few faces were there that did not then change colour; few hearts that did not throb thickly and fast.

"Put the prisoner to the bar," said the officer of the Court; and, before the first jurymen had returned, the unhappy prisoner came slowly forward from beneath the prison, to the bar, and stood there with much firmness, but his face manifestly flushed.

Oh! who could tell the appalling agony which he had to endure, while the twelve jurymen's names were being slowly called over, they answering one by one, all looking either on the floor, or away from the prisoner!

The last name having been called over,—

"Adam Ayliffe," said the officer, "hold up thy hand!"

The prisoner did so, and a very awful silence ensued, while the officer proceeded to say to the jury,

"Gentlemen of the Jury, have ye agreed upon your verdict? Who shall say for you? Ye shall speak by your foreman. Do ye say that the prisoner at the bar is guilty of the felony and murder with which he stands charged, or not guilty?"

"GUILTY," said the foreman—and those who were watching the prisoner, observed the colour fly rapidly from his face, like breath from a glass, leaving him of a corpse-like colour. But he stood firmly—his lips appeared to move, and he spoke; no one, however, hearing him but those next to him, who said that his words were,

"Now am I murdered, who never did murder any one!"

"Hearken to your verdict as the Court records it," said the officer, (as soon as the verdict had been pronounced,) writing the fatal "Guilty" on the indictment. "Ye say that Adam Ayliffe is guilty of the felony and murder whereof he stands indicted: that is your verdict, and so ye say all."

There was a moment's thrilling silence.

"Call upon him!" said the Judge, in a low tone, gazing very solemnly at the prisoner, while the officer thus called on him to hear judgment.

"Adam Ayliffe, hold up thy hand. Thou hast been indicted of felony and murder : thou wast thereupon arraigned, and didst plead thereto Not Guilty, and for thy trial didst put thyself upon God and thy country ; which country hath found thee Guilty. What hast thou now to say, why the Court should not give thee judgment upon that conviction, to die according to law?"

A momentary pause ensued—this being the time for the prisoner's counsel to take any objection in law to the sufficiency of the indictment, so as to arrest the judgment ; but the prisoner's counsel spoke not, nor moved. Then the Judge drew from beneath his desk a black velvet cap, and placed it upon his head ; a sigh, or sob, being audible throughout the Court while he did so.

Then rose the crier, and said, in a loud voice,

"O yez! O yez! O yez! My Lords the King's Justices do strictly charge and command all manner of persons to keep silence, whilst sentence of death is passing against the prisoner at the bar, upon pain of imprisonment!"

The prisoner stood staring at the Judge, with ashy cheek and glazed eye, while the following words were being uttered, the import of which was, perhaps, at that fearful moment, only imperfectly apprehended by him to whom they were addressed, with a calmness and deliberation that were utterly appalling.

"Adam Ayliffe, the word has just been spoken, which has severed you from this world, and from life. You stand there convicted of a most foul and cruel murder, upon a young nobleman, in the very heyday of happiness, prosperity, and grandeur, and, on your own showing, utterly unoffending against you. Whether there be any truth whatever in that which you have this day said in your defence, I know not : a jury of twelve honest men here, whose present manifest agitation shows the pain with which they have discharged a sacred duty, have rejected your story, and found that you did actually commit this awful crime ; and this without venturing to speak, even, of recommending you to mercy. I am bound to tell you that I agree with their verdict, entirely ; and all intelligent persons who hear me are now probably regarding you as a justly convicted murderer. Indeed, what enormous offences must go

unpunished, if evidence so clear as that given this day in your case, were held not sufficient to bring you to conviction! An earthly tribunal has endeavoured to do its duty, and is consoled, in its anxiety, by reflecting on the overpowering strength of the evidence which has been brought before it. Get you, unhappy, misguided man, victim of your own guilty and headlong passions! to your knees without one moment's delay, to prepare, after quitting this earthly, for your speedy appearance before a heavenly, tribunal. I will not waste your few precious, most inestimably precious, hours which yet remain to you,—by doing more than conjuring you to address yourself devoutly to Him who, and who alone, is able to save you from the bitter pains of eternal death. Through your blessed Redeemer, who ever liveth to make intercession for you, beseech, and implore the pardon and mercy of your offended God! Alas! all that now remains for me to do, as your earthly judge, is to declare and pronounce upon you the sentence of the law: which sentence is, that you, Adam Ayliffe, be taken back to the place whence you came; and thence, on Monday now next, to the place of public execution, and there be hanged by the neck until you be dead: and that afterwards your body be dissected and anatomized.—And the Lord have mercy on your soul!”

“Amen!” solemnly cried the Chaplain, who, on the jury's pronouncing their verdict, had silently come, in his full canonicals, a little behind the Judge's seat, and stood there only long enough to pronounce that word, and then withdrew.

The wretched prisoner moved not, nor spoke, when the Judge had concluded; and, apparently mechanically, turned round and accompanied the two gaolers who stood beside him, and who, putting his arms within theirs, gently led him away from amidst the sea of solemn faces around him, to the cell, which, within a few short hours, he would have to quit, only to appear before a far greater assemblage, on, if possible, a more awful occasion, with what decorum and firmness he might.

As soon as Mr. Hylton had heard the death-dooming word uttered by the foreman of the jury, he instantly withdrew; and breathing a hurried inward prayer on behalf of the prisoner, and his afflicted father, very gently opened the door, and, with as much composure as he could command, sat down beside the old man, who moved not as Mr. Hylton entered, but remained with his face buried in his hands, which were supported by his knees. For

some moments Mr. Hylton spoke not, scarce knowing how to break the blighting intelligence.

“Adam, my friend, how are you?” said he, very gently taking one of the old man’s hands, and grasping it within his own. Ayliffe looked slowly and fearfully in Mr. Hylton’s face, and read his son’s doom written in every troubled feature. He tried, but in vain, to speak; his lips moved without uttering any sound, and he sunk from his chair on his knees, his hands clasped before him, and his haggard face inclined towards the ground.

“God, in whom you have trusted, my dear troubled friend, support you in this hour of darkness!” said Mr. Hylton.

“Pray!—help—help me to pray!” gasped the old man faintly; on which Mr. Hylton knelt beside him saying,

“God be merciful unto thee, and bless thee, and lift up the light of his countenance upon thee! Be Thou a very present help in time of trouble, unto this thy servant, who trusteth in thee!”

While they were thus engaged, the Lord Chief Justice suddenly stood for a few seconds before them, having, in haste, mistaken the room for his own. After a moment’s pause, he silently retired, having recognised the benevolent features of Mr. Hylton, whose face had much struck him as he spoke on behalf of the prisoner. The Chief Justice had been aware of the prisoner’s father having been in attendance all day in some adjoining room, and saw at a glance how the matter was. On entering his own room, the Judge was so much affected with what he had thus accidentally witnessed, that he did not resume his seat on the bench, for a considerable time.

When Mr. Hylton had uttered a few more sentences of Scripture, with great fervency, the old man’s tears began to fall, and he heaved a long, deep-drawn sigh.

At length, “I scarce know where I am,” said he faintly; “yet—I have had help, but for which surely I must have died.—Thank you, Sir, for all your goodness to a poor heart-blighted old man!” he whispered, slowly rising from his knees, with Mr. Hylton’s assistance, and sitting down: and then, his hand trembling, he drank the glass of wine which had stood beside him untouched, ever since he had first entered the room. “I—dare—not—ask”—he stammered; “all is over with him!”

“I cannot say that it is not so!” said Mr. Hylton.

“Oh! Adam, Adam, my son! would thou hadst never been

born!" exclaimed the old man, lamentably. "Would I were dust, as is thy poor mother! Oh, my Sarah! my Sarah!" He placed his hands before his eyes, and the tears trickled down beneath them.

"He hath not to live beyond Monday morning?" said he, with a sudden affrighted look at Mr. Hylton, who shook his head in silence.

The old man groaned, and pressed his hand over his heart, as though it were bursting.

"What shall I—what can I say to comfort you, Adam?" said Mr. Hylton—"except that there is one never-failing source of succour—as you know well—both for you, and for your son, and for all mankind!"

"Oh, my son! my son!—let me go to my son while yet he lives!" said Ayliffe, mournfully, and taking his stick and hat, essayed to move towards the door.

"Stay here, Ayliffe, while I go and see whether, by the rules of this place, you may be admitted to see him—that is, so soon after what has happened. Consider, too, what he has had to go through this day, and that his health has besides been somewhat shattered of late—as well it might be."

Having received a promise from Ayliffe to remain in the room till his return, he withdrew, and, being a magistrate, found no difficulty in obtaining immediate access to the wretched convict, who had been removed from the bar of the Court to the condemned cell; through the open door of which, he saw, as he approached, three turnkeys fastening upon him heavy irons, the Chaplain standing in his robes beside him, and holding in his hand a glass of wine, which he had in vain brought several times to the closed lips of the condemned man.

This dreadful scene greatly agitated Mr. Hylton; who stood, for a moment, at a little distance to regain some measure of self-possession.

"Come, my man, take the glass of wine the parson offers thee!" said the head turnkey, kindly, clapping his hand roughly on the prisoner's shoulder.

Ayliffe started, looked with glazed eye at the turnkey, and breathing heavily through his nostrils, his lips remaining spasmodically closed. Mr. Hylton hereupon entered, very pale,

"Adam; my poor friend, God be with you!" said he, taking the prisoner's hand.

Ayliffe suddenly rose from his seat, but sunk down, his irons being connected to a strong staple in the floor. "I am stifled!" said he, groaning, and his breast heaving fearfully. "This is a grave!" he added, looking with horror round the narrow cell in which he found himself. "Open the door—I cannot breathe!"

"Adam, if you have not forgotten one who ever loved you," said Mr. Hylton, taking the wine from the Chaplain, and bringing it to Ayliffe's lips, "drink this wine from my hand."

But the prisoner turned aside, convulsively gasping, "I choke! I choke!"

At length, however, he greedily swallowed the wine; and then, as if for the first time noticing the robed figure of the Chaplain, stammered, with a ghastly stare, "Who—who are you?"

On the suggestion of Mr. Hylton the Chaplain withdrew, as also did the turnkeys, closing the door behind them; and then Mr. Hylton was alone with the condemned. For some time his solemn admonitions were lost upon Ayliffe; whose first connected words were—

"The curse of God be on them that have condemned the innocent, for the guilty—ay, a *curse!*" he added, almost gnashing his teeth.

"Adam!" said Mr. Hylton, solemnly, "you are too near the immediate presence of the judgment-seat of the Eternal, to be indulging in these unholy thoughts."

The condemned man glared at him wildly, evidently making a mighty effort to keep silent.

"Your father is waiting to see you—heart-broken, yet bowing in reverent submission before God; but so long as you cherish such resentful feelings, I cannot bring him to this cell."

Mr. Hylton saw a change coming over his miserable companion, who seemed terribly agitated, and about to weep.

"Does not your heart yearn after the sight of that saintly father of yours?" continued Mr. Hylton, gently.

The son raised his hand to his eyes, sighed heavily, and shook his head bitterly.

"God is softening your heart, Adam," said Mr. Hylton, faltering with his own strong emotions; "yield to His holy influences! From

Him hath come all this that has happened to thee! Oh! let not Satan now steel thy heart, and close thine ears, that he may have thee presently his for ever! Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Kneel down with me, my fellow-sinner, and let us humble ourselves before God, and beseech his forgiveness and support!"

The prisoner's tears flowed fast; and, sobbing convulsively, he permitted Mr. Hylton to incline him gently on his knees. Mr. Hylton uttered a short, solemn, and fervent prayer, in which Ayliffe evidently joined; and presently rising, assisted by Mr. Hylton, began to exhibit an approach towards composure, Mr. Hylton speaking to him gently and soothingly.

"You have much work to do, Adam, and little time to do it in! Will you listen to me for a moment?"

The convict sadly bowed his head, and grasped the hand of Mr. Hylton in silence.

"Do you from your heart forgive all who you believe may have injured you, as you would be yourself forgiven by God?"

Ayliffe paused. "No—not yet! I cannot truly say I do:—but, with God's help, I will try."

"He is at this moment helping you, in uttering these last pious words of yours. Within a few hours, Adam, how plainly may you see the justice, and mercy, and wisdom of all that now appears the contrary! Prepare!—prepare, Adam, to meet your God!—Confess your sins, if you would have them forgiven! Oh, how many have they been! How many things have you done during your life, that will not now bear examination! yet all must be examined, and judged hereafter! How much have you omitted to do, that ought to have been done!—and all these things are noted against you, by an eye that sleepeth not! And in this very matter—why, Adam! rouse yourself—stir up your soul within you!—reflect!—consider!—what have you not confessed this day in open Court, before your earthly judge—before all mankind? What, but the deadly malignity and revenge that you had long cherished in your heart against your enemy!—whom the Gospel told you to forgive!—but whom *you*—oh, Adam!—went, under a hellish impulse, secretly to be revenged on! If God should enter into judgment against you, what have you to say? Look at the very root of this matter: concerning the hare which (small cause of so much evil!) led to all this. Did you not then stifle your conscience, which

condemned you when first you were tempted to do wrong? Oh! where was then your Bible? Where were your father's warnings? where were my humble teachings? Had you but resisted at the first—at the very first—would you now have been here, Adam? And was not Providence opening for you, through my unworthy exertions, a way for you out of your troubles? Think, Adam, of the steps by which you have gone wrong, and done deliberate wickedness, and *brought yourself directly hither!* I say not this, Adam, believe me, to chide and trouble you in so awful a moment as this; but am only striving to set you right with your conscience, that when I am gone, and before we meet again on earth, and while your precious moments ebb fast away,”—here Mr. Hylton was greatly moved,—“you may think of your sins, and humble yourself under the mighty hand of God, and give ear to no temptings of the fiend who would seduce and delude you!”

Ayliffe clasped his hands together, and gazing upwards, said tremulously, “I do confess my many and grievous sins, Oh God! and more now they seem, than ever seemed they before!”

“The world in which you still, for a little, live,” continued Mr. Hylton, “is fading fast from before your eyes, Adam! It passeth away! It perisheth! From you within a few hours does it disappear, and is only somewhat more slowly vanishing from me, and from all living! Hither were we sent for trial only, and but for a brief space!—then return we to Him who sent us, who is eternal, omnipotent, omniscient, just, and merciful; and who will assuredly, as he hath distinctly told us, render to every man according to his deeds!”

Mr. Hylton uttered all this with thrilling solemnity; and, as he closed, the condemned man sunk again on his knees, in an attitude of profound devotion. Thus he remained for some minutes, neither he nor Mr. Hylton speaking. At length Ayliffe rose slowly, and resumed his seat.

“Adam, let me ask you a great question—one that I will never ask a second time, be your answer what it may. Tell me, who am a minister of that God before whom you are so soon to appear, and now that all earthly hope is over—are you innocent or guilty of the crime for which you are to die?”

The condemned man calmly elevated his hands and his eyes towards heaven, and with awful solemnity replied, “God knoweth that I am as innocent as the child that hath not been born; and may

He reconcile me to die for that which I never did, nor know who did, nor why. May I, before I depart, cease to think it hard that the innocent should die for the guilty!"

Mr. Hylton gazed at him in troubled silence.

"Do you believe, Sir, that I am innocent of this murder?" Ayliffe suddenly inquired, turning to Mr. Hylton a face that wore an awful expression—having no anger or sternness in it, but being, in a manner, radiant with truth from heaven, which seemed to lighten into the mind of Mr. Hylton; who replied solemnly,

"As I live before God, Adam Ayliffe, I do!"

"I am! I am! and, now that you believe me, I feel a great change here," striking his breast gently,—“I feel free and light; and that I may die in full piety, truth, and hope, and be forgiven all my many sins, for His sake, who died the just for the unjust!"

"See, Adam, what peace may come suddenly from Heaven, into so dismal a cell as this!"

"It may!—it doth!—Yet"—he paused—"God grant that, when I be left alone, all my evil thoughts and impiety do not return!"

"No, they will not, if you be continual in your supplications, and strenuous in faith! But remember, Adam, remember!—remember! time is short! Thrice only will the sun rise upon you!"

"I know it, Sir—I know it—and very awful is it to feel, and to know it! But"—he became suddenly agitated—"there is yet a question I would ask—yet I dare not."

"I know, Adam, what you mean," said Mr. Hylton very piteously. "Alas! I fear me—but,—what think you, Adam? Do you wish her to stay in so sad a world after you?"

"The will of God be done! Is she—is my poor Sarah—is she gone?" He shook in every limb.

"No, Adam, she is not; but I must own it may be that you will both meet, sooner than you now think for. She lies trembling on the very verge of the grave. A breath might"—

"Oh, poor soul!—oh, dear Sarah!—oh, my own wife!" cried Ayliffe, dismally. "Mother of my child! must we never meet again on earth? And my child!—oh that thy mother had never borne thee to me!"

Mr. Hylton bowed his head at this bitter outbreak, and his eyes overflowed with tears.

“Let her not know of my death, if she live afterwards, till she may, with God’s blessing, bear it. And the old man—my poor father!—where is he?” suddenly inquired Ayliffe.

“He is now in the prison, and hath been there all the day long, and now, doubtless, is wondering why I return not to perform my promise, and bring him to see you. Can you now bear to see him, Adam, if I bring him?” He groaned : and after a long pause, said, sorrowfully—

“It cannot hurt me—but may it not kill him?”

“I hope and do trust not, Adam. He, like his son, has sought for succour from above! He knows, poor soul! the worst of what has happened, and I doubt not his coming may at first grieve, but directly after it will comfort thee.”

With this, Mr. Hylton quitted the cell, and presently returned, supporting on his arm the grief-worn father of the convict, even the gruff turnkey pitying him, as he passed silently along. He almost dropped to the earth at sight of the two turnkeys, standing with blunderbusses at the door of the condemned cell in which lay his miserable son. They were about to search the old man before he entered; but the governor having been appealed to, gave permission for him to be admitted into the cell after only a nominal search, provided Mr. Hylton or a magistrate would stay in the cell during the whole of the interview—an undertaking which Mr. Hylton gave with great reluctance, hoping to have been spared so sad a scene; for sad indeed and heart-rending it proved to be.

It lasted not long, however; for the limits of indulgence allowed by the prison rules to the condemned had already been nearly exceeded when Mr. Hylton re-entered with the old man.

Oh! how great was the consolation afforded to father and son, by Mr. Hylton’s declaring his conviction that that son was really innocent of the barbarous and horrible crime for which yet he was to die! Never had the father doubted of his son’s innocence, from the moment of his solemn assertion of it, when first his father had seen him in the gaol. On Mr. Hylton’s mind this solemn asseveration of the prisoner had produced a profound impression—one painful and intolerable; for he himself, of course, as implicitly and absolutely believed that assertion, as he had professed that he did, to the prisoner. Fixed in such a belief, how awful appeared the insufficiency of all earthly modes of investigation, and

administering justice, deliberate, impartial, unimpeachable even as had been that of the memorable day which was then closing. "Oh," thought Mr. Hylton, "how, in this dim scene of action, we grope in the dark after truth, and *may* miss it, and *do* miss it, after all our best-directed efforts. And how fearful the consequence of error!"

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Hylton had himself heard the whole of Ayliffe's trial; and felt that, had he been either Judge or juryman, he could not possibly have come to any other conclusion according to the evidence, than that the prisoner's guilt had been fully established that day in Court, corroborated, too, most powerfully by his own voluntary acknowledgment! "But what," thought Mr. Hylton, as he slowly conducted his heart-broken companion from the gaol, to a small house where he had engaged a room for him for a day or two, that he might be near his son during the few hours left him of life,— "what is to be done? What time is there for doing that which may be done? Here is Friday night—and on Monday he dies!"

Sitting down with old Ayliffe, as soon as they were alone in the room which had been provided for him, Mr. Hylton, endeavouring to speak in such a guarded and desponding manner as should kindle no hopes which might be disappointed, engaged him in unrestrained conversation concerning what had been stated in Court by Mr. Oxley, touching the alleged origin of both the Ayliffes' ill-will to the Earl and his family. With lively indignation did Mr. Hylton hear of the insulting and oppressive conduct of Mr. Oxley; and when he heard, above all, of his outrageous allusion to the workhouse as the destined refuge of old Ayliffe, and of the scornful fury with which the condemned man had cast the offensive speaker out of the cottage, Mr. Hylton was confounded, on remembering Mr. Oxley's statement to the Judge, that there never had been any ill-feeling or cause of dispute between him (Oxley) and the Ayliffes! This Mr. Hylton mentioned to Ayliffe; who thereupon told him that on Mr. Oxley's coming to his legs again, after being jerked down by young Ayliffe, as has been described, old Ayliffe heard him say, with a venomous look towards young Ayliffe— "Ay, ay, Master Ayliffe! I owe thee a turn for this!"

As time was precious, and the evening was far advanced, Mr. Hylton hurriedly took leave of his companion, promising, rather vaguely, to see him again as soon as possible. On his way to the

inn where his horse was put up, he was not a little concerned to see a travelling-carriage and four roll rapidly by him; and on inquiry found that it was that of the Lord Chief-Justice, who, having finished the Assize scarcely an hour before, was already on his way to London. Mr. Hylton rode round by Sir Henry Harrington's, on whom he called, and found him ill in bed; but, stating the urgency of his errand, Mr. Hylton was admitted instantly to his room, and took down *verbatim* Sir Henry's account (signed by himself) of the expression which the condemned man had used on the occasion of his conviction for having had the hare in his possession; and that expression was precisely the one which Mr. Hylton had written down in Court, and handed to the prisoner's counsel; and which had been peremptorily denied by Mr. Oxley.

"Here, then," thought Mr. Hylton, as he urged on his horse rapidly homeward, "are two things—malice established in Oxley against the prisoner; and a false, or at least an erroneous, account given by Oxley of the words which had been used by Ayliffe, as showing settled malice against Lord Milverstoke and his family. But, alas!" thought Mr. Hylton, as he revolved the matter in his mind, "what do these two things really amount to? Does the fatally conclusive proof on which Ayliffe had been condemned depend on Mr. Oxley? Suppose even all that he had said at the trial were struck out from the evidence:—would not the glaring facts proved and admitted by the prisoner, remain?"—and Mr. Hylton reflected on the fearful summing-up of the Judge, knowing not how to impugn any part of it. If this were indeed so, then must poor Ayliffe be left to his fate, and the innocent (as Mr. Hylton believed him) die the shameful and horrid death of the murderer.

Thoughts like these greatly depressed Mr. Hylton—exhausted, moreover, as he was with the agitation and excitement of that dismal day, during which he had scarcely tasted any refreshment.

When within a mile of Milverstoke, he slackened his pace to give his horse a little breathing-time; and had hardly done so, before he heard the sound of some one approaching on horseback, a little to his right, evidently from the quarter where the barracks lay. As he passed the entrance of the bye-road which led to them, he saw an orderly come trotting up at a brisk pace, and who was going to pass him (it being about nine o'clock, and dark). Suddenly, however, the soldier stopped his horse, saluted Mr. Hylton, and said—"I ask your pardon, Sir; are not you Parson Hylton, Sir?"

"I am he," said Mr. Hylton, sufficiently surprised, reining up.

"Well, Sir, I am the third man that has been ordered from the barracks within this two hours to your parsonage, Sir—with a letter to you, Sir, from Captain Lutteridge. I have it now, Sir. Here it is," giving it to Mr. Hylton; "but you cannot read it in the dark."

"I suppose, my man, you don't know what it is about?"

"No, Sir; I know nothing of the matter: my orders were only to take this letter, and bring an immediate answer, Sir, if you were at home: and my two comrades that went before carried each this letter, and brought it back, as you were not at the parsonage, Sir."

The barracks were at little more than a quarter of a mile's distance; so—"Go back, if you please," said Mr. Hylton, "as quickly as you choose, and say that I follow you."

"Yes, Sir," replied the man; and galloped back as fast as Mr. Hylton could have desired: he following pretty briskly, wondering much what urgent matter might be astir. Arrived at the barracks, he was forthwith shown into a private room, where two officers (one of them considerably older than the other, of a stern, matter-of-fact, soldierly appearance) joined him before he had had time to do more than open the letter which had been given him by the soldier. After a hasty but handsome apology for troubling him—and especially for the liberty which had been taken, without orders, by the soldier, in stopping him on his return home—

"It is known to us," said the elder of the two, Captain Lutteridge, "that you have great concern in the case which has been this day tried at the Assizes, concerning the murder of the late Lord Alkmond: and my friend here, Lieutenant Wylsden, who was present at the trial, has come back, telling us that the Judge said he thought it very strange that Lord Alkmond should have gone out, as he truly did, into the woods on that night; and asked whether any one knew the cause."

"Sir, the Judge did say so—and in so saying, expressed that which I and others have often felt and talked about."

"Well, Sir, little I know about it; but, for aught I know, that little may have some bearing on the case of the man this day condemned for the murder. This then is all I have to say: I, do you see, Sir, was at my Lord Milverstoke's on the night

of the murder, dining there, and afterwards at the ball, till it was suddenly broke up by the news of my Lord Alkmond's murder. Now, when we were all at dinner nought happened; but some time after, when my Lord Milverstoke and many others had gone to the ball-room, Lord Alkmond and some few of us remained behind, principally officers; and a certain one present chanced to speak of a subject which several immediately talked upon; but not Lord Alkmond, who seemed suddenly sad, and even troubled. I sat next to him, and I saw that he grew very much troubled indeed as the talk went on; but why, I could neither know, nor guess. He suddenly spoke to me of some matter altogether different—but I saw that he was listening, as though in spite of himself, to what the others were saying—especially when one of them, a nobleman, not now, I believe, in England, told us of a thing which had happened to him (or that he had heard of, I forget which). Then Lord Alkmond did, as I thought, grow suddenly far more troubled; and I, for politeness sake, moved to go: so did the others, except two, who talked very earnestly together, still on the same subject. My Lord Alkmond bade us, with forced gaiety, go to the dancing; saying, that he would before long rejoin us—I sportingly said ‘No, come with us.’ ‘By-and-bye I have a small matter to do,’ said he, and so we parted, never again (as it proved) to meet alive. Now, this is all I know, Mr. Hylton, and it may signify little, and yet may mean a little; being a soldier, I know not what bearing all this may have on law matters; but as the Judge, it seems, asked a question which, had I been there, I could have so far answered; and as the Judge said, so Lieutenant Wylsden tells me, that it was strange that on such an occasion my Lord Alkmond should go into the wood—why, I too say it was a little strange. The man that has been tried to-day is convicted, and will, I suppose most justly, die on Monday; therefore, Sir, I have sent to tell you what you have now heard; but what you can make of it, I know not.”

These last pregnant words seemed to startle Mr. Hylton out of a reverie into which he had fallen, while listening in silent amazement to Captain Lutteridge. “May I trouble you, reverend Sir,” said the Captain, “to ask whether you have seen the prisoner since his sentence?”

“I have,” replied Mr. Hylton, as if his mind were bent on something else.

“Does he stand firm? The Lieutenant here tells me he is a marvellous tall, well-built, and strong man, and would have made a fine trooper. Methinks I must have seen him about, some time or other, in these parts.”

“What was that matter, Sir, on which you gentlemen were speaking, at which the Lord Alkmond grew so troubled?” inquired Mr. Hylton anxiously.

“Why, look you, Sir; is it necessary that I should say what passed at the table of my Lord Milverstoke? For I was the guest of his Lordship; and we cannot, I reckon, speak of anything there spoken of.”

“But I implore you, Sir, consider that within little more than forty-eight hours an innocent man may be swinging on a gibbet: and what you have now told me may”—

Captain Lutteridge appeared quite nonplussed at this turn of the matter; it never having occurred to the frank and high-minded soldier that such a question was likely to be asked. Now it seemed to him to be directly contrary to good manners, and the rules of hospitality, that he should disclose anything that had taken place on an occasion of unrestrained private intercourse, at his host's table: and that too relating to the son of that host, and under such afflicting and awful circumstances.

“I entreat—I earnestly implore of you to tell me, Sir,” said Mr. Hylton, eagerly.

“Sir, you see, I never thought of this, nor did any of us, as we talked the matter over in our room there, so I am at a loss suddenly to answer you. Let me tell you, Sir, that it seems certain to me that the thing can have no real meaning. What could the late Lord Alkmond, Sir, have had to do with this man who has been this day tried for murdering him? Did he dine with us, Sir, and hear what we said? And if he did, still it plainly could have signified nothing in such a case.”

“Oh, forgive me, Captain—forgive me! It may have every bearing; the most vital, for what you and I, at present, can know. You said, but a moment ago, most truly, gallant Sir, that you, being an officer, knew not the bearing which the thing might have on law matters.”

“Ay, I did then say so, but I never thought of the question which you would presently ask, Sir:” this Captain Lutteridge said

somewhat stiffly, looking rather angry. "And even though it had a bearing, Sir, do you wish me, a gentleman and officer, to tell out of my host's doors what took place within, be it a matter great or little? Sir, you should not, being yourself a gentleman, stand upon your question."

"But I must, Captain; life is at stake: this poor man, I declare in the presence of Heaven, I believe to be quite innocent."

"Phew!" exclaimed the Captain with an air of complete astonishment, and a touch of disdain too: "And that, Reverend Sir, after my Lord Chief Justice and a jury have found him guilty? Who shall know better than they? Besides, the Lieutenant here tells us that your very innocent man confessed the deed in open Court. Did he not?" turning to his brother officer.

"Yes; I say so, Captain; he did."

Mr. Hylton interposed, "No! no! no!"

"I say he did, Sir!" quoth the Lieutenant sternly; "or at least he did as good, or I had no ears or understanding; and so said also the Judge; I marked it well"—

"I assure you, Lieutenant"—commenced Mr. Hylton very earnestly.

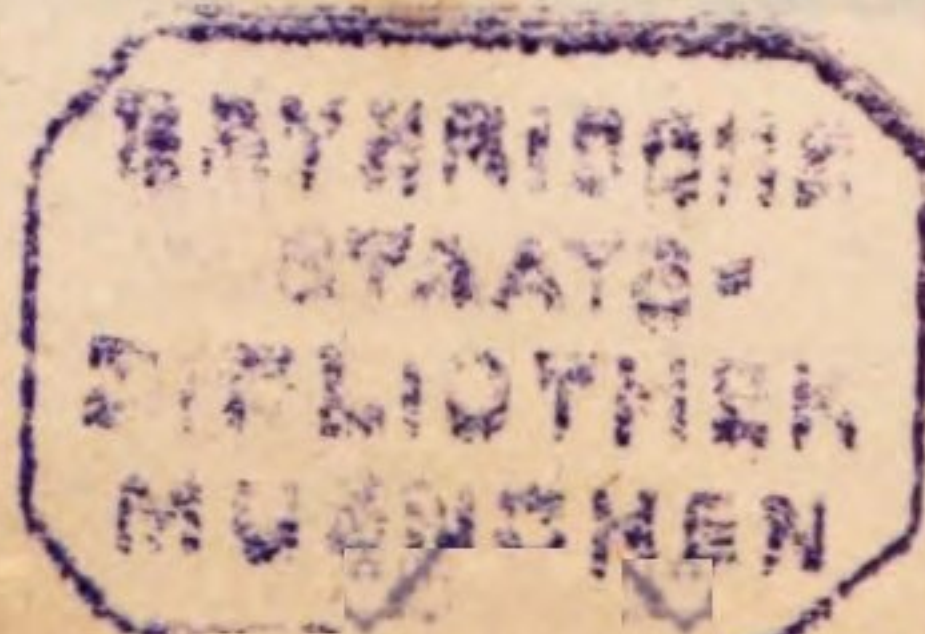
"Why, look you, Reverend Sir," interrupted the Lieutenant, "did not the prisoner say plainly and loudly that true it was he got the blood on his coat from my Lord Alkmond's body, and ran away with a bloody bludgeon for his life?"

"Yes; but he said also that he did not do the deed, and only feared he might be thought to have done it."

"And there, Sir, I reckon, he lied," quoth the Lieutenant warmly.

"Interfere between us, Captain, for the love of God, and for pity to man!" said Mr. Hylton, appealing to Captain Lutteridge, who was a much older man than the Lieutenant, and during the latter's brief contention with Mr. Hylton, had stood looking at the fire in a very thoughtful manner. On being appealed to—

"Be quiet, Mr. Wylsden," said he quickly and authoritatively to the fiery subaltern; then turning to Mr. Hylton, he continued:—"Sir, I have been thinking of this, and it seems to me now a somewhat graver matter than it appeared to me just now; for, as you say, Sir, this man will hang in forty-eight hours; and, if he ought not to hang, that would (as I think) be unjust, though all the judges



in the world said otherwise. I will speak to you in a few minutes, Sir, wishing on this point to consult those who are within there."

With this the two officers hastily withdrew, leaving Mr. Hylton in a state of no little excitement, impatience, and amazement. What extraordinary aspect was this miserable case about now to assume? What could this conversation have been about, that such a mystery was made of it? Troubled as he was, and serious as was the case, he saw clearly and respected the motives which influenced the simple-minded and honourable soldier, in demurring to give him the answer which he had besought. Presently he heard loud and earnest talking in the adjoining room, which was the officers' mess-room.

"I say, nay!"—" 'Tis monstrous!"—" 'Tis unofficer-like!"—"Pity 'tis you named it, Captain!" were expressions which he could not avoid hearing. Presently all the voices dropped to a lower key, and he heard nothing for some minutes but whispering; and at length his impatience, which was becoming quite intolerable, was relieved by Captain Lutteridge, who came in alone, shutting the door after him, and his flushed face showed that he had borne an active part in a somewhat keen discussion.

"Mr. Hylton," said he very courteously, "I have taken advice with several of my brother officers in there, and we all do think this a case of much difficulty and some danger, and that may perhaps, for all I meant well, bring some discredit on me in the nature of tattling or eaves-dropping, and that too on so sad and bloody a business. What I have resolved to do is this, Sir: I will first see my Lord Milverstoke and take his orders—that is, his pleasure on the matter—and if he object not"—

"Then is poor Adam Ayliffe sacrificed!" said Mr. Hylton despairingly.

"How so, Sir?" quickly asked the astonished officer. "Of course, Sir, though my Lord Milverstoke should be greatly hurt"—

"No, no, I mean, Sir, there is no time for all this! It is now near ten o'clock on Friday night, and if anything be done to get a respite even, I must go off to London by the coach passing through Milverstoke at midnight; and consider, dear Captain, how long it will be before I reach London—how much I have to do there, and must yet be back before Monday morning!"

"Sir, all that is doubtless so," said Captain Lutteridge, looking the picture of blank perplexity: he was rapid and decisive enough

in military matters, but here he seemed for a while at fault. "Ho! without there!" he suddenly exclaimed; "saddle my horse and another instantly, and let Hickson or some other be ready to accompany me without one moment's delay."

"Why this? why this, Captain?" inquired Mr. Hylton.

"Sir, I am going to my Lord Milverstoke's, and if he grant me leave, I will follow you on to London, if I gallop all the way on horseback."

"Once more, Sir, let me tell you how I honour you for your highmindedness; but will you not act on your own judgment, and let me quit for London immediately with a somewhat lighter heart?"

"No, Sir, not if I die for it, till I have seen my Lord Milverstoke."

Mr. Hylton sighed heavily. "Do you know his Lordship?"

"Not intimately; only as an hospitable nobleman, who entertained us all at a most princely banquet."

"But I know his temper and character well, Captain; haughty, stern, inflexible; and as this matter, above all others—"

"I care not," said Captain Lutteridge proudly, "for his haughtiness, if he were fifty Lord Milverstokes! I will see him and take his wishes on the subject, and, if need be, struggle for his consent. No man shall hang unjustly, if I can help it: but, look you, Mr. Hylton, upon my word and honour I think nothing will come of all this; and I fear, when I may have disturbed and grieved, and it may be angered, Lord Milverstoke, the matter that I may be permitted to tell, will signify little or nothing: I cannot see how it does I assure you:" here the servant announced the horses; and hastily bidding adieu to Mr. Hylton, on whom he promised to call in returning from the Castle, and, if Mr. Hylton had gone to London, follow after him post-haste, if need might be; but if Lord Milverstoke proved inexorable, of course Captain Lutteridge would take no further steps. Off galloped the Captain, and his man, at top speed, followed at a more moderate, but still a quick pace, by Mr. Hylton. If what had just taken place appeared strange, however unsatisfactory and tantalizing, there awaited him, presently, intelligence still more so, and calculated to invest the case in which he had interested himself, with real mystery. When he was about to dismount at the parsonage door, behold, Mrs. Hylton, unable to restrain her impatience, rushed forward to meet him; and before he could give his horse into the hands of the old gardener, who also

had been for the last two hours anxiously looking out for him, and even before Mrs. Hylton could speak to him about the dismal result of the trial, she put an open letter into his hand, saying—

“There, dearest! read it! read it!” Shortly after his quitting the parsonage in the morning, Mrs. Hylton had also gone, pursuant to a previous arrangement with him, to the Infirmary, which was at about five miles’ distance, to be present with the unfortunate wife of the man who was to be that day tried for his life. Some three hours after the parsonage had thus been deserted for the day, the post came in, bringing a letter addressed to Mr. Hylton, and marked outside “post-haste.” The gardener had accompanied Mrs. Hylton, and only the old housekeeper and a servant girl were left in the house. On Mrs. Hylton’s return, about six o’clock in the evening, this letter caught her eye, and having opened it in consequence of the words “post-haste,” guess the feelings with which she read as follows :—

“Rectory, Midgecombe, 28th March.

“Dear Mr. Hylton,

“In my husband’s absence, on an expedition in which I am sure you would take an interest, seeing it is to preach a charity sermon on behalf of a lying-in society about to be founded, and in which the bishop takes a great interest, and has invited my husband to officiate on this occasion, I have opened several letters which came for him yesterday and to-day, and one of them appears to have come from some place on the French coast, and relates to that horrid murder of poor Lord Alkmond, that is to be tried (I think my husband said) at the close of the Assizes for your county. I do not know the particulars of the case, but this letter seems written by some one who has lived in this parish, and knows my husband; and says, in effect, that the man that wrote it is a mate in a small coasting vessel; and having seen a country paper, telling about the murder of Lord Alkmond, recollects one of their men being in a boat on the very night it happened, his vessel being at a couple of miles’ distance, waiting for this man to return on some errand from the shore. He says it was nearly opposite Milverstoke Castle, and he recollects hearing guns fired in the wood, and, immediately before or afterwards, he saw one, or it might be two persons, running very quickly along the shore. He says the sailor recollects it, because he supposed ’twas some poaching business.

He says he looks forward to being in England very soon, after they leave Dunkirk, where the letter seems written from. As the man who is accused is unfortunately a parishioner of yours, and doubtless you may take an interest in the case, I thought it right to tell you of this curious letter, which I would have sent, but that I expect my husband home hourly, and thought it better to keep the letter till he comes. With best remembrances to Mrs. Hylton (how is she in this bitter cold weather?)—

“ I am,

“ Dear Mr. Hylton,

“ Yours sincerely,

“ FANNY MERTON.”

“ P. S.—The man’s name is ‘ Jevons,’ or some such name (but horridly written), and my maid says she recollects that there was a young fellow of that name near us some years ago, and thinks he went to sea. By the way, the letter says something about a note in the log-book.”

The letter almost fell from Mr. Hylton’s hands, by the time that he had breathlessly read it over; and he looked so harassed and confounded, that his good wife, who had a world of questions to ask him, slipped out of the room into an adjoining one, where preparations for supper had been going on, and brought him a glass of wine, which he drank from her hands, almost mechanically.

“ If we had had this letter at the trial to-day!” he exclaimed.

“ Sure, my dear! I have not done wrong? I never saw it till I came back this evening.”

“ No, my dear Mary, how can you suppose it! This is a most extraordinary accident—if, indeed, there be such a thing as an accident.”

“ But, poor Ayliffe”—she interposed, anxiously.

He shook his head. “ The worst has happened. He is condemned to death, and is left for execution on Monday morning; the Judge made it an awfully clear case of guilt! but I have been with poor Ayliffe since, and verily believe him as innocent of it as you or I. How is his poor wife? Did she know what was going on?”

“ No; the doctor had taken care to give her some sleeping medicine, and she has dozed all day long.”

“ Mary !” said he, suddenly, “ I start for London by the coach to-night. I will go to the Secretary of State’s about this miserable victim of mistake.”

“ Why, the coach will be here in three-quarters of an hour’s time !”

“ Put me up, dearest, a change of linen at once, to be ready”—

“ But get your supper, first.”

Having hastily swallowed a little refreshment, he went out to borrow ten pounds from his churchwarden, who lived near him (not, himself, having sufficient money by him). Having obtained the necessary supplies, and made what hasty arrangements the time admitted of, especially in respect of his Sunday duty, which gave him great anxiety, lest there should be no one to do it, owing to this hurried movement; he carefully placed in his pocket-book the all-important letter above mentioned, also the memorandum signed by Sir Henry Harrington; and kissed his wife, who bade him God-speed.

“ But, my dear, suppose,” said the good lady, suddenly, “ suppose there should be no room in the coach, outside, or in !”

“ Oh dear, dear ! that never occurred to me ; really, Mary, you are always supposing such mischances”—

“ Yes ; but, dearest, you know we *must* consider these things !”

Here they heard the distant horn of the approaching vehicle; and, followed by the gardener, bearing a small portmanteau, Mr. Hylton made his way quickly to the inn where the coach changed horses; so tormented by the possibility (overlooked by himself) of there being no place for him, that he nearly forgot Captain Lutteridge’s expedition to the Castle. When that occurred to him, he became very anxious, straining his ears in the direction of the wood, but heard no sounds. Fortunately, there proved to be a vacant place on the coach; had there not, it might have gone hard with poor Ayliffe, for posting up to London was a very serious matter, and quite beyond Mr. Hylton’s means. This was a little auspicious circumstance, which dwelt long and often upon his mind, as they rattled onward to London on his momentous errand. In about five minutes’ time the coach rolled smoothly and rapidly past a small solitary cottage, near the road side, for which Mr. Hylton’s eye had been on the look out, while a pang shot through his very heart; for he thought of the poor child lying there, all unconscious that its mother was on a bed of death—even if then alive;

and its father heavily ironed in the horrible condemned cell, doomed to die the ignominious death of a murderer within a few short hours, unless Providence should vouchsafe success to the efforts at that moment being made on his behalf by Mr. Hylton. Unuttered by his lips, from the depths of his pious and trustful heart, proceeded an humble prayer to God, from this his minister, that He would be pleased to give his blessing to the undertaking in which that minister was then engaged. The night was bitterly cold, and Mr. Hylton much exhausted from long-continued anxiety, and want of rest and food. Once or twice he would have fallen into the road, but for the interposition of his friendly and more wakeful neighbour, who told him, with a smile, on the occasion of his being thoroughly roused from fitful sleep, about three o'clock, by the echoing sound of the guard's horn, and the thundering clatter of hoofs and wheels through one of the silent towns on their way, where they changed horses—that any one who had heard him might have supposed that he was some capital convict escaping from Jack Ketch!

“What, friend!” said Mr. Hylton, slightly confused, “do you say that I have been talking in my sleep?”

“Ay, Sir, I reckon you have, indeed;” quoth the coachman, with a respectful laugh; for he of course saw that Mr. Hylton was a clergyman; and was, besides, himself at that place surrendering the reins to his successor, and had gratuities in view!

No more on the road slept Mr. Hylton; nor spoke he more than a word of casual and constrained civility to his fellow-travellers, being intently concerned with his own weighty and troubled thoughts. He was going to introduce himself forthwith to a great Minister—the Secretary of State, without knowing how to obtain access to so exalted a functionary; being utterly ignorant of all matters of official etiquette and procedure; and unacquainted with any one in London who could give him assistance in his desperate emergency. He trusted, however, to the purity of his motives; the consciousness of a courage that no fear of man had ever daunted; and the support and blessing of God. But still he could not blink the difficulties of the case. He was bent on interrupting the due course of the law, on a memorable and unhappily notorious occasion; he was trying to get interposed the royal prerogative of mercy towards the convicted murderer of Lord Alkmond, after an unexceptionable trial, before the eminent Chief Justice of England,

who had publicly and solemnly declared his entire approval of the verdict which consigned the prisoner to the gallows. And with what weapons did Mr. Hylton come armed? His heart sunk within him as he surveyed their inadequacy. Suppose Mr. Oxley and his evidence were discarded altogether from the case; was it not impregnable, as built on unquestionable facts and the prisoner's own acknowledgments? What could he say, as a matter of conscience and honour, of the singular communication which had been made to him by Captain Lutteridge, utterly ignorant as Mr. Hylton was of the nature of the conversation which appeared to have agitated Lord Alkmond shortly previous to his murder; and, above all, restrained as he was from making any use of that communication, till authorised by Captain Lutteridge? And as for the letter received from Mrs. Merton, he had not that original letter with him; in short, Mr. Hylton, as he drew nearer the mighty Babylon which he had not seen for upwards of a quarter of a century, became more and more dejected and desponding.

That simple-minded and gallant officer, Captain Lutteridge, performed his promise to Mr. Hylton to the very letter; but felt exceedingly disconcerted as he rode rapidly along to the Castle. For, at what a moment, and on what a subject, was he approaching the Earl of Milverstoke? On the very day on which his son's supposed murderer had been capitally convicted; having little or no personal acquaintance with his Lordship, beyond having several times experienced his splendid hospitalities; intent upon tearing open cruel wounds, just as they might be imagined beginning to heal—by suggesting all sorts of painful and agitating surmises to the Earl concerning his deceased son, if his Lordship were indeed unacquainted with the facts concerning which Captain Lutteridge was coming to speak. “Egad, I shall be thought a paltry, gossiping, mischief-maker and eaves-dropper! What business had *I* to have said one syllable about a private conversation at the Castle? Why must I mention it at all? Bah”—The Captain bit his lips; his gallop subsided into a canter, then into a trot, and the trot into a walk, as he thought of all these things; and by the time that he had reached the park-gates, which his attendant had gone forward to get opened, greatly to the astonishment of the gate-keeper, the Captain walked his horse very slowly indeed—slower and slower, and at length fairly stood still for some minutes, as did also his mechanical follower, who would have stood so for a fortnight, or

any longer given period, as a matter of course, without inward questioning or surprise, if so had done, or ordered, his commanding officer. But he recollected that his promise had been given, and that, too, on a matter of life and death; and suddenly urging his horse, soon made his way along the winding gloomy road leading to the Castle, and reined up his reeking horse, and dismounted just as a couple of tall servants, startled by his attendant's appeal to the bell, slowly drew open half the great central door, and came out to inquire who it was that had arrived at so unusual an hour. A great wood fire that had blazed in the hall during the day, was now burnt down to red embers; and only a dull flickering light fell from the huge antique lamp suspended from the lofty ceiling.

The Captain strode into the hall with a stout heart, and said, in his usual peremptory way—"Is my Lord Milverstoke in the Castle?"

"He is, Sir."

"Send some one hither immediately, who may take a message to his Lordship: I am Captain Lutteridge."

For a moment or two he was left alone, and inwardly protested that he would give a hundred pounds to see himself decently at the end of this strange and bootless expedition: for he felt now certain that he should appear before the harassed peer in no other light than that of a very impertinent and unfeeling intruder. Presently came the personage for whom he had sent; who with an air of great politeness assured the Captain that on no account could his Lordship be disturbed at that hour, being just about to retire to his chamber, and being, moreover, somewhat indisposed.

"Take his Lordship, nevertheless, my name, Sir, immediately; assuring him that were my errand not most pressing, I would not trespass on his Lordship's privacy in this manner."

On this the gentleman bowed and withdrew, leaving the Captain with all the comfortable composure of one consciously standing on a mine certain to explode within a minute or two. He was presently invited into an adjoining chamber, where he saw a gentleman in black, who begged to be favoured with the nature of his business at that hour, with the Earl of Milverstoke.

"Is it not enough, Sir, for me to say who I am, and that I must see his Lordship, if it be only for a minute or two, on business

that admits of no delay? In short, life and death being, possibly, concerned."

The gentleman gave him a strange look for a second or two, and then withdrew, promising to return very shortly with the Earl's pleasure.

"My Lord was about retiring, and is indisposed to see any one, Sir," said he, returning after the lapse of a few minutes; "but I am to say, that after what you have mentioned, Sir, his Lordship cannot but receive you for a short time. Will you follow me, Sir?"

So the Captain did, with a certain quaint, cheerless determination, mixed of courage and shame; and presently was ushered into a magnificent apartment, where sat the Earl, alone, in evening dress, in deep mourning, with a melancholy countenance and a restrained demeanour.

"I have the honour to receive you, Captain Lutteridge," said his Lordship, with a courtesy manifestly tinged with stern surprise, "at a very unusual hour, at your pressing instance. I am told that you represent it as concerning matters of life and death. What can you possibly mean, Sir?"

"Though I feel, my Lord, that I appear intrusive, and a great effort it has cost me to come, I don't relish, I must own, the tone in which your Lordship is pleased to address one who has the honour to bear His Majesty's commission, and has had also the honour to be a guest of your Lordship's."

"Captain Lutteridge, I beg your pardon," said the Earl, loftily, "if anything in my demeanour has offended you. I am not well, Captain Lutteridge; and you may possibly be able to guess that this is a day not calculated to compose my spirits."

This last was said with real dignity and sorrow, and his frank visitor's pique had vanished as the words were uttered.

"Being a soldier, my Lord, I will come to the point. Your Lordship has of course heard all that took place at the trial of—the man—to-day?"

"Sir, I have," replied his Lordship, gloomily.

"'Tis about something that happened during the trial that I have been, in a manner, compelled to come to your Lordship in this untimely manner: the man dies on Monday morning, my Lord, if the law take its course."

The Earl gazed at him in silence for some moments, with a very

peculiar expression of countenance, and the Captain gazed at the Earl; and both were silent.

“Well, Sir, and what then?” inquired the Earl, slowly.

“Oh, my Lord, do not mistake me; I am not come to plead for a murderer!”

“I earnestly entreat you, Sir, to be so good as to inform me immediately of the object of this your very extraordinary errand to me; I protest that I am quite confounded, Sir, at present.”

“Your Lordship’s known firmness of character will, I am sure, tolerate my alluding for a moment to the—noble victim of the convicted”—

“In the name of Heaven, Sir, what are you talking about?” inquired the Earl, with a startling change of countenance.

“Do not, my Lord, be distressed; I will come at once to the point. On the fatal evening, which made your Lordship sonless, I had the distinction of being one of your Lordship’s guests; I remained with the late lamented Lord Alkmond,”—the Earl visibly shuddered from head to foot—“and one or two others, after your Lordship and others had withdrawn; and to-day, in Court, the Judge, it seems, inquired”—

“I have heard, Sir,” said the Earl, in a subdued tone, but still with great sternness, and making evidently a great effort to overcome violent emotion, “that the Chief Justice asked a question, which was not answered.—Have *you* heard, Sir, what that question was?”

“Yes, my Lord; it was concerning the strangeness of the Lord Alkmond’s quitting the Castle at such an hour.” The Earl involuntarily closed his eyes for a few seconds, in manifest mental agony. “I cannot tell, my Lord, what was the cause of his Lordship’s leaving on that occasion.”

“Captain Lutteridge, I may see you,” said the Earl, “on some other occasion.”

“I pledge to your Lordship the honour of an officer and a gentleman that the very few words I have to utter, must be said now, or never!”

“Do you wish, Sir, to see me fall prostrate at your feet?” inquired the Earl, with an air of extreme misery.

“No, my Lord; and I will conclude in a moment. My Lord, I recollect, on the occasion to which I allude, a conversation arising

after your Lordship had withdrawn—I took no part in it.—I saw that, for some reason, the subject talked of grew more and more distressing to my Lord Alkmond : I tried to change the topic, but it seemed fated to be persevered with ; and at length my Lord Alkmond was so disturbed, that I, with whom he was talking, arose much concerned, to quit the room : whether others observed it I know not, but we parted ; I going to the ball-room, his Lordship towards the corridor leading to the terrace : that is all, my Lord, that I know ; and, this has brought me hither : I am to ask your Lordship for leave to tell all this, signifying much, or signifying little, to those who may say it is likely—in short, my Lord, 'tis said by some—that there is a mystery hanging over this case, and that efforts will be forthwith made in the proper quarter, to spare the man's life long enough, as 'tis whispered, for further inquiry, if so be there remain time ; that is, the man having to die, by his sentence, on Monday morning : therefore, my Lord, I, thinking it only just to stir in this, when unfortunately having chanced this day to let fall to others that which, till now, had never passed my lips, am here, as I said to your Lordship, on matters of life and death"—here the Castle clock struck eleven ; and the Captain added suddenly, "if it be not, my Lord, already too late, the coach passing through in an hour hence."

Captain Lutteridge was so completely absorbed with his own earnest feelings and the existing complicated movements of his own mind—at best, moreover, no very acute observer of the manner of others—that he did not see the tremendous agitation which his noble companion was doing his utmost to suppress. Had the light, too, been somewhat brighter, the Captain might have observed evidences in Lord Milverstoke's striking countenance of the shock which his straightforward and unthinking visitor had occasioned him, by the strange account which he had given concerning the mysterious conversation at the banquet, immediately preceding Lord Alkmond's exit from the Castle into the woods, from which he was destined never to return alive. At length the restrained breathing of Lord Milverstoke, becoming every moment more and more violent, attracted the attention of Captain Lutteridge.

"Why, my Lord, I fear much that I have disquieted your Lordship—that you seem ill. God forbid, my Lord, that I should have done all this ; but I never thought it would have come to this point, or never would I have stirred in the matter. I hope I have your

Lordship's pardon for an untimely visit; on which I begin to fear is somewhat unmannerly. But did your Lordship never hear of all this before? Seeing three or four others heard it besides me, and now I wish I had not. My Lord! my Lord! you seem ill; shall I call for assistance?"

Lord Milverstoke heaved a vast sigh, and stretched forth his hand violently, deprecating the threatened movement of the Captain, who was utterly bewildered by the sight of such fearful mental agony, which he could not account for satisfactorily, merely by referring to his present visit and the communication which he had made.

"Shall I retire, my Lord?" said he.

Lord Milverstoke rose hastily, shaking his head, and walked to and fro rapidly, with even increasing agitation, having, indeed, a far deeper cause than was dreamed of by the Captain, though he had unknowingly called it into action. The Earl walked with heavy step to the door, and secured it; then returned to his chair, and in a low smothered voice said, "What was the subject that you talked of?"

The Captain told him in a single word, which caused Lord Milverstoke suddenly to sink back in his chair as though he had been shot. Captain Lutteridge instantly rose and went towards the door, saying to himself, aloud, "Now will I have help;" which words added to the loud sound of his footfalls hastening to the door, roused Lord Milverstoke, and with a great effort he exclaimed, "Sir—Captain Lutteridge—pray Sir, let us remain alone: this is my house; surely, Sir, I am master here!"

Both remained silent for some minutes, during which the flustered faculties of Captain Lutteridge were occupied with only one thought—"Could any man living have supposed all this would have come out of it!"

Language, indeed, could not adequately describe the feelings which were at that moment convulsing the very soul of Lord Milverstoke within him, for a new and fearful light had been suddenly reflected on some scenes between him and his late son, which had always occasioned the Earl, even in his son's lifetime, anxiety; and, after his death, serious disquietude. The former, however, had been in no small degree tinged with displeasure; the latter, with grief and misgiving. The unbidden visitor, before him, on whose face the Earl's eye was fixed, half unconsciously, had, as it were,

ruthlessly opened the grave of Lord Alkmond, that his miserable figure might glide reproachfully and in terror before a father who had ever, by his own austerity and pride, checked and disheartened that son, when he might have meditated reposing hearty confidence in his father, as between man and man. "What may not my poor Alkmond have been burthened with when he—when he implored me—in vain,"—thought the Earl, pressing both his hands to his bursting forehead, and then pacing to and fro, with an expression of countenance which led Captain Lutteridge to fear the possibility of his being alone with one who was about to burst out into madness. The Captain resolved, therefore, simply to be on his guard, making his observations in silence, upon the perturbed spirit before him. The Earl appeared to start from one reverie only to sink into some other, more agitating; but gradually the continued violence of his feelings seemed to be somewhat abating.

At length, "My Lord, it is long since the clock struck eleven," abruptly exclaimed the Captain, rising.

"Is it, Sir!" inquired the Earl, languidly, and as though he did not comprehend why the Captain had made the observation.

"Yes, my Lord, nearly half an hour: the coach goes by at twelve, and Mr. Hylton starts"—

"What, Sir? what, Sir?" interrupted the Earl, sternly. "Oh, I had forgotten, Sir; private circumstances, Captain Lutteridge, which you know not of, nor ever can, have caused your last words to stab me as with a knife! And besides, Sir, sorrow has of late not a little shaken my nerves."

"My Lord, I cannot adequately express my regret; but time presses—what is to be done?"

The Earl looked as though evidently making a strong effort to address his mind to what the Captain was saying to him.

"The man hangs, my Lord, past praying for, on Monday morning"—

"And why should he not, Sir?" thundered the Earl, in a voice which echoed through the lofty and spacious apartment, and for a moment all trace of his Lordship's previous agony had disappeared.

"Why, my Lord, perhaps," said Captain Lutteridge, stoutly and calmly, "he may not be rightly condemned."

"Are you in your senses, Sir?" inquired the Earl, vehemently.

"Yes, my Lord," replied Captain Lutteridge, quietly.

“I think you are not, Sir! Nor are you, Sir! Do you, in your calm senses, come hither to the father of one so savagely murdered”—his voice shook—“as my son was, and speak of the accursed miscreant convicted of it, as possibly innocent, against proof as clear as that Cain murdered Abel? And did I hear, Sir, aright, that you and Mr. Hylton—*Mr. Hylton*—are laying your heads together to defeat justice—to call my son in anger and horror out of his grave?” He paused.

“My Lord, a plain-spoken soldier am I, and must needs come to the point. The time, my Lord, the time!” he continued, in a loud and peremptory tone.

“What is your object here, Sir?” inquired the Earl with gloomy fierceness.

“Can I have your Lordship’s leave to tell Mr. Hylton that which I have just mentioned to your Lordship?”—

“No, Sir!” answered the Earl, again in a voice of thunder; and his eye seemed to glance lightning at his companion; who bowed and said, rather sternly,

“That, my Lord, suffices. God forbid that I should so far forget the character of an officer, of a gentleman, as to utter a syllable more to any one living, upon the subject, without your Lordship’s permission, in whose house I heard it. Time, therefore, now no longer presses, my Lord,” said the Captain, with sad emphasis; “and I can but, in quitting your Lordship, ask your forgiveness for thus having troubled you so unwarrantably.”

“What can this, that you have told me, Sir,” said the Earl, with returning agitation, “by any possibility have to do with the blood-thirsty miscreant that is to die on Monday? Should you not, Sir, have considered *that*, before you came this night hither?”

“My Lord, I did consider, and that to the best of my power: and I myself said, that even should your Lordship give me the permission which I sought for, I saw not its bearing on the case of him that is to die on Monday.”

“Nor has it, Sir! nor can it, Sir!—not one *iota*!”

The Earl seemed suddenly moved by some inward feelings of a less stormy nature than those by which he had hitherto been agitated.

“Captain Lutteridge,” said he, “I am a man nearly broken down by misery and misfortune, heavier than man can bear: therefore I

ask your pardon, very heartily, Sir, for any discourtesy of which I may have been guilty; but you have taken me frightfully by surprise."

The utter wretchedness of the Earl's voice and manner, as he uttered these words, penetrated the heart of Captain Lutteridge.

"My Lord, I trust you will say nothing of it. I owe your Lordship unspeakable amends for what I have done; and now see what methinks I might have seen before, had I considered the matter fully," replied the Captain, heartily; "but it was the thought of life and death that led me astray."

"Do you not think, Sir, that if I believed there were any reasonable doubt of the guilt which has been openly proved to-day, according to law, against the prisoner, I would not, from mere justice, wish him to escape?"

"God forbid that you should not, my Lord."

"But this man, Sir, has long had a deadly malice against me and my family, Sir—so has his father: you know not a tithe of the matter, Captain, I verily assure you."

"My Lord, I know nothing of it, but from public talk."

"Did you say, Sir, that this night persons are travelling to London to attempt to procure the pardon of a clearly convicted murderer?"

"My Lord, Mr. Hylton has by this time, I reckon, taken his seat in the coach, and such is certainly his object; so I understood him."

The Earl said nothing, but sighed with mingled anger and astonishment. After a pause, "Captain Lutteridge," said he, "may I ask so great a favour of you, as that you will speak to me again on Tuesday upon the subject which you have this evening communicated to me? I never till now heard of it; and can it be doubted, Sir, that anything relating to my late son, my unhappy Alkmond, must be of painful, nay, frightful interest to me?"

"Most willingly shall I attend your Lordship."

"And in the mean time, Captain Lutteridge, I implore you to spare the feelings of a bereaved father, and talk not of these matters to others, when your so doing may serve only to spread idle and distressing rumours. Remember, Sir,"—his voice quivered—"his youthful widow!—she at present survives; is at this unhappy moment under the same roof with you, but may soon follow her murdered husband to the grave."

“That grave shall not be more silent than I, my Lord!”

The Captain, as he uttered these words, rose, and bowing low to the afflicted peer, who courteously and sadly bade him adieu, quitted the apartment, and immediately afterwards the Castle; riding rapidly home to the barracks, his mind in a strange tumult. He had seen no little service in his day, but never before had meddled with such matters as had just occurred between himself and the Earl of Milverstoke. When he had reached the inn where the coach stopped, he found that Mr. Hylton had gone by it to London some quarter of an hour before; and without knowing precisely why, the Captain took it for granted that, after what had just taken place at the Castle, Mr. Hylton's errand was in vain, and that before his return to Milverstoke the convict Ayliffe's body would be in the hands of the surgeon.

Rather late in the afternoon of Saturday Mr. Hylton arrived in London, and put up, for the few hours during which he intended staying there, at the inn where the coach stopped. He took very little time to dress, and still less to partake of refreshment, that he might lose not a moment of his precious time. Forth, therefore, he sallied towards Westminster, with the situation and localities of which he had, in earlier days, been not unacquainted. As he was hurrying along the crowded streets, the incessant and strange hubbub of which seemed stunning to a comparative recluse like himself, desperately fatigued also, and absorbed with a most portentous mission, it suddenly occurred to him, as he got in sight of the Government offices and ministerial residences, that he was a total stranger in London, having come off without credentials or introductions of any kind. How then was he to expect reception and attention at the Secretary of State's, on a matter, moreover, of such magnitude as attempting to stay the execution of a criminal whose conviction for so enormous an atrocity as the murder of Lord Alkmond had become a subject of national attention? As all this suddenly flashed across his mind, he stopped, struck his stick despairingly on the pavement, and for some moments arrested the attention of every passer-by, as the very image of one in a horrid quandary. For, looked at from this point of view, the grounds or materials on which he had been relying for the success of his application, seemed suddenly shrunk and shrivelled into nothing, or at least gross inadequacy to their object. But the miserable image of Ayliffe, lying heavily ironed in the condemned cell, brought

within a few hours of eternity—the sands of life running out fast—and he too a perfectly innocent man, as Mr. Hylton in his conscience believed him, quickened his movements and re-strung his relaxed energies. Silently invoking God's blessing on his humane enterprise, he hurried onward, and presented himself at the door of the Secretary of State's office, before which was slowly pacing a sentry, who paid no attention whatever to his inquiry whether the Secretary of State were within. Making up his mind to encounter and disregard all kinds of discourtesy, so as he but gained his object, and trusting some little to his sacred character and appearance, and his consciousness of having a gentleman's address, he entered the outer office, from which were at the moment passing several gentlemen, drawing on their gloves, and some holding riding-whips in their hands, intending forthwith to mount their horses, which were standing at the door. One of these, a gay young gentleman, evidently of quality, Mr. Hylton, in a very courteous manner, spoke to as he was passing, heartily laughing at some joke of his companion, who seemed very obsequious to him.

“Sir, I ask your forgiveness for the intrusion,” quoth Mr. Hylton in an earnest manner, taking off his hat; “but is the Secretary of State within?”

“What though he be?” jocularly interposed the companion of the gentleman who had been addressed, who, however, took off his hat with a very bland and high-bred air that nobly contrasted with that of the rude intruder, and said, “Lord Farnborough, Sir, is within, but cannot be seen, being here beyond his usual hour of attendance, engaged on business of great importance: but, Reverend Sir, can I do aught for you in the meanwhile?”

“I greatly thank you, Sir,”—

“My Lord, if you please”—interrupted the other with an air of vulgar obsequiousness, which was fittingly rewarded by his noble companion desiring him, with transparent contempt of manner, to see whether his lordship's horse was in readiness.

“Will you follow me, Sir, for a moment?” said the young Lord, and immediately turned back, requesting Mr. Hylton to accompany him; and the two walked through several long, lofty, dusky passages, till they arrived at the room which Mr. Hylton's companion had only just quitted. Having ordered out the servants, who were busily engaged arranging the chairs and tables, “What may be your errand, Sir?” said he, in a very gracious manner.

“My Lord—for ’tis plain I, through unacquaintance with town, mistook your Lordship’s rank and station;” at this—

“Oh, think nothing of it, Sir, I beg,” said his Lordship, rather hastily.

“I have just come up, my Lord, concerning a case of life and death”—

“Oh! some prisoner left for execution at one of the Assizes? I understand: proceed, Sir, if you please. But may I ask who you are, Sir?”

“I am the Reverend Henry Hylton, Vicar of Milverstoke, my Lord.”

“Ho! Milverstoke! Milverstoke! That is the place,” said his Lordship with a very grave air, “where the man was yesterday convicted for the murder of my Lord Alkmond, Lord Milverstoke’s son?”

“Yes, my Lord, he is to suffer his sentence on Monday, unless he be respited, and on that subject I have come up, and have but just quitted the coach.”

“Oh! seeking a respite? but that, you know, especially in such a case as this—however, of course you are prepared with *grounds*?”

“I am, my Lord.”

“Sir, you shall see my Lord Farnborough immediately; he will, I am sure, receive you, however otherwise occupied he may happen just now to be.” On this his Lordship withdrew, leaving Mr. Hylton alone for a few moments, who took out his pocket-book, saw that his few manuscripts were there in readiness, hastily arranged his thoughts so as to express himself with the utmost possible brevity, point, and force, and, after scarcely three minutes’ absence, his Lordship returned followed by a gentleman, whom he desired to show Mr. Hylton into the private room of Lord Farnborough: a minute more, and the all-important interview between Mr. Hylton and the Minister had commenced. The nobleman who then filled that vastly responsible and arduous office, was an eminent statesman—a great man—the whole of whose energies and resources were just then taxed to the uttermost by the distracted state of the country, and the necessity of promptly and effectually providing for its safety, and at the same time justifying his measures against a most malignant opposition. Mr. Hylton, himself a man of intellect, was instantly charmed by the minister’s appearance; for he looked

calmness itself, and, though evidently harassed, by no means *oppressed* by his multifarious and distracting duties. He quietly pointed to a vacant chair nearly opposite to him, and on which Mr. Hylton immediately sat down.

“Will you be so obliging as to state shortly your business, Sir?” said he.

“I presume, my Lord, you have heard of the murder of the Lord Alkmond?”

“Yes, Sir, and I find that a person named Ayliffe was yesterday tried before the Lord Chief Justice, at the Assizes, convicted for the murder, and is left for execution on Monday.”

“That is so, my Lord. I am the Vicar of Milverstoke, and the convict is an old parishioner of mine, of hitherto spotless and exemplary character. I am perfectly satisfied that he is really innocent of this charge.”

“How came he to be convicted then? Have you any evidence that was not laid before the judge and jury? Or do you imagine that there has been any miscarriage?”

“If you will permit me, my Lord, to state briefly the nature of the case as laid before the jury”—

“Pardon me, Sir, a moment,” said his Lordship, gently ringing a small hand-bell; on which a gentleman entered, to whom he whispered in a low tone. The gentleman withdrew, and Mr. Hylton proceeded to give a brief and lucid sketch of the case as proved, to which he saw the Minister listening with perfect attention. While Mr. Hylton was proceeding, the gentleman above spoken of reappeared, but immediately withdrew, after having silently placed a sheet of paper before the Minister, who glanced at it for an instant only, and resumed his attitude of close attention to Mr. Hylton.

“I perceive, Sir,” said he, when Mr. Hylton had concluded, “from your succinct and candid statement, that any difficulties which might be supposed to have existed, were conclusively disposed of by the prisoner’s own acknowledgment to the jury. I must say that it appears to me an unusually strong case for a conviction. You ask me, Sir, to advise the exercise of the Royal prerogative to stay the execution of the law—a matter always of infinite delicacy and in this case, responsibility—and I at present see no sufficient grounds for doing so. Since you have been here, however, I have ascertained that the Lord Chief Justice has arrived in town, and is now at his house. I expect his Report this even-

ing; in the mean time he is the person to whom you should address yourself."

"My Lord—forgive me, but did I succeed in making myself understood to be asking now for a short respite, only, to afford time for inquiry?"

"Perfectly, Sir. You had better go at once to his Lordship, who has power to order—with whom, indeed, it in the first instance properly rests—the respite for which you ask: but I recommend you, Sir, not to be sanguine."

"But will his Lordship receive me at once?"

"Unquestionably, Sir; in serious matters of this sort, everybody is always accessible: God forbid that it should be otherwise."

The Minister's significant glance as he concluded uttering the last words, at evidently a newly opened despatch, apprised Mr. Hylton that his audience was over. Bowing profoundly, he withdrew, the Minister courteously returning his salutation, while he drew before him the important and pressing document of which Mr. Hylton's arrival had prevented his perusal. Mr. Hylton soon found his way to the room where he had left the young Lord, who was there waiting for him. The former was anxious to have spoken on the subject of his interview with the Minister; but from his Lordship's manner concluded that such a procedure was contrary to etiquette, and contented himself with asking the address of the Lord Chief Justice, which was immediately procured for him: and shortly afterwards Mr. Hylton got into a coach, and drove straight to the Lord Chief Justice's house, greatly disheartened by the reception which he had just met with from the courteous Lord Farnborough. On inquiring whether the Lord Chief Justice was within, a footman, somewhat superciliously, answered in the affirmative, but that his Lordship having only a few hours before returned from Circuit, was about sitting down to dinner, and could on no account whatever be disturbed. But Mr. Hylton pretty sharply said that his business admitted of no delay. The butler, a corpulent, bald-headed, gentlemanly person, happening at that moment to pass along the hall, and hearing the peremptory tone in which Mr. Hylton was speaking, came forward, and in an affable manner, said that he had no objection to hear shortly the nature of the gentleman's business, and by-and-bye tell it to my Lord; but that his Lordship certainly could not be disturbed till after dinner. The grave nature of Mr. Hylton's errand, and the earnest humour of

his mind, prevented his being amused, as he otherwise would have been, by these menial airs.

"Tell his Lordship, if you please," said he quietly, "that I am the Reverend Mr. Hylton, the Vicar of Milverstoke."

"Oh! is it about the Milverstoke murder, Sir?" quoth the butler, with a good-natured air: "'Tis a very awful murder, folks say."

"Take in my name, Sir, instantly to his Lordship!" said Mr. Hylton sternly.

"Bless us!" said the butler, half whistling, but went to the library, and, after a few minutes' absence, returned quite an altered man, bowing most obsequiously; and Mr. Hylton was immediately ushered into the presence of the Lord Chief Justice, a man considerably advanced in years, of benevolent countenance; careworn and grave; a very great lawyer; of simple and pure character, and very unassuming manners. He sat beside a large fire, in dinner-dress, but had been busily engaged reading when Mr. Hylton's name was announced; in short, his Lordship was carefully looking over his notes of several capital cases, and, amongst others, of that which had brought Mr. Hylton up to town. The instant his name was mentioned, his Lordship recollected the very striking scene which he had accidentally witnessed, immediately after sentencing the Milverstoke murderer; and nothing could be more respectful or cordial than his reception of Mr. Hylton.

"I fear I can only too surely conjecture, Reverend Sir," said his Lordship gravely, "the object of your visit to London; it must be connected with that terrible case of the murder of Lord Almond, tried before me yesterday."

"It is so, my Lord, indeed," replied Mr. Hylton, sighing. The Lord Chief Justice shook his head, shrugged his shoulders with dismal significance, but said nothing. "I trust that I shall be able, my Lord, notwithstanding those ominous gestures of your Lordship's, to satisfy you that a case is made out for, at all events, some little postponement of the execution of the sentence, in order to afford time for inquiry—I say—for inquiry—for inquiry—"

Mr. Hylton suddenly seemed unconscious of what he was saying: having become very faint, and sinking back in his chair—for a moment overcome with exhaustion, want of food, and long-continued agitation and excitement. The Lord Chief Justice instantly

ordered in a glass of wine, giving it him with his own hand, and using many kind expressions. Mr. Hylton soon recovered himself, offering apologies, but attributing the weakness frankly to the true cause.

“ Ah! Sir,” said his Lordship, kindly, “ these *are* very agitating affairs, even to us Judges, however long we may have been accustomed to this melancholy part of our duties; but let us go in to dinner, Mr. Hylton—nay, I positively insist upon it—I am quite alone, with the exception of my wife, whom I have scarcely seen since my return from Circuit a few hours ago, or you and I would dine together alone. You cannot do justice to your case, whatever it may be—trust me—till you have a little recruited your physical energies; and we have both travelled far and fast since we met; and I, too, am somewhat exhausted.”

Mr. Hylton intimated that dining would be, in his own case, just then, an idle ceremony:—

“ Sir,” interrupted the Lord Chief Justice with an air of good-natured peremptoriness, “ I will not speak a syllable to you on business, however pressing, till we have both enabled ourselves, by a meal as brief and frugal as you please, to attend to it with revived, and only befitting energy.” This proved irresistible, and Mr. Hylton presently found himself sitting at the plain and unostentatious dinner-table of the Lord Chief Justice, and his lady. Not a syllable was spoken by either his Lordship or Mr. Hylton concerning the subject, nor on anything akin to it, which was to be so solemnly discussed by them after dinner; and before half an hour had elapsed from their sitting down, they both withdrew to the library.

“ Now, Mr. Hylton,” commenced his Lordship, with a suddenly resumed judicial air, “ I have before me my notes of the trial of Ayliffe yesterday. What have you to say on the subject? Has anything important come to light since the trial? For if not, I must tell you, at the outset, not to be too sanguine. A clearer case, I think I have seldom, if indeed ever, tried. I trust you have no fault to find with the way in which I put the case to the jury? Pray, speak freely, Reverend Sir; we are all liable to error.”

“ My Lord, I frankly assure you that I can take no exception whatever to your Lordship’s summing up: it was fearfully simple and cogent, but perfectly and absolutely fair.”

"Why, you see," said the Chief Justice, thoughtfully, "the man's own hands fastened the rope round his neck: he voluntarily took up a position from which the wit of man could not extricate him. Had he been acquitted on such a state of facts as went to the jury, trial would be a farce. He brings himself to the body instantly after the murder, and runs away bloody, and with a bloody weapon capable of committing the murder, as was sworn by the surgeon. Even if he thought he had struck the man whom, according to his own story, he meant to strike, what signifies it in point of law? The person whom he so killed by mistake, he murdered: God forbid, Reverend Sir, that there should be any doubt about *that!*"

"Oh no, my Lord!—I do not presume to question the law which your Lordship laid down: I own it seems to be perfectly reasonable and just. But I venture to come now, my Lord, at once to what I humbly but confidently submit will satisfy your Lordship that this case cannot possibly rest where it does at present."

"Well, let me hear," said the Lord Chief Justice, disposing himself in an attitude of great attention; but the tone of his voice seemed, to Mr. Hylton, to argue something like a foregone conclusion as to the futility of what was to be brought before him.

"Permit me to ask your Lordship, that I may not be over-estimating the value of what I am going to adduce before you, whether you did not deem of great importance the absence of all sound of footsteps in the wood, on the night of the murder, in any other direction than that in which the prisoner ran?"

"Certainly, certainly; surely I myself pressed the witnesses on that part of the case, and remarked on it to the jury?"

"You did, my Lord."

"And indeed the point is most important. If you recollect, Mr. Solicitor-General read a passage from Lord Coke, in which that very condition is relied on as an integral part of what he calls his violent presumption of guilt."

"Well, my Lord," said Mr. Hylton, evidently with no little excitement and expectation, taking out from his pocket-book the letter of Mrs. Merton; which, after explaining who the writer was, and how it was that her communication had not come to his hands till after the trial, put the letter into the Chief Justice's hands, and eyed him, as he perused it, with extreme anxiety, scrutinising every feature. The Chief Justice read it attentively—very at-

tentively, even twice—looking at the outside, the post-mark, and superscription; and all the while in perfect silence, and with a countenance from which it was quite impossible to collect what impression had been produced on his mind. Then he quietly laid down the letter, towards Mr. Hylton, whose face fell as he said, “Well, my Lord, what think you? Have I overrated the importance of this letter?”

“You have not had the experience that I have had, Mr. Hylton,” said he, with a serious air; “nor have you any idea of the cunning devices to which prisoners and their friends will have recourse, to mislead inquiry, and divert suspicion. I have known of one or two, and heard of several instances very like the present.”

“Why, surely, surely, my Lord, you cannot have borne in mind who the writer is—a lady, a friend of mine, wife of a clergyman, and she of a most exemplary character? The idea, my Lord, of *her*”—

“Oh, Mr. Hylton, you quite misapprehend me. Independently of even your own testimony, I think I know a little myself of this lady: she belongs to a noble family”—Mr. Hylton nodded—“and her husband is a distinguished divine, I believe. This good lady believes, doubtless, in the genuineness and authenticity of the letter she speaks of; but”—he shook his head—“that carries us a *very* little way on our journey indeed! I told you not to be sanguine, Mr. Hylton, as you must remember. Besides, where is the original? How could any Judge safely act, in even the most trivial case, on the document now before us—not even a copy? And even the original would, in my opinion, carry us no further. Come, my dear Sir,” said he very kindly, observing Mr. Hylton’s blank and crest-fallen look, “can you yourself supply me with reasons against the validity of those with which I am forced to encounter your letter?”

“Yes, my Lord. Remember, I pray you, that I am not asking for a pardon—not calling on you to assume the functions of a jury—but only to interpose a little time for inquiry before this poor wretch *goes hence and is no more seen!* Suppose he be executed on Monday morning, and the same afternoon the writer of the letter in question arrives and incontestably establishes the truth of what is contained in it?”

“Why, suppose he did, Mr. Hylton! Apply an unbiassed mind to the case, as if you had yourself to administer justice. By

the way, are you a magistrate? Mr. Hylton nodded. "I am glad of it. Suppose the writer did actually see one, or two, or any number of men running along the shore, as represented : how are they to be connected with the bloody transaction in the wood? Is it not separated from the shore by cliffs?"

"Yes, my Lord, but by no means by lofty cliffs; persons have been known to drop over without injury : there are no rocks beneath. And who knows but that those very persons may have done the deed?"

The Lord Chief Justice shook his head, but took up the letter and read it again, with, as Mr. Hylton sanguinely supposed, more thoughtfulness than his Lordship wished to appear.

"Pardon me, my Lord," said Mr. Hylton, "but there occurs to me another way of putting the case. And while we discuss, how fast fly away this man's precious moments!"

"I am perfectly and painfully aware of *that*, Reverend Sir," replied his Lordship, looking pointedly at Mr. Hylton, who felt the delicate rebuke, and bowed.

"I was going to say, my Lord : Suppose I had received this letter, or the one to which it refers, before the Court opened yesterday, and the prisoner's counsel had applied to your Lordship to postpone the trial till the next Assizes?"

"Sir, that is well worth considering, undoubtedly. You put your points very ably, Mr. Hylton."

Again the Chief Justice took up the letter. "Is this in Mrs. Merton's own handwriting?" he inquired, apparently carelessly.

"I will swear to it, my Lord. And, by the way, for aught I know, Mr. Merton may by this time have brought or forwarded the original letter to my house, and it may be there awaiting me at this moment."

"Certainly, certainly; that may be so," said the Chief Justice, musingly, but still discouragingly. "Is this the only matter which you are desirous of bringing before me?" he inquired.

"Oh no, my Lord : I have three others."

"I shall be very happy to hear them, Sir. Pray proceed."

"What I now am about to mention, my Lord, is of a confidential, and at present, I own, unsatisfactory nature; but, if time be given, I am not hopeless of discovering something highly important.

Your Lordship recollects observing at the trial, on the singularity of Lord Alkmond's having gone out into the woods at such an hour of the night, and when such festivities were going on at the Castle."

"Undoubtedly: it is indeed a curious circumstance, which I should like to have had, if possible, explained. Did I not ask some of the witnesses about it?"

"Yes, my Lord: Mr. Oxley, Lord Milverstoke's agent. Since the trial—but I repeat, my Lord, that I am at present in circumstances of exquisite embarrassment on this subject." The Lord Chief Justice looked with great curiosity at Mr. Hylton on his saying this. "I have some reason to believe, from persons of station, that Lord Alkmond's going into the wood was not so wholly unaccountable as at present it appears, but was connected with a circumstance or circumstances which may possibly—I say possibly, my Lord—come to be fully disclosed; and the person to whom I allude was in communication on the subject with another person of exalted station at the moment of my quitting Milverstoke. The issue I shall not know till I return; but I have heard sufficient to excite lively anxiety and curiosity; and possibly—but, my Lord, I repeat, only possibly—the result may be suddenly to invest this dreadful transaction with great mystery. My word, however, is pledged to take no further steps at present, nor to indicate even the nature of what I have heard, without the express permission of the person to whom I have been alluding. I may, however, tell your Lordship that I am acting on information sent to me with great anxiety, in consequence of a gentleman being present at the trial, who, on his return home, communicated to a friend that which had fallen from your Lordship, and led him to use his very utmost exertions to bring this matter to my notice immediately. Thrice had a mounted messenger from him been at my house between the close of the trial, and my return to Milverstoke; and I met the messenger, and followed him back, while yet on my way home. It is a scruple of extreme delicacy alone, that suddenly prevented this gentleman's at once communicating to me what he knew."

To all this the Chief Justice listened with profound attention. "I am sure, Mr. Hylton," said he, gravely, "that a gentleman of your very superior capacity, to say nothing of your position as a clergyman and magistrate, is aware of the responsibility attaching to anything said by you to me on such an occasion as this, and that

you cannot be unconsciously yielding eagerly to first impressions and misty conjectures?"

"My Lord, I speak most advisedly, in my conscience believing it possible—and at present I put it no higher—that there may be something in the back-ground fully warranting the step which I am taking. I do not feel myself at liberty, speaking for a moment as a man of even mere worldly honour, to mention who is the person of whom I am speaking, or what his station in society. Nay, my Lord, I now recollect that he expressed his own belief that the matter would prove not to be connected with that in question; but he had previously mentioned enough, of what I can here say nothing, to make me take a very, very different view of the affair."

"And you say that this matter is at this moment in a train of inquiry?"

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly, my Lord."

"Very well, Mr. Hylton; all this is very curious, at least. What next?"

"Why, my Lord, I have, I think, discovered facts tending to impeach the perfect trustworthiness of Mr. Oxley as a witness."

"I doubt whether that gentleman's evidence really touches the merits of the question one way or the other."

"But the Solicitor-General, my Lord, on the part of the Crown, pointedly mentioned that evidence to the jury; and afterwards proved it, as giving a peculiarly malignant complexion to the case."

"He did, undoubtedly. Well, Mr. Hylton, and what of *that* matter?"

"Why, the way that it strikes me, my Lord, is that Mr. Solicitor-General may be supposed to have himself felt the importance of establishing a motive on the part of the prisoner for perpetrating so enormous a crime as slaying the eldest son and heir of a very eminent peer of the realm. However this may be, my Lord, what prejudice may it not have worked against the unfortunate prisoner, turning the minds of his jury away from a dispassionate examination of the case?"

"Mr. Hylton, do not lay too much stress on such topics. Look at the undisputed facts—the bloody reality, if I may so speak, of this dreadful case, standing even solely on the prisoner's own

voluntary statement : the bloody sleeve—the bloody club—and the affrighted flight from the very corpse of the murdered man! Let us bring our common sense to bear on these few but terrible facts of the case; and then how unimportant become the topics which you seem about to urge, Mr. Hylton. Pray proceed, however.”

“ Shortly, then, my Lord, do you remember how indignantly the prisoner repudiated the words put into his mouth before the magistrate who convicted him for having possession of the hare?”

“ I do, perfectly, and was struck with it, Sir.”

“ And your Lordship may recollect his counsel proposing another form of expression, which was in consequence of a written suggestion sent him in Court? I, my Lord, sent that paper; I proposed that question; for the magistrate (who also committed him on the charge for murder) had on that day told me the words which he had heard the prisoner utter; and I have here Sir Henry Harrington’s own signed statement (here Mr. Hylton produced it), attesting the words to have been most distinctly heard by him, and to be—‘ He shall smart for it, that brought me here;’ and Sir Henry observed the prisoner glance at the man who had so cruelly and perfidiously used him.”

Mr. Hylton paused; so did the Chief Justice, presently observing—“ Well, Mr. Hylton, does all this carry your case a hair’s breadth further? Suppose the prisoner went into the wood to kill, or feloniously assault his enemy, and by mistake killed the other? Have you not admitted that to be murder?”

“ Forgive me, my Lord, if I press these points too far,” said Mr. Hylton, with sudden emotion, “ but the interests of humanity impel me—I have a manacled and fettered figure perpetually before my eye.”

“ God forbid, Mr. Hylton,” said the Chief Justice, very solemnly and kindly, laying his hand on that of Mr. Hylton, “ that you should suppose it necessary to apologize for anything that you have said here. I wish you knew how greatly I am touched by your noble and disinterested exertions, which my heart is all the while most zealously seconding; but God hath given me the scales of JUSTICE to hold, and my reason must not be disturbed by my feelings. Proceed, dear Sir, and say all that occurs to you, even stay you till midnight.”

How mildly and kindly was this said! Yet the words rapidly froze the Chief Justice into a pillar of ice, as it were, before

Mr. Hylton's eyes; and for a little while he paused to overcome his emotions.

"I feel, my Lord, getting weak and exhausted in this mortal wrestle with your Lordship, on so awful an occasion. 'Tis what I am not used to; and I must soon cease." He seemed, for a moment, at a loss.

"You were speaking of Mr. Oxley's perverted or mistaken representation of what had fallen from the prisoner."

"I thank your Lordship, and have only to say that Sir Henry is ill in bed, of the gout, or might have been at the trial and contradicted Mr. Oxley."

"Is this gentleman, Mr. Oxley, supposed to bear any ill feeling towards the prisoner?"

"That, my Lord, is the last topic which I was going to urge. The prisoner and his father (of whom, with your Lordship's permission, a word presently) have been persecuted beyond all bearing—so they both tell me—by Mr. Oxley, who wants, as they say, to get them out of a small freehold cottage of the father's, in order that a new and more direct approach may be made from the high road to Milverstoke Castle. Mr. Oxley has, doubtless, exceeded his instructions, and what he has done is probably all unknown to Lord Milverstoke; but Mr. Oxley's conduct has been unfeeling and insulting in the extreme to these poor people, who are in great distress; and not long before last Christmas, with a bitter sneer Mr. Oxley predicted that the father would probably soon find himself in a much larger house—the workhouse."

"The brutal fellow!" exclaimed the Chief Justice, indignantly.

"On this, my Lord, the son, who was present—the prisoner, and who is a man of giant strength, rose from his stool, grasped Mr. Oxley by the collar, and flung him several yards through the door, like a rotten faggot." The Chief Justice made no reply. "On that occasion my Lord, the father heard Mr. Oxley mutter some sinister expressions to this effect—'I owe thee a turn for this.'"

"I think it very possible that he did say so; but, was it Mr. Oxley who brought the prisoner to the bleeding body of Lord Alkmond, made him run away as for life, and then own it all in the open Court? Oh, Mr. Hylton!"

"A word more, my Lord," said he, in a very desponding tone, after both of them had been silent for some moments, the Chief Justice's eyes fixed on the fire, his face indicating that he was in

deep thought—"a word more, and my melancholy mission is closed. I have known the prisoner and his father for upwards of twenty years; and solemnly declare that the old man I have ever regarded as a perfect pattern of Christian virtue—as an Israelite in whom there is no guile—as one of the patriarchs of old; I have seen him fearfully tried—in deep affliction—ruined at last by his generosity to another—a very second Job, my Lord." Here Mr. Hylton suddenly stopped, for his voice failed him. The Chief Justice got up; and, as if to avoid seeing Mr. Hylton's emotion, slowly walked away, really, however, to conceal his own feelings; but soon he returned.

"Thou excellent person! Thou servant of God! Thou true Samaritan!" said he, greatly moved, and taking Mr. Hylton by the hand, "To my dying day I cannot forget thee. I saw thee kneeling beside that old man! When I am at my last end, would that so thou, or one as holy, might kneel beside *me!*"

"May God bless your Lordship, living and dying!" faltered Mr. Hylton; and it was not for several moments that either recovered his self-possession.

"Let us now, Mr. Hylton, return to this sad business," said, at length, the Chief Justice, calmly, mildly, and very gravely. "Have you anything further to urge?"

"Only that this poor soul, the prisoner, so far from being of the barbarous nature which could suffer him to do this deed of blood, is, and has been ever, beloved by young and old, who know him, as a youth of generous heart; has several times perilled his life for others; and has never done otherwise than become a son trained by such a father as his, until sharp misery, and despairing love for his sick wife, led him to listen to the voice of the tempter, in that matter of the hare! And finally, my Lord, yesterday, immediately after he had his irons put on, and was placed in the condemned cell, I was with him; and, by all his hopes of Heaven, he solemnly asseverates his total innocence, his absolute ignorance of the person who did, or the manner in which was done this horrible murder; and that when I had, to the best of my power, taught him that he had looked his last in life—that hereafter was close upon him. And, my Lord, by my own hopes, and in the presence of Him whom I serve, I verily believe, notwithstanding all appearances, that this man is innocent, or I should not have been this day with your Lordship, in whose just hands I now leave the matter."

“It is one, Mr. Hylton, of some difficulty, and requires consideration,” said the Chief Justice; “and that consideration must be, as far as possible, perfectly dispassionate, and as deliberate as the urgency of the case will admit of. I shall read over my notes of the evidence with care, and give my best attention to all that you have so discreetly, and so eloquently, urged upon me this evening. You must leave with me that letter which you received from Mrs. Merton; and, if you feel disposed to return hither in two hours’ time, you shall know my decision.”

Seeing by his countenance and manner, that the Chief Justice desired immediately to be left alone, Mr. Hylton withdrew, the Chief Justice bidding him Good evening, cordially, but so very gravely, that he unconsciously shot dismay into the very soul of Mr. Hylton. As he quitted the library, the butler approached, bringing him his hat and stick, with very great respect, and in silence; and the next moment he was alone in the open air—determining to pace the gloomy square in which the Chief Justice’s house was situated, or the immediate neighbourhood, till the two hours should have expired. How anxiously as he walked about did he revolve in his mind all that had taken place! whether he had omitted anything, or urged anything ineffectually; also he pondered the whole demeanour of the grave and discreet Chief Justice; his significant speech, his significant silence; how his practised judicial mind would be likely to view the case; and then good Mr. Hylton thought within himself how *he* would decide the case, were it in *his* hands! At length, after having pulled out his watch more than twenty times, and waited for at least three minutes beyond the appointed two hours; Mr. Hylton presented himself again at the Chief Justice’s door; another person mounting the steps at the same time, and whose face Mr. Hylton imagined that he had seen somewhere before. This was the Chief Justice’s chief clerk, who had been shortly before summoned to attend his Lordship immediately. When the door was opened, this gentleman went at once to the library and having knocked, was admitted; while Mr. Hylton was shown into a large empty dining-room adjoining. Presently he heard the library-door opened; steps across the hall; then the street-door was opened and closed; and Mr. Hylton was shown into the library, where sat the Chief Justice, looking somewhat fatigued, and returning his watch into its place.

“Well, Mr. Hylton,” said his Lordship, calmly; “after much

consideration of all the facts of the case, in all their bearings, as far as I could, I have felt myself at liberty to order a respite for the prisoner."

"God bless your Lordship! God be thanked," commenced Mr. Hylton excitedly : but was promptly checked, for the Chief Justice elevated his finger, and slowly shook his head in a serious and admonitory manner.

"I have thought it right, after your strenuous representations, to afford a little time for further inquiry; but am bound to tell you, that I feel the very reverse of sanguine as to the ultimate issue. The more I consider it, the blacker seems the case against the prisoner, as it was proved at the trial before me and the public ; but God forbid that, when human life is at stake, the faintest chance of saving it, and preventing the dismal spectacle of an innocent man's life being forfeited, should be thrown away. All your energies must now be exerted to establish facts tending to raise a very strong presumption, against fearfully strong appearances. For this purpose I have granted a delay of a fortnight, that all necessary inquiries may be set on foot, especially with regard to the letter of which this speaks which you left with me : and you will have the goodness, at the earliest moment that is practicable, to forward to me that other letter. It is right to intimate to you that, should you be so fortunate in your exertions, as, on a proper representation to the Earl of Milverstone, to prevail on his Lordship to concur in recommending the prisoner to the merciful consideration of the Crown, expressing a doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner, it might be attended with an important and beneficial effect, as coming from so distinguished and deeply injured a prosecutor." To this suggestion Mr. Hylton listened in silent despair. "What use is to be made by the prisoner, of the brief extension of his earthly career, none knows better, Reverend Sir, than yourself, and I presume not to say a word on that subject. Humanity plainly dictates one thing—the steadfast depression of the prisoner's hopes to the very lowest point possible, lest the result of your charitable interference should have been only to inflict twice on him the pangs of death. Good-bye, Mr. Hylton, good-bye; God speed your efforts, and if the prisoner be innocent may your efforts to show it, succeed."

"But the respite, my Lord—I beg your Lordship's, pardon—but Monday morning is awfully near us; when will your Lordship order"—

“Your anxiety, Sir, is very natural, but you may safely leave that matter in *my* hands,” said the Chief Justice. “It has been already seen to; the respite you may regard as already on its way: it will be forwarded, for your consolation I may tell you, by two separate Government messengers, and reach the gaol, at the latest, to-morrow afternoon.”

Mr. Hylton saw plainly that the matter might not be pressed further; but what would he not have given to be permitted, if practicable, to accompany one of the bearers of the precious little documents, which some ten minutes before had been signed in duplicate by the Chief Justice, directing execution upon Adam Ayliffe not to be done until the expiration of fourteen days from the date of that order of the Chief Justice! So, with a heart beating gratitude to that merciful and considerate judge, Mr. Hylton respectfully took leave, and walked with buoyant spirits and quick steps to his inn, thinking to return by that night’s coach, but which he found, to his concern, had left upwards of two hours before: Mr. Hylton having supposed that it would quit London at the same hour as it passed through Milverstoke, a mistake which he would soon have found out, but for his being so completely absorbed in the pressing and all-important affair which had brought him up to London. Unless he had taken a post-chaise all the way, which no adequate necessity justified him under the circumstances in doing, and for which, indeed, he had not by him the requisite funds, nor knew where to obtain them at a moment’s notice in London, he could not reach the county town in which at that moment lay the miserable object of his solicitude, before seven o’clock in the evening, by an early morning coach, which did not start from the inn at which he was staying, but at another, in a different part of the town. On reaching his inn, he went straight to bed, quite overpowered with long want of rest, travelling, and mental exhaustion, but directed himself to be called at half-past three o’clock without fail, that he might be in time for the early coach which left at half-past four o’clock. The moment, however, that he got into bed, he sunk into the black abyss of forgetfulness,—into sleep unbroken and profound: and when he woke scarcely knew where he was; the place around him was quite strange, the sun shone brightly, and for some minutes he seemed struggling out of some wild and gloomy dream. A guard’s horn pealing in the coach-yard beneath him, however, effectually recalled his scattered faculties: and forth he sprung from bed in

consternation. It was nearly nine o'clock, and the coach by which he had hoped to start was then some forty miles on its way towards Milverstoke! He rang his bell hurriedly, and all he could learn from the Boots was, that he had knocked till he was tired, and had even come into the room and spoken to Mr. Hylton, who answered him, but must have fallen asleep again. There was no help for it. Mr. Hylton was not a man to curse himself, and everybody and everything about him. A misfortune had occurred, which seemed to have been inevitable: and in reality no one soever was to blame. He had nothing for it now but to book a place by a coach starting at seven o'clock that evening, and then he betook himself to the nearest church, and attended the service there; and again at Westminster Abbey in the afternoon: feeling during the day no little misgiving concerning the duty at his own church, and whether, alas, there should have been no one found, at such short notice, to do it all. As he went to Westminster, and also as he came away after the service, he called at the Secretary of State's Office; but all there was silent, and apparently deserted; the sentry gravely telling him that no one attended there on Sundays. But it occurred to Mr. Hylton nevertheless to knock and inquire; and it was very fortunate that he did, for he found that no less a personage than an Under Secretary and several clerks were there, engaged on important business, connected with apprehended disturbances in the North. With no little difficulty Mr. Hylton obtained access to one of the chief clerks, and from him learnt that a communication had been received overnight from the Chief Justice, of his having ordered a fortnight's respite to Adam Ayliffe, under sentence of death for the murder of Lord Alkmond; that such order had been forthwith despatched by special messenger, who would deliver it during the ensuing afternoon into the hand of the proper authority.

"But forgive my anxiety in a matter in which I have taken a deep interest," said Mr. Hylton: "Suppose the messenger should happen to miscarry?"

"It may, of course, be the worse for the prisoner," replied the clerk somewhat impatiently; "but suppose the sky were to fall—you know the saying, Sir. A special messenger miscarry, Sir!"

With such consolation as could be derived from this somewhat irritable official, who was not overpleased at his extra day's work at the Office, Mr. Hylton departed, without having asked several other questions which had occurred to him, concerning the aid of

government in the inquiries which were to be set on foot, as suggested by the Lord Chief Justice. At seven o'clock precisely Mr. Hylton took his place on the coach, which in due course would bring him to the county town where Ayliffe lay awaiting a fate only, by extraordinary exertions on the part of Mr. Hylton, postponed for a few fleeting days; and he purposed sending on his portmanteau to the inn at Milverstoke, himself staying behind to have an interview at the gaol with poor Ayliffe, and possibly his father. As he travelled along, he calmly reviewed the occurrences of the last few days, and, agitating and alarming as they were, really thought that streaks of light were beginning faintly to glisten in the murky horizon, and felt devout thankfulness at the prospect of his being permitted to be an humble instrument in the hands of Providence, of rescuing an innocent man from an ignominious death. What, he began to inquire, would be the effect of this respite on the mind and heart of Ayliffe? As they drew near the county town about ten o'clock in the morning, he began to picture to himself the dismal scene which might, but for his exertions, have met their eyes that morning in passing the gaol. As they rolled rapidly onward, he was struck with the numerous foot-passengers whom they met, and in increasing numbers; and at length—how shall it be written?—Mr. Hylton almost fell from his seat; for he heard the voice of a person holding a long printed paper in his hand—

“Why, Sir—Parson Hylton—Sir”—said the coachman, drawing up hurriedly for a moment, “Sir, how’s this?—They’re crying Adam Ayliffe’s last dying speech and full confession of the murder of Lord Alkmond!”

And sure enough, the man near them announced “the last dying speech and confession of Adam Ayliffe, who was hanged this morning for the murder of—.”

“Let me get down,” said Mr. Hylton, faintly, turning deadly pale: “Am I dreaming? What inscrutable dispensation of Providence is this? Have, then, the special messengers miscarried after all? or has Lord Farnborough thought fit to overrule the Chief Justice? Oh, horror!” thought he—and all this with lightning rapidity. He staggered towards the man who had the papers in his hand, and found that there was no name of Adam Ayliffe whatever in them, nor had the crier deliberately falsified the contents of his gloomy documents; but having received a number of them

to dispose of, and not having heard of the respite which had arrived for the great and chief criminal, had taken it for granted that he had suffered in due course; the fact being, that there really had been an execution that morning at the gaol, but only of the two men convicted on the same day as Ayliffe, for stealing the pair of shoes at the fair, and the cheese from the dairy. Poor souls, they had died, it seemed, with great penitence, acknowledging, if not the lenity of the laws, the justice of the sentence under which they suffered; for, indeed, how could they do otherwise, when the stolen articles had been found in their actual possession? Their last moments had been, however, a little disturbed at the sudden, and, as it seemed to them, unjust escape of their expected fellow-sufferer, the murderer; a complaint, as Mr. Hylton afterwards learnt from the Chaplain, which was one of the very latest among the words spoken by them on earth. The gallows, having performed its deadly office, was being taken down as Mr. Hylton, with averted eyes and a sickened heart, made his way to the gaol through the remains of a far greater crowd than would have been drawn together to witness the exit of the two poor thieves. In answer to his hurried inquiry how Ayliffe had borne the temporary postponement of his sentence, the turnkey to whom he spoke informed him that the man was pretty well considering, but that there had been a great stir when the news came. Mr. Hylton was immediately introduced to the Chaplain in the governor's room, and found to his great consolation, that the considerate Chief Justice had caused the respite to be accompanied by an injunction to the authorities to warn the prisoner, that the only use which he ought to make of the few days longer allowed to him on earth, should be to prepare the better for hereafter. No intimation had reached the prison of the grounds on which the respite had been obtained; and Mr. Hylton abstained from satisfying the curiosity or anxiety of even the Chaplain and governor. With equal discretion he left the prison without having any interview with Ayliffe, to be spared useless pain, and avoid questions causing an agonizing embarrassment. The Chaplain had been intrusted with the critical task of communicating to Ayliffe the utterly unexpected result of Mr. Hylton's unknown exertions on his behalf; the intelligence arriving only a few hours after Ayliffe and the two other capital convicts had partaken of the sacrament. He bore the agitating communication in total silence, but shortly afterwards became wildly excited; in

spite of all the exhortations of the Chaplain, expressing his conviction that by some providential means his innocence had been discovered; and it was not till after he had become calmer, that the official document was shown him, by which his wretched life was extended to one fortnight longer, and *one fortnight only*. Shortly afterwards he became very desponding: and when his father was admitted to him, wept bitterly, and lamented that his troubles were prolonged, and his peace of mind endangered. The old man had himself, been very tenderly dealt with, on being told of the respite by the Chaplain, who had already conceived a great respect for him, infinitely heightened by the firmness and composure with which he received the intelligence and conducted himself towards his son. With what tempered sternness and affection did he enforce the teaching of the Chaplain, and depress the wild and unwarrantable hopes of him who still hung suspended over the grave, as it were, by only one single hair of his head!

Serious and anxious was the frame of mind with which Mr. Hylton now rode on to Milverstoke. He felt the fearful responsibility which his energetic humanity had entailed upon him, lest he should have really, in the pregnant language of the Chief Justice, done no more than twice inflict the pangs of death on the convict, and awfully perilled his religious condition. He also thought with momentary trepidation of the Earl of Milverstoke, and the effect upon him which the intelligence of the respite might have had; especially when he should have learnt through whose agency it had been brought about: and, moreover, the result of Captain Lutteridge's interview with the Earl, Mr. Hylton had yet to learn. On that score, however, his uncertainty, at all events, might soon be relieved, for his way lay within half a mile of the barracks; to which, accordingly, on arriving at the road leading up to them, he directed his horse's head, and rode at a quickened pace. On entering the room in which his interview with the Captain had taken place, that officer quickly made his appearance, in full uniform, his men being drawn up, ready for drill, on the ground opposite to the window; and his manner seemed, to Mr. Hylton, cold and constrained.

"Look you, Reverend Sir," said Captain Lutteridge, closing the mess-room door after him, "I was as good as my word; went straight to my Lord Milverstoke; and sorry am I that I thought of

going. It has done you no service, Sir, and I have greatly angered (about which I care not) and distressed my Lord Milverstoke, for which I do care greatly."

"I deeply regret to hear it," replied Mr. Hylton; "but permit me to ask what was the result of your interview? Are you at liberty to tell me what you had thought of?"

"No, Sir;" answered Captain Lutteridge, peremptorily.

"No!" echoed Mr. Hylton.

"Not one word, Sir!"

Mr. Hylton felt distressed and confounded. Here had broken down, suddenly and altogether, one of the props on which rested the precious but precarious fabric of his hopes for Ayliffe. A miserable beginning was this of his fortnight's exertions!

"Perhaps, Captain Lutteridge, you have heard of the respite for a few days, which I have succeeded in obtaining.

"Yes, Sir, last night."

"I trust, Sir, that you heard with some satisfaction, the news that a fellow-creature *may* be spared from suffering unjustly an ignominious death?"

"Sir, I say I heard it, and I wish nobody to die unjustly; but how he can die unjustly, whom the law hath ordered to die, I know not. If this man be hanged when his respite is over, doubtless it will be all right, being according to law. Had I been he, I would rather have had it all over at once, being so near it; now he will die every day till it is over." His words smote the heart of his listener. "For this reason, Sir, when a Court-martial orders sentence of death, we carry it into effect quickly; the thing is over, forgotten, and the men return to duty."

"But suppose the man shot were not really guilty?"

"That," said the Captain, drily, "never occurred in *my* time."

Mr. Hylton sighed; he saw that it was useless to reason with the impracticable soldier, who, moreover, glanced once or twice at his men, through the window, as though he wished to mount his horse immediately.

"Pardon me, Captain, as I fear I detain you; but this wretched person's life seems now, in a manner, dependent on *my* exertions."

"Yes, Sir, doubtless. But, by the way," added the Captain, suddenly, "on what grounds did you get the respite, Sir? Of course you said nothing of the matter on which we spoke here, Sir?"

“Captain Lutteridge,” said Mr. Hylton, with dignity, “I am a gentleman, as are you ; and though a Christian minister struggling on behalf of one condemned unjustly to death, I could not break my promise, though, I own, with a conscience disquieting me at the time.”

“I hope quite unnecessarily,” said the Captain.

“But understand me, Sir, when I say this : I must tell you, in candour, but in perfect truth and honour, that, to *some* extent, I made use of the fact that”—

“Hollo ! How, Sir?—how’s that, Sir?” interrupted the Captain, his whole face suddenly flushed.

“Hear me, Captain Lutteridge,” said Mr. Hylton, calmly ; “hear what passed between the Lord Chief Justice and myself. I placed my application to him on four distinct grounds ; and one of them, certainly, *related* to what had passed between us”—

“The d——it did !—I beg your pardon, Sir, but, by——! I can’t help it, Sir, though you ’re a parson ; but”—burst out the Captain, who seemed as if he were going into a phrenzy.

“I say, Sir,” continued Mr. Hylton, eyeing him with stern steadfastness,—“related to what had passed between us ; only glancing, however, at it.”

“Go on, Sir ! Go on, Sir!—If you please, that is,” said the Captain, with ill-suppressed vehemence.

“I will, Sir, if you interrupt me not ;” said Mr. Hylton, thoroughly roused, and speaking with a deliberate determination which instantly arrested the Captain’s impetuosity ; but he walked to and fro hastily, his jack-boots clattering, perhaps, a very trifle more than they needed to have done. “I told the Judge that some one in court had heard him inquire whether any one could say why Lord Alkmond had quitted the Castle at so late an hour of the night ; had afterwards communicated with a person, who thought it possible, and only possible, that he might be able to throw some light on the matter, but must first obtain the permission of some one else : was attempting to do so when I quitted Milverstoke ; and that, till I received express permission, I could say no more on the business. I also said that the person who had spoken to me had expressed his opinion that the conversation would prove to have no bearing on the case.”

“Yes, yes, I did say *that*—I did, I recollect ; but, excuse me, Re-

verend Sir," he added, with a somewhat puzzled air; "I did not quite understand all that went before; 'tis too long: I ask the favour of you to repeat it, Sir."

Mr. Hylton deliberately repeated what he had said, adding, "but I never made the slightest mention of Lord Milverstoke, nor you, nor of any one about you; nor spoke of any officer being concerned; nor of this place; nor of Milverstoke Castle."

"Well, Sir," said the Captain, apparently relieved, yet evidently not perfectly satisfied; "I suppose that *that* would not give the Lord Chief Justice any inkling, eh? These great lawyers can find out so much more in everything than *we* can.—Eh? how is it?"

"You know, Captain Lutteridge, now, as much as I do; and let me add, that, in my opinion, this did not form one of the grounds upon which the Lord Chief Justice proceeded in granting the respite; but he went principally on another very remarkable circumstance, fresh"—

"Egad! so one of our men outside, there, told Lieutenant Wylsden, this morning, that something strange had turned up. What is it? if it please you, Reverend Sir."

"Forgive me, Captain Lutteridge, but at present it would be premature," replied Mr. Hylton, guessing that good Mrs. Hylton must have been talking a little on the subject since his departure. "I have yet to ask, did Lord Milverstoke distinctly refuse to allow you to tell me that which you went to ask his leave to do?"

"Sir, I have given you an answer, and cannot go further. I am not at liberty to do what you ask."

"Did his Lordship know of the matter, or did you first tell him?"

"Sir, I shall—that is, Sir, I *can* say nothing more than that not one syllable on this matter get you from me: and—harke'e, Sir," he added very significantly, "I wish you well out of asking my Lord Milverstoke yourself; but my men, Reverend Sir, are waiting, and I bid you good morning."

So ended this disheartening interview; Mr. Hylton remounting his horse and quitting the barrack-yard, much more depressed than he had entered it. He was about to turn back to inquire from Captain Lutteridge whether he had told the Earl who it was that was going to London on the business of the respite; but hearing the Captain's loud voice giving the word of command, he abstained, and continued his cheerless exit.

As he neared the village, he overtook an increasing number of persons, who appeared as if they had walked from some distance. The faces of many of them he knew : they saluted him as he quickly passed, with a dash of awe and expectation in their respectful obeisances. He quickened his pace to escape from the gaze of excited scrutiny, and at length increased his speed ; but that only added to the excitement of those who beheld and were overtaken by him ; and by the time that he had reached his own gateway, he was almost hemmed in by an eager crowd, who in a quarter of an hour's time had nearly doubled their numbers ; so that he was forced to quit the room again, where he had left Mrs. Hylton, no little excited with what was going on ; and approaching his gateway, got on the horse steps outside it ; and assured the crowd, who instantly uncovered, and became silent, that Ayliffe had got a fortnight's, and only a fortnight's, respite, because of some little doubts about his guilt ; and then Mr. Hylton earnestly besought them to go away immediately and peaceably ; and he was obeyed within as short a time as could be reasonably expected.

But what had been the first thing which occurred to him on entering the parsonage?—A letter lay on the table, unopened, even by anxiously curious Mrs. Hylton : it having arrived only some quarter of an hour before her husband's return ; bearing a great black coroneted seal, and addressed to him in Lord Milverstoke's handwriting, with that formidable name at full length in the corner of the letter. Mr. Hylton, with forced calmness, opened it and read as follows :—

“Castle, Monday morning, 8 o'clock, A.M.

“The Earl of Milverstoke requests” (the word originally written was visibly “*desires*”) “the attendance of Mr. Hylton at the Castle, as soon after his arrival from London as possible.”

Mr. and Mrs. Hylton looked at one another in silence for a few moments, as soon as they had read this ominously laconic summons, the significance of which they had been hurriedly discussing, at the moment of Mr. Hylton's quitting her to dismiss the little crowd assembled before his door.

“I do not perfectly like the peremptory authoritative tone of this note,” said he to Mrs. Hylton ; “but let us not be quick at taking offence, when none may be intended. As one of his Lordship's

occasional chaplains, he has a right to command my services; but if he consider that, being his Chaplain, I have no right to rescue one, whom I believe an innocent man, from an infamous death, I will, with God's blessing, prove *my* right, and disprove that which he assumes."

"My dear Henry, you will have a terrible scene to encounter, I see too plainly," said his wife, apprehensively.

"Painful, Mary—very, very *painful* may it be; but what is to terrify a man supported by a sense of duty, exercising an unquestionable right, and that, too, in so sacred a cause? My parishioner, Ayliffe, shall not die wrongfully, if I can lift up a finger to prevent it, did I live surrounded by forty Lords Milverstoke! If he be one of the great nobles of the earth, my Mary, think of Him whose servant I am! Whose bidding I do—aye, and will do, though hell itself rise against me! And in my Master's name, the Lord of Lords and King of Kings, will I encounter this proud Earl, and, it may be, humble him into submission to the will of God, and make him yield to the dictates of our better nature."

"But, I must say, there are great allowances to be made for him," said Mrs. Hylton; "what would be our feelings if this little girl of ours—our only one—were—were"—

"Poor soul!" exclaimed her father, looking tenderly at the little girl, who was listening absorbedly to this colloquy between her parents; "dear soul! I should wish to accompany thee to Heaven, however black and horrible might be thy path thither! And I would pray for grace to forgive her murderers; and if I could not get that grace, then would she be an angel in Heaven, and I her unhappy father be for ever excluded; this, my Master has taught me—this he has expressly told me! Come hither, my little Mary, and let me feel your arms about me, strengthening me in my religion, for of such as thou art, is the kingdom of Heaven!"

The child sprang into his open arms, and sobbed aloud; he folded her fondly to his breast, in silence; and Mrs. Hylton's tears fell fast. She could have clasped her husband in her arms; for, as he spoke, there beamed upon his harassed features an expression that was heavenly. For him she entertained no fears whatever; she knew his utter devotion to his calling; his lofty sense of the greatness of his office; his unwavering faith; his indomitable courage. She knew well, also, his discretion—his complete command of temper; in short, the simplicity and elevation of his whole cha-

racter. That minister of God was indeed a burning and a shining light, which, placed on an eminence, would have scattered far a blessed radiance; but a Wisdom unquestionable, and by him unquestioned, had placed him not on the mountain, but in the valley—had assigned him a remote and obscure station in the great vineyard. But how noble the opportunity of doing good that seemed now afforded him! Already had he felt stirring within him energies, the existence of which he had known not, till they were thus unexpectedly developed; and at the moment of his thus conversing with Mrs. Hylton, he experienced but one serious anxiety—lest the Earl, fatally for his own final peace and happiness, should be permitted to harden himself into hopeless inhumanity, and, in the inscrutable wisdom of the great Orderer of all events, succeed in intercepting the flow of mercy—nay, of justice, and gloat over the sacrifice of one, as guilty, whose innocence he himself would, however unconsciously, have prevented from being vindicated. Mr. Hylton knew the substantial nobleness of the Earl's character, with all the faults which cast baleful shadows around it; and those faults were exactly such as might now be expected in full operation,—hideous serpents writhing around a black pillar of pride. Alas! blind and deadly animosity and revenge would now disguise themselves as retribution and justice! How were they to be unmasked?

To Lord Milverstoke's significant summons, Mr. Hylton returned a courteous reply, which was carried back by one of the Earl's servants, who had been sent a second time to know whether Mr. Hylton had returned from London. The letter simply excused its writer till the evening, at a named hour, on the reasonable and true plea of extreme fatigue from having travelled all night, and also having some matters of importance to transact during the day, in consequence of his sudden absence from home. Lord Milverstoke's, however, was not the only letter which awaited the arrival of Mr. Hylton. It seemed that, during the Saturday, Mr. Merton, the husband of Mr. Hylton's correspondent, who, unknown to herself, had rendered him such service with the Lord Chief Justice, having returned home late on the Friday evening, and perceiving the possible importance of the communication mentioned in Mrs. Merton's note to Mr. Hylton, resolved to set off with the letter itself, at an early hour on the Saturday morning, to the parsonage at Milverstoke. He had left the letter with Mrs. Hylton, finding the errand on which

Mr. Hylton had gone to London, whom he heartily wished God-speed; and moreover, relieved the good lady's anxieties concerning her husband's duty on the morrow, by pledging himself either personally to occupy the pulpit and reading-desk at Milverstoke church, or provide some one who would; which done, he returned home; and, it may be as well to say, that he proved able to perform his promise. A crowded and very attentive congregation heard both the morning and afternoon service; their prayers being desired for one appointed to die, and for others dangerously ill and greatly distressed in mind. Most, if not all of those present, thought only of the condemned criminal, his sick wife, and troubled father; but others bethought themselves also of Lady Alkmond, lying dangerously ill, and piously included her in their prayers. Neither the Earl nor Lady Emily made their appearance at the church. There had been a kind of gloomy excitement throughout the village and neighbourhood during the Saturday and Sunday; rising high on its being discovered that Mr. Hylton had suddenly gone up to London, on behalf of Ayliffe—being supposed to have very sufficient reasons for so doing. When, however, good Mrs. Hylton, in the fulness of her feeling heart, let out to Mrs. Wigley, the churchwarden's wife (who told it to her husband, and he to the doctor and surveyor, and they to many others), the purport of the mysterious letter from Mrs. Merton, the public feeling quickly rose to a pitch of painful intensity. But when, above all, news came down on the Sunday night, by the coach which had passed through the county town that a respite or reprieve had actually arrived, the feelings which it excited cannot be described. In spite of black appearances, Ayliffe's high character had proved, for a long time, like a buckler against reproach and suspicion, till the trial; when the reported stern concurrence of the Lord Chief Justice with the verdict of the jury, staggered the strongest friend of the convicted. Now, however, that a reprieve had arrived—which was imagined to have emanated directly from His Majesty, as a personal act—the tide was entirely turned in Ayliffe's favour, and good Mr. Hylton given credit for a very potent influence over the will and pleasure of Majesty. Hence the excitement which had attended his return—an excitement which would have manifested itself in a less subdued manner, but for a consideration of the peculiar and painful position of the Earl of Milverstoke, who owned at least two-thirds of the property in the village. The following is an exact copy of

the letter which had, almost alone, wrung the respite from the hesitating Chief Justice of England :—

Dunkirk, 15th March.

“ Reverend Mr. Merton,

“ Being at this present here, Sir, at which place a man of which I had been comrade in another coaster, of which I am no longer on board, but in another vessel that I am mate of, and the reason of this trouble to you, Sir (which have doubtless forgot Jack Jevons, whose mother you knew in Midgecombe), is my seeing the County Paper which he show'd me on Sunday last, where is describ'd the horrid murder of Lord Alkmond by somebody caught but, Reverend Sir, perhaps others had hands in it, as this may show and my log-book too which I writ it in at the time, that is that as our boat was rowing back from the shore to the ship, this last was about two miles off, in a line with Milverstoke Castle (S. S. E.) on the exact same night of that murder, and the man (his name is Jno. Harrup) heard gun-fire in the wood once or twice near the Castle, and just then saw one or (may be) two men running like for life along the shore to the east, thinking them running away only from sport, because catch'd in the woods, and poaching. Jno. Harrup only 4 or 5 hundred yards from the shore, which I entered in my log all on that day and Harrup is still here, only we are going up further than this before we return, which will be very soon, and God send us good trading in these quarters, and best respects (and hope of forgiving this trouble) from Rev. Sir, yrs' mo. dutifully ; and to command ; (the name of this vessel is the *Morning Star*). J. Jevons. (Putting up in London at Wapping, at the *Commodore Anson*.)”

Addressed—“ The Rev. Mr. Merton, Rector of the Parish, Midgecombe.”

After perusing and re-perusing this quaint but—in Mr. Hylton's estimation—all-important document, the suspicion hinted at by the Chief Justice that it might be only some cunning device to mislead justice, flickered with cruel frequency around Mr. Hylton's mind. Yet there seemed an authentic air about the letter ; and Mr. Merton had assured Mrs. Hylton that he distinctly recollected a young man called Jack Jevons living at Midgecombe about seven or eight years before, but of whom he knew little except that he was the

son of a worthy widow (a parishioner of Mr. Merton's) since dead, and had run off to sea, to her great displeasure; but Mr. Merton had never heard of anything to the disadvantage of Jevons; and, since receiving the letter, had through inquiries made by one of his servants, heard that Jevons was mate of some coasting vessel. However this might be, Mr. Hylton's first business was to make an exact transcript of this letter, and then, in performance of his promise, he enclosed the original to the Lord Chief Justice, putting his packet with his own hand, and in the presence of a witness, into the post-office. He also sent by a special messenger a note addressed to Mr. Melcombe, a very active and experienced attorney, in a neighbouring town, requesting his attendance at the parsonage at an early hour in the ensuing morning, on a matter of importance; which consisted, in fact, of the energetic prosecution of inquiries concerning the writer of the above letter, and whether or not he had returned to England, or if not, where the ship might now be, and whether and how it could be discovered. If Ayliffe's earthly salvation depended on the issue of these inquiries, and within the time already limited, how awfully precarious his fate!

Having had some trifling repose during the afternoon, and partaken of a spare dinner, Mr. Hylton ordered his horse to the door; and having made another copy of the letter on which so much depended, he carefully placed it in his pocket-book, and set off, in a pious, firm, and solemn spirit, for Milverstoke Castle, which he reached about seven o'clock. As usual, when he went unattended, he turned off into a by-path which led at a few hundred yards' distance from the Castle towards the stables; and there dismounting gave his horse into the care of a groom, who, hastily transferring his charge to another, ran off at top speed in an opposite direction, while Mr. Hylton slowly made his way back into the main path which led to the front of the Castle. He walked very slowly and thoughtfully along; but on reaching the door by which he usually entered, he was spared the trouble of announcing his arrival, by a servant who was stationed there, holding the door half open. He raised his finger towards his lips, and then said in a very low tone, "The Lady Emily, Sir, has given orders that when you arrived you should be conducted into a chamber, for a short time, near her Ladyship's apartment, where her Ladyship will speedily come to you."

"Tell her Ladyship," said Mr. Hylton, with some surprise,

“that I will await her arrival in any room she pleases, but that I earnestly request her Ladyship to come quickly, for I am here on business of importance with his Lordship, and by appointment.”

He had not sat down more than three or four minutes, and was looking at his watch with fast increasing anxiety, when the door was opened quickly but silently, and the dark and slight but graceful figure of Lady Emily entered and advanced to him, extending both her hands, which were very cold as he clasped them, and her face was deadly pale.

“Dear Mr. Hylton, I hear that my papa has sent for you—what is it about?” she inquired with eager apprehension.

“I really *know* not, dearest Lady Emily; his Lordship did not say in his brief note why he wished to see me. Pray, did he expect me sooner?”

She looked down for a moment, and after a hesitating pause said, “I believe he did, and was dreadfully angry, I hear, at your not coming earlier.”

“Have you seen his Lordship to-day?”

“Only for a moment, early in the morning,—but he did not see me; and I never recollect him looking so much agitated. Do you know a captain Plumridge, or some such name, a dragoon officer at the barracks? He was here on Friday night till very late, I am told. Dear Mr. Hylton, what did he come about?” said Lady Emily very anxiously.

“I cannot say that I do not know; but he came of his own free will to ask his Lordship a question, and I certainly knew that he was coming.”

“Was it”—she trembled visibly—“was it to save the life of—you know—Mr. Hylton—whom I mean?” continued the agitated girl.

“No, Lady Emily.”

A sudden piercing glance of her lustrous eyes fell upon him with an expression which he could not at the moment fully understand. He saw her bosom heave a very heavy sigh.

“Dear Mr. Hylton, you know how I love you, and would believe you against all the world,” said she, seizing his hand with convulsive earnestness. “Do you think he ought not to die? Do you think he is innocent?”

“In the most solemn manner, I assure you that I feel as certain of his innocence, as that the sun rose this morning!”

Her bright eyes were fixed upon him as he spoke with a mournful intensity; her bosom heaved fast, in silence, for some moments.

"Then," she said, in a tremulous whisper, "you will never get my papa to believe it! No, not if you were an angel out of heaven, coming down before his very eyes from the clouds, to tell him so!"

"Why, my dearest Lady Emily, why say you so?" inquired Mr. Hylton with great earnestness.

"Oh, I *know* it!" she replied, shaking her head: "and I am very, very unhappy after what you have just said; and so will be somebody else, when I tell her"—

"Dear, dear Lady Emily," said Mr. Hylton, with great earnestness, "I know whom you mean! And does *she* forgive"—

"Yes, she does! though she knows not whether he be guilty or not of this horrid crime. She has prayed to God, so have I, and though he be guilty we both forgive him, and do not wish him to die. And if he be *innocent*! Oh, Mr. Hylton! *Then* to die! And *my papa* to wish it!"

The low, thrilling voice in which she said this produced an indescribable effect on Mr. Hylton.

"You know what a dreadful day we must have looked forward to in this"—she shuddered—"and when we heard last night that it was *not* to occur"—

"My dear Lady Emily," whispered Mr. Hylton, "I have no time to explain details; but I must tell you that since the trial, a fact has come to light tending strongly to show some other hand engaged in this awful business than that of poor Ayliffe! The finger of Providence seems to have pointed out some traces, which with the blessing of God may lead to"—

"Who is that? who is that?" inquired the terrified girl, hastily rising from her chair, and opening the door.

It was her maid, who hurriedly whispered that she had just heard that his Lordship had ordered horses to be got ready to go instantly to the parsonage.

"I must leave you; you must go to papa directly!" said she, with a face full of alarm.

"I will, dear Lady Emily"—

"And oh, consider his feelings!"—her eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"I do! I will! my heart bleeds for him! I fear he will be dreadfully angry with me for what I have done."

"I fear he will!" sighed Lady Emily; "but—think of *us* when you are with him! and don't for worlds—do not for worlds—let him know that I have been with you!" Then she hastily took from her bosom a small black-edged packet, and put it into Mr. Hylton's hands: "You will know what to do with this," said she earnestly: (it afterwards proved to be a £10 bank-note). Another moment and she was hastening along, followed by her maid, to Lady Alkmond's chamber; and Mr. Hylton proceeded round to the front door, and, ringing the bell, was quickly admitted, and walked with firm step and yet firmer heart, led by one of those who had ushered Captain Lutteridge into the Earl's presence, and who, now opening the library-door, announced Mr. Hylton, and, on his entry, instantly withdrew.

"So, Sir," said Lord Milverstoke in a low hoarse voice, rising from his chair, his eyes flashing the moment that he saw Mr. Hylton, "you have robbed the gibbet of its due to-day!" Mr. Hylton slowly approached, with a respectful inclination, towards a chair which seemed to have been placed for him, but spoke not, observing the fearful excitement under which the Earl was labouring: "I say, Sir, you have robbed the gallows this day! you have made groans rise from the grave of the murdered!" said the Earl, with a vehemence of manner to which Mr. Hylton had never seen or imagined an approach.

"I hope not, my Lord," he commenced gravely.

"I say you have, Sir! The dead in their graves are crying out against you!"

"God forbid, my Lord! Nay, God forbid!" repeated Mr. Hylton.

"Blood crieth out from the ground!—And you have dared to interfere to defeat the vengeance of Heaven!—Presumptuous!"

"You are labouring, my Lord, under great excitement; let me implore of you to endeavour to calm yourself, and I will respectfully and readily answer to anything which your Lordship may demand. Recollect, my Lord, that I have come willingly to attend your Lordship"—

"What have you been doing, Sir? You, having a sacred duty to me and my family, being at present one of my chaplains, Sir, have bestirred yourself—have busied yourself—have gone about—to save the life of the guilty—of him who did his endeavours to blast

me and my house—him whose accursed body was forbidden to pollute the grave! Yes, Sir, such was the voice of the laws of your country! such the voice of justice! and you—*you* forsooth!—have dared to step forward and disobey and defeat that law, and pervert that justice! What, Sir!” the Earl started forward a step or two nearer to Mr. Hylton, who moved not, “would you have that blood-stained monster let loose upon *me*?—Am I—are I and mine—henceforth to skulk in terror from the light of day for fear of the assassin? Oh! hideous!—You ingrate! you meddling priest!—There stand you, calm before my madness! madness which you are bringing upon me!—which I feel coming upon me—and all at the bidding of one who was bound religiously to me and mine!” The Earl stepped back and threw himself down on the couch; the veins of his forehead were swollen; he shook perceptibly, and uttered a groan that seemed rending open his breast, while his eyes were fixed upon those of Mr. Hylton, who stood in an attitude of respectful firmness. “Why speak you not, Sir? Have you then no defence?—no excuse? Do you stand there and defy me?”

“Oh no, my Lord! no! I take God to witness how my soul is torn at beholding you; fearful as is your language to be heard by a Christian, and a Christian minister”—

“Bah! talk not, Sir, to *me* of your Christian character!” thundered the Earl.

“Your Lordship means not to insult or outrage my sacred office; too well I know your Lordship’s lofty character. When you are calmer, you possess a soul loving justice; to that soul I appeal; for that calmness I wait; I will then render full account of everything, even the smallest matter that I have done”—

“Now, Sir! now! the present moment! You shall have no pretence, Sir, for contriving evasive answers, or cunning subterfuges! Sir, there is a seat beside you! Mr. Hylton—I request you—I beg you to be seated—begin! begin, Sir!—I am calmer—I am calmer than I was—calm I never shall be again—my soul is shaken by your misconduct—your cruelty—your perfidy!”

“If, my Lord, you desire me, as calmly as I may, to give an account of my doings, I will at once”—

“Well, Sir!—at last, then!—but remember, Sir, two things I want!—explain *the past*! forbear *for the future*! to those two, Sir, address your words!”

“Have I, then, my Lord, really free speech? Hear me first, my

Lord, and afterwards, if you choose, dismiss me hence as you will, with whatever indignity, with whatever reproach!"

"Oh! I am all ear, Sir! all attention!" exclaimed Lord Milverstoke, with an exhausted look, his eyes fixed heavily on those of Mr. Hylton, who, with a composed presence of mind which had never for a moment deserted him, inclined towards Lord Milverstoke with a countenance full of respect and sympathy, believing now that the fearful storm had spent its chief violence.

"Having leave, my Lord," he began with quiet deliberation, "from one who never once broke his word, that I know of, and who, I verily believe, from his high nature, cannot, I will speak as becomes one man to another, in the presence of Him who made us both, and orders every event that ever happened or can happen, however mysterious and awful, His nature being such. I will speak as though I might never again speak here, nor enter this Castle. I acknowledge the duty I owe your Lordship, one that, humble and imperfect as may be my mode of doing it, I would earnestly desire to do, to the end of my days,—or to the end of your Lordship's will and pleasure. It was I that buried your dead out of your sight, my Lord, and in that awful moment was so moved by your majestic sorrow, that I scarce could perform my sacred functions." Lord Milverstoke's eyes fell to the ground for a moment, and his lips quivered, but manifestly with no intention to speak, and Mr. Hylton's voice slightly trembled: "When you quitted that burial-place, these eyes followed you, and I breathed an humble prayer to Almighty God, that He who had broken would heal your heart—a prayer that has seldom since been absent from me, or forgotten when I offered up my own supplications. My Lord, this most cruel, this barbarous and most bloody murder, is hideous at this moment in my eyes as in your Lordship's: the vengeance of Heaven, of Him to whom vengeance belongs, will assuredly light upon the head of him who did this deed, be it sooner, be it later, than man may look for; and I pray God that such vengeance, if it be His will, may be swift. Now crave I your Lordship's most absolute word and promise to be performed, while I say but little more. I know not when I knowingly broke my own word, or spoke that which I knew to be false; and so I now tell your Lordship firmly, even though a thousand torturing racks were stretched in readiness before me, I believe in my soul of souls, that this wretched man, Adam Ayliffe, is innocent of this deed." Lord Milverstoke started from

his chair, his breast heaving suddenly and violently, and he walked to and fro for a few moments in silence, while Mr. Hylton proceeded :—"I believe that had he been able, and had had the opportunity, his giant strength would have slain a thousand who had raised a hand against the precious life of your son; ay, or of any one else."

"Oh! insupportable!—intolerable!" vehemently muttered the Earl through his closed teeth, as he paced to and fro before Mr. Hylton, looking, however, away from him, as if resolved not to interrupt him.

"I deliberately acknowledge, however, that, as the case was proved at the trial on Friday last, no other verdict than Guilty would have been just."

"Oh! what candour!" muttered the Earl to himself, with a kind of bitter fury.

"So said, as doubtless your Lordship has heard, the Chief Justice of England; so said the jury; so said all who heard: there, had it stood, I would, had I been so required, have done mine office towards the dying guilty, nor dared to meddle with his righteous doom. My Lord, these eyes saw, these ears heard, that wretched convict, when first he was thrust, manacled and fettered, and blighted by the curse of his sentence, into the cell where he awaited, and, I fear me, still awaits, an ignominious and unrighteous death. In that most terrible hour, believing himself thenceforth utterly beyond the help of man, did he most solemnly avow himself innocent. I believed him then, and have ever since; and I believe him *now*."

"How long—how much longer all this drivel?" quoth the Earl, as if nearly bursting through all self-control.

"But not on my mere belief, nor any man's mere belief, could that verdict be shaken. Yet have I gained, with efforts which nought could have induced me to make but a conviction that I obeyed the will of God, a brief and precious respite for this wretch. I have striven—I have been in long and mental struggle with the stern and just Chief Justice, and laid such cause before him as did force his righteous mind to delay this death. And for the grounds—the reasons—these am I ready to lay before your Lordship, if so your Lordship pleases." Mr. Hylton paused, and bowed.

"Ho, then at length my lips are loosed!—is it—even—so?" said the Earl. "And I may speak? and am able to speak, not being

choked with all the drivel that I have been hearing, and I hope, for your sake, Sir, that you have forgotten! So the idiot chatter of the convict-cell—but"—the Earl with a great effort restrained himself—"but state, Sir, such reasons, such grounds, as you have urged—state, I say, your pretences—false I know them!—Sir, Sir, I ask your forgiveness! Language unjustifiable and unbecoming has passed from these lips—I crave forgiveness, Sir! Scarce know I sometimes what I say or think. But, in mercy to me, tell me briefly why—why the law falters about this death, and so stultifies its most solemn doings in so few days, before all mankind?"

"My Lord, such reasons as I alleged satisfied a reluctant Judge; but only so far as to grant delay. No glimpse of mercy—of pardon—was there in his gloomy face; but this brief delay he granted for inquiry."

Here Mr. Hylton produced the copy he had made of the letter which he had forwarded that day to London, and explained briefly how and when he himself had received it. Then he read it to the Earl with deliberate emphasis, observing his Lordship give a slight start when the running of the two men along the shore was mentioned; but he seemed instantly to recover himself, and heard Mr. Hylton read, without interrupting him, to the end. Then Mr. Hylton observed, on quickly glancing at the Earl, an expression of withering scorn flit instantaneously over his agitated features.

"And that wretched scrawl has delayed this day's justice, and satisfied the powerful mind of the Chief Justice! Sir, I tell you he must be a dotard! He should be removed! He deserves impeachment! I will in my place in Parliament impeach him!"

"Sees then, really, your Lordship nothing in all this?—no reason even for pausing—for considering whether it may not be possible to trace out the guilty and save the innocent? Oh, my Lord, not one single fortnight before the tree be felled, which, once felled, must lie for ever as it falls!"

"Who sees not, Sir, that this your letter is a transparent device—a forgery—an imposture—a practice upon your credulity? And are keys such as these henceforth to open our prison-doors? Oh, horrible, horrible mockery!"

"The writer, my Lord, is known—known to one whom your Lordship knows—the Rector of Midgecombe—a gentleman, surely, and of honour and veracity."

"Oh, how can I patiently hear you, Mr. Hylton,"—said the Earl, reproachfully, and with infinitely greater calmness than he had till then manifested, "seriously urging on me such despicable drivelling—for is it not such? Will that paper of yours bear an instant's scrutiny? And is it to be the potent instrument of letting loose again on society—oh, I shudder! I sicken! Why, Sir, how long is justice to be thus befooled? How long must we wait till these persons—Sir, the mere stating of it shows the monstrous absurdity of your proceedings. Your feelings pervert your judgment and disturb your understanding, Sir. A false pity makes you credulous and cruel : credulous are you to the guilty : cruel are you to the living—cruel to the memory of the dead!"

"No, my Lord! The dead may be in spirit present with us at this moment—hearing and seeing, or *knowing* how the truth is—oh, my Lord, my Lord!"—Mr. Hylton said all this very solemnly, and saw that the Earl was for a moment startled by the thought which had been suggested to him. "And beware, my Lord, lest you yourself be credulous of guilt where guilt is not. Is it not worse than being credulous of innocence where innocence is not, but guilt? This last is an error reparable; the other, irreparable; and an account thereof must be given hereafter. I speak with the liberty and authority of my office. I come not unbidden before you; I intrude not on the retirement of grief. But you call me hither; and, as a messenger from my Heavenly Master, I stand before you, and plead against this your precipitate judgment of your fellow-man. 'If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who should stand?' To Him all things are known, even our most secret sins; quite forgotten, it may be, by ourselves, unknown to any living; but marked and remembered by Him! all seen by the unsleeping Eye!"

The Earl remained silent; his face suddenly went of a ghastly whiteness.

Mr. Hylton proceeded :—"Awful is this visitation of His Providence—like a thunderbolt hath it fallen on your Lordship. Humble yourself under the mighty hand of God! Think not of vengeance, which is His, and He will repay it! How know you His object in all this? or the cause of it? That there is some deep mystery hanging over this fearful occurrence, I in my conscience do believe. It may be one never to be solved on this side of the grave," proceeded Mr. Hylton, who *felt* that his words were sinking into

the heart of the listener. "I have myself reason to suspect—perhaps to fear—that something strange and solemn may yet come forth from all this; yet to me all is now darkness. My Lord, I ask your pardon, I did not hear what your Lordship said," continued Mr. Hylton, observing that the Earl asked him some question.

"I know not, Sir," said he in a low subdued tone of voice, and a strange apprehensive expression of countenance, "what you wish to convey to me. What do you mean, Sir? What are you alluding to?"

He paused, and Mr. Hylton remained silent, from several considerations.

"Did you, Sir," said, presently, the Earl, "send Captain Lutteridge to me as an emissary to torment me, and"—he stopped, evidently suffering under strong emotion.

"My Lord, I did not send Captain Lutteridge hither; he proposed it himself: he refused from a scruple of honour to disclose some matter which yet he said had happened, or, if I understood aright, something that had been said at your Lordship's banqueting-table before."—

"Have you seen him, Sir, since your return?" said the Earl faintly.

"I have, my Lord."

"And what said he?"

"That he had seen your Lordship; and he simply refused to give me any information whatever, or to give me any cause for his withholding it."

The Earl sighed heavily. "And, tell me, Sir, did you found on anything that had fallen from him, any plea urged before the Chief Justice?" said the Earl eyeing Mr. Hylton with gloomy intensity.

"My Lord, I was forced to quit Milverstoke"—

"I know, I know that, Sir. But give me an answer! Give me, Sir, an answer to my question!—candid and true, I know from your character, that such answer will be."

"I repeat, my Lord, that time pressed upon me, I may say, mortally. I saw the Captain but for a short time; he refused to tell me aught that had passed at your Lordship's table without your Lordship's most explicit permission, which he said he would get refused or granted before I quitted for London; but, to my infinite concern, the coach came before him, and I quitted by it, or my

mission had been useless. Under these difficulties, my Lord,"—The Earl listened with agonising earnestness. "I did most undoubtedly say to my Lord Chief Justice solely this, that I might possibly be able hereafter to show him some reasons for the Lord Alkmond's having quitted the banqueting-table, to go into the wood as he did; but I mentioned not names nor places, least of all those of your Lordship; and not naming them, neither did I in any way suggest or insinuate them."

The Earl eyed him all the while that he was saying this gloomily. "Do you believe Lord Milverstoke, Mr. Hilton, when he affirms anything?"

"Most absolutely, as I would that me your Lordship would so believe."

"Then, Sir, I tell you that I verily believe it to be out of all question, that the brief conversation which Captain Lutteridge represents as having taken place at my table had any connexion whatsoever with the frightful occurrence which has reduced me to—that which you see before you. Yet, Sir, would I not have such matters talked of, giving occasion, as possibly they might, to vulgar scandal and gossip, and offensive and hurtful speculation and wondering. But, Sir, is it possible that the Chief Justice laid stress on such matter; and founded upon it, in any degree, his respite?"

"I know not, my Lord, for he said not; he told me, with a face that, ever since, I have seen frowning before me, that he was all against me! and that, in a manner, I took the proffered respite at my peril—on peril, that is, of making the prisoner twice die."

"Think not, Sir, from what I have said in this matter, that I consent to this foolish respite; I think it a foul perversion of justice, and of most horrid example."

"I was hoping, my Lord, that milder and better thoughts were rising up in your mind!"

"Draw not false consequences, Sir, from appearances. Methinks I seem calmer than when we met; but, believe me, Sir, my heart seems dead within me; my mind may follow at any instant. I feel my soul failing me. Things that you know not, revived by what you have been saying, are well-nigh maddening me; I can now no longer think or talk. Leave me, Mr. Hylton; but be assured, my will is inflexible, my judgment unconvinced—utterly untouched by anything that you have urged."

“Still would I ask your Lordship to listen to the other ground on which I pressed my precarious suit with the Chief Justice. My Lord, I have reason to believe that—without desiring to impute anything of wilful misconduct to one of the principal witnesses, he was seriously mistaken, at least, in attributing to the prisoner that which he has ever strenuously disclaimed—ill blood to your Lordship, or any member of your family. That witness stated that this unhappy man, and even his father, had long entertained malignant feelings towards your Lordship.”

“So they have, Sir! I know it!” interrupted the Earl, fiercely: “but why am I to be dragged into these matters? Am I to sit in judgment on every paltry perversion of proved facts, subsequently thought of by the condemned and his friends? No more of it, Sir! No more of it, Sir! I will hear nothing: blood glares before my eyes! the cry of it is in my ears! Leave me! leave me, Sir! and pursue, if you will, your insane efforts to cheat the gallows finally of its prey!—to bring again to Milverstoke your injured, your pious, parishioner! Oh!—it is maddening!—Sir, I would be alone!”

“I take my leave then, my Lord, thus laden with your bitter, but I feel unjust, reproaches: my conscience being clear and void of offence to God and man, and dictating my duty; that duty I must and will do, my Lord, caring for consequences nothing whatever.”

“Good even, Sir, good even!” interrupted the Earl impetuously, and with a miserable countenance; and, bowing in silence, Mr. Hylton withdrew, greatly oppressed; inwardly bewailing the Earl’s sufferings, but more his unchristian temper; desponding for the issue of his own enterprise of mercy and justice; but with no trace of exasperation or irritation for the many harsh expressions and imputations which had been levelled at him by the proud, infuriate peer.

That night slept good Mr. Hylton in deep, sweet sleep, forgetful of all things—alike of bodily fatigue, of mental anxiety, and the bitter, impassioned reproaches to which he had listened with manly and Christian forbearance just before retiring to rest. Not him disturbed they sleeping, as, when awake, they had not provoked him to forgetfulness of whose Minister and servant he was; whose work he had to do; whom he had hereafter to appear before, and show how that work had been done!

It cannot be exactly told how it came to pass, but there seemed a sort of tacit understanding that evening among the leading inha-

bitants of Milverstoke, that they should confer together on the matter of the Respite; and one by one they dropped into the parlour (a large, yet snug and simple-fashioned one it was) of the Blind Hound—for so had the inn at Milverstoke been immemorially called, owing to an ancient tradition in the Milverstoke family. While Mr. Hylton was engaged in his exciting interview with the gloomy lord of the Castle, the parlour of the Blind Hound was well nigh filled. The doctor had felt it his duty to call upon the churchwarden, Mr. Wigley, a man whom he had most thoroughly cured at least a fortnight before, and who being, somewhat, it might be, imprudently, at the Blind Hound, thither vigilantly followed him the doctor; and they two were incontinently joined by at least six or eight others.

“There’s no getting over the blood on coat and stick—there ought n’t to be, and therefore there can’t, and so there’s the end of all *that*, Mr. Wigley,” said Mr. Glynders, the farrier, whose professional services were often required at the Castle.

“Well, *nay* now,” say I; “*nay*, saving your better knowledge, Mr. Glynders,” quoth Mr. Wigley—a most devoted admirer of the parson’s—“why may it not be true, as the poor man said at the trial, that he did stumble in fright over a body that had been murdered by another?”

“Pho! so would get off every murderer,” replied Mr. Glynders haughtily. “I stand on my Lord Chief Justice, and he said ’twas all gammon, and quite impossible to be true; and he were right!”

“Why,” said Mr. Muddle, a small farmer, “saving your presence, Mr. Glynders, I do remember something that, if you please, I will mention:—Do you, gentlemen, any of you remember when Nick Gould did have me up at Sessions, two years ago, for assault: he showed the Justices a shirt of his with blood on the neck and wrist, and swore I did it with my fist, when nobody else was by—he was believed, and I fined. I knowing all the while it was a cruel and false lie and perjury; for I fetched no blood, striking him only on the shoulder, and kicking him elsewhere (as I would again, were he to do what he did); hows’ever, I paid the money, and be hanged to him; and three months afterwards, over his cups one night, he owned the blood was that of a pig he’d killed the same time.”

“Now why can’t it be so here, Mr. Glynders?” said Mr. Wigley, replenishing his pipe:—“answer that,”

"Because it *can't*—that's flat," replied Glynders?" dogmatically.

"Alas! Mr. Wigley," said the doctor, "though I'm a bit shaken about this case, I don't see how that matter of Mr. Muddle concerns this—seeing there it was merely pig's blood, and none of man at all; but whereas here, 'tis owned by Ayliffe to be the very blood of poor Lord Alkmond past all dispute; so there's no likeness between the two cases."

"Yes, to be sure, that is so; and what I was going to say, Doctor," said Mr. Glynders. "So now you've had your say, Muddle; and a pretty one 'tis!"

Mr. Muddle modestly smoked in silence, inwardly owning that he was quite vanquished, but not very distinctly seeing how that had been effected by Mr. Glynders. Here there was a pause.

"I wonder," said the doctor, "what any one of us would have done had we been in Ayliffe's place—gone to do as he said he did—and, stick in hand, lit on the bloody body?"

"I should have tried to revive him; or see if he were really dead."

"I should have hollowed out Murder."

"So should I."

"I should have shouted, and run for help."

"I should have listened for steps," said several in a breath.

"And suppose," said Mr. Wigley, "you'd heard some one coming after you while you were running, and had suddenly thought how ugly and black it might seem against you—adad, if I'd thought of all that, I'm thinking I should have done as Ayliffe did, and be glad enough to get clean out on't."

"And a stick, with blood on it, in your hand, too, would be a nice companion to get home and be caught with," quoth Glynders.

"Nay, nay, you'r too hard on poor Ayliffe," said one.

"Suppose he'd thrown the stick away, and it had been found bloody; would n't that have been worse?"

No one answered this, for it seemed so convincing, till Mr. Muddle modestly said, "No; why, it might be said some one else had done it with Ayliffe's stick?"

Here was another pause: whereupon, "You see, gentlemen, how wrong you all get when once you go beyond my Lord Chief Justice and the jury. Depend on't they're always right, or it's no use having judge and jury."

"That which troubles me most in the business," said the doctor, "is what all this has brought on poor old Ayliffe and young Mrs. Ayliffe : better people never lived in this country, that ever I heard of; and as for the old man, he's brought up his family past most of us."

"Well, no one says *he's* done anything wrong, and much is he to be pitied," said Mr. Glynders; "yet 't is proved he had a terrible grudge against my Lord and *his*."

"What!" said Mr. Wigley, "old Adam Ayliffe!—my life on't, 't is false!" And all present but Glynders eagerly echoed his words. "Never hurt did Ayliffe to any man, woman, child, beast, bird, or any living thing."

"By the way, Sir," interposed Mr. Wigley, addressing the doctor, "how comes on poor Mrs. Ayliffe—is she likely to get over it?"

"No, I fear not; the labour that she was in, from the sudden fright, brought her direct to the grave's edge, and there she has been ever since : a single puff may blow her in, as it were!"

"So be it with the Lady Alkmond at the Castle, as I surely hear," said Mr. Glynders, somewhat sternly. "What can signify Adam Ayliffe's wife to that poor Lady?"

"Make not comparisons, Mr. Glynders, I beseech you!" said the doctor—who had been himself occasionally in attendance on Lady Alkmond, in addition to two physicians, one of them of great eminence from London, and another from the neighbouring town, and the resident family physician. "Surely God hath afflicted both, and the one is as innocent, and as much to be pitied, sure, as the other."

"What! where the one's husband—bless the poor Lady—died unjustly, and the other's will die justly?"

Here was a pause.

"I wonder what my Lord Milverstoke says to all this!" exclaimed one; and added, addressing Mr. Glynders, "What say you, Mr. Glynders—we should like to hear?"

"I never mention what happens at the Castle," he replied, very impressively. "But thus much I may say—his Lordship desires only the thing that is right to be done; which is, that this man, Ayliffe, should suffer!"

"'Tis a dreadful thing to hear oneself told, with one's own ear,

that one's body 's to be dissected and anatomised!" said one; and there was a perceptible shudder throughout the room.

"I hope it won't come to that," said the doctor mildly; "but if the thing *is* to be, why, I must say,"—he paused suddenly, and added, in a different voice—"it surely does not signify much—does it?—what is to become of the shell, if the kernel 's safe: and I think I know," he continued, dropping his voice to a lower tone, "those who will have the anatomising of poor Ayliffe! for what *must* be, must be, and there's no use mincing things, is there?" he asked, looking round with a melancholy shake of the head; but every face looked blank; no one answered; for before the disturbed mind's eye of each, arose the dismal object of a skeleton—the skeleton of one whom all of them had familiarly known for years as a man frank, good-natured, high-spirited, ready to oblige everybody, of spotless character till this questionable charge, and who, while they were talking lay, as it were, alive in death—his manly limbs heavily ironed, his heart broken.

"There's a deal of work to be done this next few days by those who have got this respite, is n't there?" said one.

"It will all come to nothing, you 'll see, this that was heard of, about a man seen running away. I suppose it's that which gained the respite; but those must be sharp who have the catching of that same man during the fortnight. I should like to know what said the King on the subject, when Mr. Hylton saw his Majesty?"

"*He* never saw the King—not he," said Mr. Glynders, somewhat sneeringly.

"*Did n't he!*" echoed Mr. Wigley confidently, and somewhat peremptorily; for he being churchwarden, and in frequent communication with Mr. Hylton on parish business, and indeed on many other matters, felt that he had a right to appear better informed than others, of his movements; and the grander they appeared, the more elevating, of course, to Mr. Wigley. His significant "*Did n't he!*" seemed conclusive; and after some other conversation of a general nature, the party was about to break up, when the landlord announced that Mr. Hylton had just called, on horseback, as he passed, to ask if Mr. Wigley were there; and on learning that he was, had ridden on, leaving word for him to come at once to the parsonage, as Mr. Hylton had something to say to him. Mr. Wigley looked important, yet changed colour a little; and all present silently gave him credit for being as high in the counsels of the Vicar, as he had been

intimating. And, to be sure, very shortly afterwards, Mr. Hylton, all fatigued and depressed in body and mind as he was, gave Mr. Wigley half an hour's audience, and then put him upon making many inquiries early in the ensuing day, into a point connected with the great murder case, which Mr. Wigley inwardly wondered had never before happened to occur to any of the very astute party at the Blind Hound. His ears also tingled a little at a chance-word falling from Mr. Hylton, which dissipated into thin air the notion of his having seen the King on the matter : but that, good Mr. Wigley perhaps justly deemed unnecessary to be again alluded to elsewhere : and besides, seeing the King's minister personally, was, after all, exceedingly like seeing the King himself.

CHAPTER V.

The first thing that Mr. Hylton did in the morning was to attempt to follow up the inquiries suggested by the mysterious letter from the mate of the Morning Star: taking such means as occurred to him to ascertain whether any one living near the sea-shore had noticed anything unusual on the eventful night in question; or anything which, when originally observed, might have appeared unimportant, yet, when now minutely inquired into, might become of pregnant significance. Then his thoughts directed themselves, in his dire dilemma and perplexity, towards a question which he dared hardly even propose to himself:—Could any one have had any imaginable motive for killing Lord Alkmond? Scarcely venturing to follow up the shadowy possibility, yet led on irresistibly by the vague and mysterious character of what might have taken place at, or immediately after, the banquet on that fatal evening; he thought within himself as he stood in his little library, ‘Had the unfortunate young nobleman, in an unguarded and guilty hour, yielded to headlong passions, and lit up in the hearts of others the fires of intense and unappeasable malignity and revenge? But, indeed, how could that degrading suspicion be entertained in the case of a young nobleman, situated as he was—more especially at that particular period—coming down at a season of exulting family festivity, accompanied by his beautiful Viscountess, and his cherished little son and heir? Had, nevertheless,’ for Mr. Hylton felt such an awful sense of responsibility upon him as compelled him to do with his might what his hand had undertaken to do—and to let no false delicacy, no improbability even, however glaring at first sight—prevent him from exhausting every possible supposition—‘had Lord Alkmond so far forgotten himself, in a moment of licentiousness, in a temporary God-forgetting recklessness, as to incur the blasting guilt of ruining female virtue, and turning into fiends some interested in protecting or avenging it? If not at, or near, Milverstoke, had such miserable occurrence happened elsewhere: and had the blood-thirsty avenger tracked his unsuspecting steps,

and lain in wait for him? Why was Lord Alkmond at all in the woods at such an hour on such an occasion? Had he gone by appointment? or impelled by what some call fatality?' Mr. Hylton almost started in trepidation, at the possibilities which he was conjuring up around him—the fearful figures with which he was peopling his disturbed and morbidly active fancy. For *hat something* had occurred, and of a very peculiar nature, was evident from what little had dropped from Captain Lutteridge and the Earl himself; the latter being—and, indeed, having owned himself—greatly distressed and agitated about the matter, and having peremptorily forbidden both Captain Lutteridge and Mr. Hylton to utter a syllable about it, to any one.

'But let me not,' suddenly said Mr. Hylton, almost aloud, 'let me not wrong the noble and innocent dead, in order to protect even the wronged, and innocent, and mortally-endangered living! To the winds with such injurious and cruel suspicions!' Yet, struggle as he might, he could not quit the dismally exciting train of thought into which he had seemed forced; and his speculations received a fresh impetus on its suddenly occurring to him, that he had heard of the young Lord's having been for some time shortly previous to the fatal occurrence, in low and troubled spirits; and Captain Lutteridge had distinctly told him that whatever was the subject which had been introduced into the conversation, it had suddenly disturbed Lord Alkmond to a pitch that was absolutely intolerable, and he had been, apparently, incapacitated from presenting himself, at least till after some intended interval for recovering his spirits, in the ball-room. Into the woods he had gone; and to a very considerable distance from the Castle; and long he could not have been absent, before being murdered by the hand of most frightfully ferocious violence. Had that blow been struck by the persons who were represented as having been seen running along the shore? And had they intended to slay Lord Alkmond? or had they mistaken him for some other person? If so, *for whom?* Had his Lordship unexpectedly encountered poachers, and, owing to his dress, in the gloom of the night, been confounded with some obnoxious keeper? Or had he, with the spirit of a soldier, endeavoured to resist and capture, and been suddenly felled to the earth by some one behind? Or—horrid thought, haunting Mr. Hylton in spite of all that had occurred in the condemned cell—had, as suggested by the Lord Chief Justice, the blow been really

struck by Ayliffe, under the belief that he was inflicting it on Hundle, the perfidious informer against him? Or was it possible that Lord Alkmond had gone out into the wood by appointment?—a supposition that seemed to the last degree improbable. With whom? For what? And at such an hour, and on such an occasion? If Ayliffe had gone into the wood in the way which he had represented, how knew he that Hundle would be there? And had Hundle been there that night? After being long tormented by these and many other perplexing conjectures, Mr. Hylton suddenly asked himself the question—whether, if, at the fortnight's end, the case stood as it did at that moment, he could then offer any valid reason whatever, why the sentence of the law should not be carried into effect? For what would there in such case be to extricate Ayliffe from the rational presumption arising out of his appalling proximity to the deed, in point of both time and place, as established to demonstration—but his own unsupported assertions? Would there be really doubt enough to warrant a further suspension of the sentence? He sighed, and inwardly answered in the negative. Had he, then, been guilty of precipitation? For surely very guilty would be such precipitation: and of that guilt all would convict him, however unjustly, by the adverse issue of his exertions. Alas! if he had nourished hopes but to be blighted! How heavy and thankless his responsibility! Accused on every side; by the prisoner, and all who pitied and wished him well; by Lord Milverstoke, and those interested in the prosecution; by the public, roused on behalf of justice!

Greatly disturbed was he by these doubts and fears; yet he felt consoled by the conscious purity of his motives, his utter disinterestedness. Nay, was he not acting directly against his own worldly interests, in thus making a mortal enemy of the Earl of Milverstoke? This last, however, was a consideration which gave him not an instant's concern. And for the rest, he had from the first besought, and continued faithfully to seek, the aid of Heaven, and its guidance in all his doings; wherefore he felt a supporting consciousness of being engaged upon his duty, resolved to shrink from no suffering or sacrifice, whether foreseen or not; to leave no effort untried: *to work while it was day; for the night came in which no man might work.*

He felt an almost insuperable repugnance to visiting poor Ayliffe during the pendency of these critical proceedings. What questions

might he not ask?—questions, the not answering of which might prove as fatally delusive, as the answering disingenuously; and as to equivocation of any sort, under any circumstances, it was a thing impossible to Mr. Hylton—least of all, as a minister of religion, and towards a death-doomed fellow-creature. And with reference to Mr. Hylton's present object, what useful information, as the case then stood, had he to expect from Ayliffe? There seemed but one subject on which Mr. Hylton could with any advantage question him : and yet, when considered, how ineffectually, whatever might be the answer!—and that was, concerning the reason which Ayliffe had had for expecting to meet with Hundle in the wood, on the particular night when he went thither. But, as the case stood, what signified that reason, however satisfactory and conclusive? except, indeed, as tending to negative the notion that he had gone thither with any feelings of hostility towards Lord Alkmond, whom, nevertheless, he might have mistaken for the object of his own particular vengeance. But Mr. Hylton received one brief message from the unhappy occupant of the condemned cell which no man, least of all such an one as Mr. Hylton, could disregard :—“I go back into darkness while you are away!”

On this, ‘Poor soul!’ said Mr. Hylton, ordering his horse, ‘I will quickly be with thee!’

As he rode along, his mind lost sight almost entirely of the temporal in the spiritual, the present in the future, interests of the condemned; and by the time that he had reached the gaol, his mind was in an elevated frame, befitting the solemn and sublime considerations with which it had been engaged.

A turnkey, with loaded blunderbuss on his arm, leaned against the cell door, which he opened for Mr. Hylton in silence, as he approached; disclosing poor Ayliffe sitting on his bench, double-ironed, his head buried in his hands, his elbows supported by his knees. He did not move on the entrance of Mr. Hylton, as his name had not been mentioned by the turnkey.

“Adam! Adam!—the Lord be with you! Amen!” exclaimed Mr. Hylton, gently taking in his hand one of the prisoner's.

Ayliffe suddenly started up, a gaunt figure, rattling in his irons, and grasping, in both his hands, that of Mr. Hylton, carried it to his heart, to which he pressed it for some moments in silence, and then, bursting into tears, sunk again on his bench.

“God bless you, Adam! and *lift up the light of His countenance*

upon you! Put your trust in him: but remember that he is the All-Seeing, the Omniscient, Omnipotent God, *who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity!*"

Ayliffe wept in silence, and with reverent affection of manner pressed to his lips the still-retained hand of Mr. Hylton.

"Come, Adam! speak! Speak to your pastor—your friend—your minister!"

"You seem an angel, Sir!" said Ayliffe, looking at him with a dull, oppressed eye, that was heart-breaking.

"Why an angel, Adam? I bring you," said Mr. Hylton, shaking his head, and sighing, "no earthly good news whatever; nothing but my unworthy offices to prepare you for hereafter! Prepare! prepare to meet thy God, for he draweth near! And who may abide the day of his coming!"

"I was readier for my change when last I saw you, Sir, than now," said Ayliffe, with a suppressed groan, covering his face with his manacled hands.

"How is that, poor Adam?"

"Ah!—I was, so it seemed, half over Jordan, and have been dragged back. I see not now that other bright shore which made me forget earth! All now is dark!"

His words smote Mr. Hylton to the heart. "Why is this? Why should it be? Adam!" said he, very earnestly, "have you ever been, can you possibly ever be, out of God's hands? What happens but from God? And if He hath prolonged this your bitter, bitter trial, what should you, what can you do, but submit to His infinite power and goodness? *He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men, to crush under his feet all the prisoners of the earth! He will not cast off for ever; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies!*"

"Oh, Sir! oft do I think his mercy is clean gone for ever! Why—why am I here?" he continued, with sudden vehemence "He knoweth my innocence—yet will make me die the death of the guilty! That cannot, *cannot* be just!"

"Adam! Adam! Satan is indeed besieging you! Even if, in the inscrutable decrees of Providence, you be ordained to die for what you did not, have you forgotten that sublime and awful truth and fact on which hang all your hopes—the death of Him who died, *the just for the unjust?*"

Ayliffe's head sunk down on his knees.

"Ah, Sir!" said he, tremulously, after a while, during which Mr. Hylton interfered not with his meditations, "these words do drive me into the dust, and then raise me again higher than I was before!"

"And so they ought, Adam. Is there a God? Has he really revealed himself? Are the Scriptures true? Am I the true servant of a true master? If to all this you say *yea*—speak not again distrustfully. If you do—if you so think—then are you too like to be beyond the pale of mercy. I am free, Adam,—you are bound,—yet are both our lives every instant at the command and absolute disposal of Him who gave them, that we might be on trial here for a little while. For aught I know, I may even yet die before you, and with greater pain and grief; but both of us must die, and much of my life is gone for ever. As your frail fellow-mortal, then, I beseech you to listen to me! Our mode of leaving life is ordered by God, even as our mode of living in it. To some he hath ordained riches, other poverty; some pleasure, others misery, in this life; but all for reasons, and with objects best known, nay, known only to Himself! Adam, you have now been four days here beyond that which had been appointed you—now that we are alone, have you aught to confide to me, as the minister for whom you have sent? What saith my Master? If you confess your sins, he is faithful and just to forgive you; but if you say that you have no sin, you deceive yourself, and the truth is not in you. And if that last be so, Adam, what shall be said of you, what can be hoped for you?"

"If you be thinking of that deed for which I am condemned," said Ayliffe, with a suddenly radiant countenance, "then am I easy and happy. God, my maker, and who will be my judge, knoweth whether I speak the truth. Ay! ay! innocent am I of this deed as you!"

"It is right, Adam, that I should tell you that all mankind who know of your case, from the highest down even to the lowest, do believe you guilty."

"Ah, Sir, is not that hard to bear?" said Ayliffe, with a grievous sigh, and a countenance that looked unutterable things.

"It is, Adam—it is hard; yet, were it harder, it must be borne. Here is Lord Milverstoke, who hath lost his son—his only son—the heir to his title and his vast possessions—lost him in this mys-

terious and horrid way : is not *that* hard to be borne? Have you, Adam,—I ask you by your precious hopes of hereafter,—animosity towards him, who believes you to be his son's murderer?"

There was an awful silence for nearly a minute, at the close of which, Ayliffe, with an anguished face, said,

"Oh, Sir! give me time to answer you! Pray for me! I know whose example I ought to imitate; but"—he suddenly seemed to have sunk into a reverie, which lasted for some time; at the end of which,—“Sir—Mr. Hylton,” said he, desperately, “*am* I truly to die on Monday week? Oh, tell me! tell me, Sir! Life is sweet, I own!”

He sprung towards Mr. Hylton, and convulsively grasped his hands, looking into his face with phrenzied earnestness.

“I cannot—I will not deceive you Adam,” replied Mr. Hylton, looking aside, and with a profound sigh. “My duty is to prepare you for death! But”—

“Ah!” said he, with a desperate air, “to be hanged like a vile dog!—and every one cursing me, who am all the while innocent!—and no Burial Service to be said over my poor body!—never—*never* to be buried!” With a dismal groan he sunk back, and would have fallen from the bench, but for Mr. Hylton's stepping forward. “Sir—Sir,” said Ayliffe presently, glaring with sudden wildness at Mr. Hylton, “did you see the man at the door with the blunderbuss? There he stands! all day! all night! but never comes in!—never speaks!—Would that he would put it to my head and finish me in a moment!”

“Adam! Adam! what awful language is this that I hear?” said Mr. Hylton, sternly. “Is this the way that you have spoken to your pious and venerable father?”

“No! no! no! Sir!”—he pressed his hand to his forehead—“but my poor head wanders! I—I am better now! I seem just to have come out of a dream. But never should I dream thus, if you would stay with me—till—all is over!”

Feeling it quite impossible to ask the miserable convict such questions as he had wished, Mr. Hylton resolved not to make the attempt, but to do it as prudently and as early as might be, through old Ayliffe, or the Chaplain or governor of the gaol. He was just about to leave, and was considering in what terms he could the most effectually address himself to Ayliffe, when, without any summons having issued from within, the door was unlocked, and the turnkey, thrusting in his head, said,

“ I say, my man, here’s the woman come with thy child, that thou’st been asking for. They’ll come in when the gentleman goes.”

Ayliffe started up from his seat with an eager motion towards the door, but was suddenly jerked down again, having forgotten in his momentary extacy that his irons were attached to a staple in the floor.

“ Come, come, my man,” said the turnkey, sternly, “ thou must be a bit quieter, I can tell thee, if this child is to come to thee.”

“ Give me the lad! give me the lad! give me the lad!” said Ayliffe, in a hoarse whisper, his eyes straining towards the approaching figure of the good woman, who, with a very sorrowful and apprehensive look, now came in sight of the condemned man.

“ Lord bless thee, Adam Ayliffe!” she began, bursting into tears, “ Lord love thee and protect thee, Adam!”

“ Give me the lad!—show me the lad!” he continued, gazing intently at her, while she tremblingly pushed aside her cloak, and, behold, there lay, simply and decently clad, his little boy, awake, and gazing, apparently apprehensively, at the strange wild figure whose arms were extended to receive it.”

“ Adam, father of this thy dear child,” said Mr. Hylton, interposing for a moment between Ayliffe and the child, not without some alarm, “ wilt thou handle it tenderly, remembering how feeble and small it is?”

On this, poor Ayliffe gazed at Mr. Hylton with a face of unspeakable agony, weeping lamentably; and still extending his arms, the passive child, gazing at him in timid silence, was placed within them. He sat down gently, gazing at his child for some moments, with a face never to be forgotten by those who saw it. Then he brought it near to his face, and kissed incessantly, but with unspeakable tenderness, its tiny features, which were quickly bedewed with his tears.

“ His mother!—his mother!—his mother!” he exclaimed, in heart-rending tones, still gazing intently at its face, which was directed towards his own with evident apprehension. Its little hand for a moment clasped one of the irons that bound its father, but removed it immediately, probably from the coldness of the metal. The father saw this, and seemed dreadfully agitated for some moments; and Mr. Hylton, who also had observed the little

circumstance, was greatly affected, and turned aside his head. After a while,

“How easily, my little lad, could I dash out thy brains against these irons,” said Ayliffe, in a low desperate tone of voice, staring into the child’s face, “and save thee from ever coming to this unjust fate that thy father hath!”

Mr. Hylton was excessively alarmed, but concealed his feelings, preparing, nevertheless, for some perilous and insane action endangering the safety of the child. The gathering cloud, however, passed away, and the manacled father kissed his unconscious child with all his former tenderness.

“They ’ll tell thee, poor lad, that I was a murderer! though it be false as hell! They ’ll shout after thee, There goes the murderer’s son!” He paused—and then with a sudden start, said—“There will be no grave for thee or thy mother to come and cry over!”

“Adam,” said Mr. Hylton, very anxiously, “weary not thyself thus—alarm not this poor child, by thus yielding to fear and despair; but rather, if it can hereafter remember what passeth here this day, may its thoughts be of thy love, and of thy gentleness! If it be the will of God that thou must die, and that unjustly, as far as men are concerned, He will watch over and provide for this little soul, whom He, foreseeing its fate, sent into the world.”

Ayliffe lifted the child with trembling arms and pressed its cheeks to his lips. The little creature did not cry, nor appear likely to do so, but seemed the image of mute apprehension. The whole scene was so painful, that Mr. Hylton was not sorry when the Governor of the gaol approached, to intimate that the interview must cease. The prisoner, exhausted with violent excitement, quietly surrendered his child to his attendant, and then silently grasped the hand of Mr. Hylton, who thereupon quitted the cell; the door of which was immediately locked upon its miserable occupant: who was once again *alone*!

The inquiries which Mr. Hylton had caused to be set on foot with reference to Hundle proved to be utterly unproductive. What, indeed, had been the precise object which Mr. Hylton had proposed to himself in making them, beyond partially corroborating the statements made by Ayliffe himself at the trial, and whenever he had been interrogated on the subject, that he really had had reason to believe that Hundle was to be in the woods on the evening

when Ayliffe had gone to lie in wait for him? When questioned on the subject, he said that he had ascertained the intended visit of Hundle, by happening to overhear a conversation between him and another, both of whom had agreed to be in the wood in quest of game, as Ayliffe understood, on the memorable evening in question; and it had unhappily occurred to Ayliffe that this would afford him a fitting opportunity, not only of severely chastising Hundle, but of subjecting him to the severe penalties of the law against poaching, by detecting and capturing him in the very act. Mr. Hylton secretly hoped that Hundle might have absconded in consequence of Ayliffe's statement at the trial; but when Mr. Wigley rode over to the village where the man resided, for the purpose of making the desired inquiries concerning him, he was found engaged in his ordinary employment of a farmer's day-labourer, one which it seemed that he had never suspended since the disastrous occurrence which had led to the inquiry. He totally denied, and with an astonished air which impressed his interrogator, that he had ever made any such arrangement for going to the wood, as had been alleged by Ayliffe, or that he had ever dreamed of doing so; and that he was at his own cottage during the whole of the evening in question, as his mother also emphatically affirmed. He admitted that he had acted a shabby and cruel part towards Ayliffe about the hare, but pleaded the distress of himself and his mother; and, when asked how he could have supposed that one in such circumstances as those of Ayliffe, could possibly pay any portion of the expected fine, said that he had heard of Ayliffe's having high friends, who would not see him in trouble for a pound or two; and mentioned the Vicar of Milverstoke as the chief of such friends, having heard Ayliffe himself speak of that reverend gentleman in terms of impassioned gratitude and respect. Hundle offered to be confronted with Ayliffe at any moment on the subject in question, and voluntarily accompanied Mr. Wigley to the person whom Ayliffe alleged to have concurred with him in his projected expedition; but the man had some ten days before, it seemed, gone to another part of the country. The only practical result, then, of these inquiries was, so far from being in any degree corroborative of Ayliffe's statement, to give it a flat contradiction; which unspeakably disheartened and distressed Mr. Hylton, tending to paralyze his humane exertions—nay, even to shake his confidence in Ayliffe's truthfulness and innocence.

The day after that on which Mr. Hylton had received this information, he resolved to see Ayliffe, and probe his conscience on the subject. Two little incidents occurred to him, on his melancholy ride from Milverstoke to the gaol, which, though insignificant in themselves, yet made a lasting impression upon him. As he passed the cottage in which poor Ayliffe's child was living, he dismounted, in order to make his usual weekly payment out of Lady Emily's bounty; and on entering found his good wife, Mrs. Hylton, there, accompanied by his little daughter. As her father entered, she was in the act of putting, with childish excitement of manner, a small silver token into the hand of the child; who, though incapable of appreciating the gift, yet smiled upon the little giver with what appeared to Mr. Hylton to be an expression of ineffable sweetness. "And this is the child of the reputed murderer of Lord Alkmond!" thought he; and a tear came into his eyes, and he sighed deeply. As he rode along, that child's countenance accompanied him, pleading hard in favour of its most miserable parent!

When he had gone about two-thirds on his way, he saw at a distance the figure of a man sitting on a milestone, just under a tree—and who should this prove to be but old Ayliffe, on his knees resting his large brass-edged Bible. The old man was not for some time aware of Mr. Hylton's approach: the wind (which was very bitter) coming from an opposite direction, and Ayliffe sitting in a sad and thoughtful attitude, with his eyes bent upon the ground. Mr. Hylton stopped for some moments to look at him—much moved, and even startled by the coincidence which had happened: that he, going to see the death-doomed son, in whom his confidence, till then so firm, was beginning to be shaken, should have encountered both son and father, each under circumstances so touching and unlooked-for.

Mr. Hylton had come up with Ayliffe before the latter seemed aware of his approach; and to his arrested eye the old man's countenance seemed invested with an aspect of grandeur. There might be seen in it gloom and grief; a certain stern composure and dignity, speaking of nature's own nobility. And he had, withal, an appearance so utterly poverty-stricken! And his features were so pallid and wasted!—He had walked upwards of five miles from his cottage to the gaol; and his wearied limbs required the rest which he was taking—the book which he carried, being also somewhat weighty for an old man's carrying so far.

He was bringing, he said, in answer to Mr. Hylton's inquiries, his own old Bible, to read out of it to his son, at his own earnest request; and to leave it with him constantly during the few remaining days of his life; "There is no difference in Bibles, Sir," said the old man with sorrowful deliberation of manner, "so each be the pure book of God—that I do well know; but *this* one will my poor son weep precious tears to see; and I shall weep grievously over it, after he is gone!"

"My excellent, my pious friend," said Mr. Hylton, "I go this day again to see your son; but with very heavy heart. How fast is wearing away his time! and yet I make no advance towards his rescue or pardon! No, not a step! And assuredly I do believe that he will die on the day now appointed by the law."

"The will of God be done, Sir!" exclaimed Ayliffe, taking off his hat, as he spoke, and looking reverently upwards with an eye of awful expression.

"I grieve to say, Adam, that I can do nothing with my Lord Milverstoke, in the way of getting him to say that he doubts, be it never so little; or of prevailing on him to recommend to mercy!"

The old man covered his eyes with his hand, and shook his head sadly. After a long pause—"Sir," said he, speaking in a low broken tone of voice, "he was a father, as *yet* I am. Some little while ago, he thought as little to lose his only son, as did I to have mine taken from me, as he will be a few days hence. Yet who hath done both these things; but Almighty God, whose creatures we all are? And if his Lordship does verily believe that my son slew his, who shall wonder if he think it right that my poor son should die according to the law? But as for me, my days are now few and bitter, and this is like to close them somewhat sooner than they would have been. Yet have I not read this book which I have here in vain; and I bear malice to no man. Alas, my poor son's own sin first led him into the way that brought him down into this horrible pit; and God is just, His doings are never to be questioned; and if the punishment seem to us beyond the sin, that matter leave I humbly to God, who will one day make plain what He hath done, and why. And often think I what may be said for God's reasons in permitting this young noble to be slain, whom verily I believe"—here he took off his hat again—"my poor son slew not? Soon, Sir, to all appearance, must they meet, face to

face, and in the presence of God ; and for such meeting do I daily strive to prepare my son !”

All this was said, with some few intervals of silence, uninterrupted by Mr. Hylton ; who listened to the speaker, and gazed at him, with thrilling and awe-subduing thoughts. “This man,” said he to himself, “has not read that Book in vain ! And oh ! that I, with all mankind, might so read it !”

On his return to the parsonage that evening, after a brief but affecting interview with the prisoner, who with unvarying and calm consistency re-asserted the truth of his statement concerning Hundle, and evinced a sensible improvement in the tone of his feelings, as his hopes diminished, his resignation increasing, he found Mr. Melcombe impatiently awaiting his arrival, with intelligence of a sufficiently exciting character, which had come from London by that afternoon’s coach, in a letter from Mr. Melcombe’s agent. The latter gentleman was a skilful and experienced man ; and instantly on receiving Mr. Melcombe’s instructions, in a case so calculated to excite his interest and stimulate his energies, had taken the best practicable means of becoming acquainted with the arrival at London, or any other port, of the ‘Morning Star.’ But, above all, he stationed a clerk of tact and vigilance near the Commodore Anson tavern at Wapping, with instructions to discover and announce the arrival there of John Jevons, or any other person belonging to the ‘Morning Star.’ The merchant to whom that vessel belonged, had been discovered by Mr. Melcombe without difficulty, through information afforded by Mr. Merton ; and from such owner had been ascertained beyond a doubt the following highly satisfactory and apparently important information :—That the ‘Morning Star’ must, on the day in question, have been passing that part of the coast where Milverstone Castle was situated ; the vessel having quitted the port to which she belonged, on that morning, and with a fair though intermitting wind ; that John Jevons was the mate of the vessel ; that there was on board a sailor named Harrup ; that the place usually frequented by the sailors in London was the Commodore Anson ; and that the destination of the vessel had been that which the letter specified. Why, however, the vessel had lain-to when opposite Milverstone Castle, except it had been becalmed—and why, moreover, the boat with Harrup in it had gone ashore, or whether indeed, such a fact had happened at all, the owner knew not ; but aware of the cause of the inquiries which

were being made on the subject, he had promised to afford every information in his power, and at the earliest moment. Now the letter which Mr. Melcombe had brought from London was from his agent, announcing the arrival, on the preceding evening, of the 'Morning Star;' the discovery, late on the same night, at the Commodore Anson, of Jevons, the mate; and that the writer had obtained an appointment from the Secretary of State, at his office, for the ensuing morning—when he would be in attendance with Jevons and Harrup!

Mr. Hylton was so overjoyed and excited by this bright gleam of sunshine (for such he esteemed it), that Mr. Melcombe was forced to remind him of the slight importance which, after all, might be attached to these circumstances by the high authorities in whose hands lay the fate of the prisoner. Mr. Melcombe was not so sanguine a man as Mr. Hylton, and better acquainted with the practical administration of justice; and when, by means of what he said, there appeared before Mr. Hylton's mind's eye, as it were, a pair of scales, in one of which were the proved and admitted facts of the case—and in the other was this mere possibility and ground for conjecture—the latter scale seemed, alas! instantly to kick the beam. Had there been time, Mr. Hylton would have started for London to be present at the all-important interview. That, however, being impracticable, he was obliged to wait for information by due course of post; and, to be sure, on the morning but one after the receipt of the above intelligence, Mr. Hylton rode over to Mr. Melcombe's office, and read with him the following deeply interesting letter from his London agent, Mr. Burnley:—

“In the matter of Adam Ayliffe, Junior.

“Pomegranate Court, Temple, 7th April.

“Dear Sir,

“I have just come from the Secretary of State's, where we have had an interview of considerable length, but not (I regret to say) of so satisfactory a character, as far, that is, as concerns the prisoner's interests, as could have been desired. His Lordship is a man of few words, but those prodigiously to the point, and he showed himself perfectly acquainted with the whole facts and bearings of the case; which, considering the present troubled state of affairs and the anxiety they occasion, is greatly to be praised.

Mr. Under Secretary was present, and also paid great attention, and asked several close questions. The two men Jevons and Harrup (who were had in separately) behaved very properly, though somewhat flustered at first; but Jevons, on seeing the letter, said at once it was his, and explained why he wrote it; and Harrup said just what it was to be expected from the letter, that he could say. Namely, that there were two men running along the shore, near the water's edge; thought that one ran faster than the other: could not tell what sort of clothes they wore, nor whether they carried anything with them: and on seeing them, and hearing shots above in the wood, and thinking them poachers, lay on his oars for a moment, and sung out 'Hallo, my hearties!' When he had said the substance of all this, my Lord asked him the following few but pertinent questions: 'Do you know Adam Ayliffe, or any of his family or friends?'—The man said that he had never even heard of the name: nor ever been at Milverstoke since he was a boy. 'How soon after your return to the vessel did you mention this circumstance to the mate, or to any one else?'—He answered, directly that he had got on deck, when he said, "There's been sport going on in yon woods." 'Why had you been ashore?'—He said, to try to get some carpenter's tools; having left some of their own behind them at port. 'How long had you left the shore when you saw the men running?'—About a quarter of an hour. 'In what direction were they running?'—'Easterly—towards the east.' 'Would that be as if they were going away from, or towards, the wood?'—'Going away from it.' 'Does the wood come close down to the shore, or are there cliffs?'—The man could not say; but Mr. Under Secretary said he knew the place himself well, and whispered something to his Lordship which I could not hear. 'Did you see any Coast-guard station, or any of the Coast-guard?' 'No.' 'Did the man who ran appear to be tall or short?'—He had not taken sufficient notice, and it was also too dark to do so. 'Did you think anything more about this matter after mentioning it to the mate?'—No; not till he afterwards heard it talked of. 'When was that?'—When they were at Dunkirk. 'Who mentioned it, and why?'—The captain brought a newspaper on board, and spoke to the mate, and they both looked at the log-book, and called down Harrup and reminded him of it. 'Who first told you of the matter when you came back to London?'—Then he mentionned my clerk, as I explained to his Lordship. 'Was it before or after the firing

of the gun that you saw the man running?'—He thought it was within a very few minutes after. 'How many minutes, do you believe?'—Perhaps four or five; or it might be less. 'Did you hear a gun fired more than once?'—He thought twice, but it might have been even three times. 'What hour of the night might this have been, as nearly as you can recollect?'—'About ten o'clock.' 'Has there been any reward offered by Lord Milverstoke or the magistrates, for the discovery of any one connected with the transaction?' asked his Lordship of me; and I answered 'No.' Then Harrup was ordered to withdraw. Before Jevons was brought in, his Lordship asked me very particularly what inquiries we had made at Milverstoke, to ascertain whether any one near the sea-shore had observed persons running on the occasion in question. I told him what we had done, reading him your last letter to me, announcing that you could learn nothing on the subject. When Jevons was called in, he gave, as I have already said, a clear and plain account of how he came to write the letter, disclaimed all knowledge of the Ayliffes, and knew but little of Milverstoke. Neither he nor any one on board had heard the sound of gun-shot from shore. His Lordship asked, very quietly, two or three acute questions, designed to detect any material difference between the accounts of those parts of transaction which both must have observed; but I never heard any person answer more satisfactorily; it could have left no doubt in any one's mind that whatever the *value* or effect of the evidence, it was given truly and *bonâ fide*. Then Jevons was ordered to withdraw; and, after a few moments' silence, his Lordship said, addressing Mr. Under Secretary and me—'All that we have just heard might, had it then been known, possibly have been fit to lay before the jury; but they might have deemed it immaterial or irrelevant, or as showing only that possibly others were concerned *with the prisoner* in the murder—they escaping, and he happening to be detected: his guilt being, of course, in either case the same. But the persons represented as running along the shore may have had nothing whatever to do with the murder, nor known anything about it: what a slight foundation,' these were his Lordship's words, 'for so large a superstructure! The Lord Chief Justice, however, will be seen, and shown the notes of what has taken place this morning (a clerk had set down everything as it went on), and, in the mean time, those two persons who have been here to-day, should be forthcoming, if required.'

I think it right to intimate to you,' said his Lordship to me, 'for communication to the prisoner's friends, that, as I am at present advised, I see no grounds for delaying, beyond the period now fixed, the carrying into effect the sentence of the law. I regard the evidence adduced at the trial as of rare cogency, and, in truth, irresistible. There is, however, one matter not mentioned to-day, on which it is desirable to communicate with the Lord Chief Justice; and in the mean time you will be pleased to leave here the address of the clergyman who has taken so much interest in this case, and who called on me, and on the Lord Chief Justice upon this subject.' From his Lordship's manner, I should not be surprised if the Reverend gentleman have a communication made to him respecting some matter which he may have mentioned to the Lord Chief Justice. The moment that I have anything new, you may rely on hearing from me; and meanwhile I am,

"Your very faithful servant,

"JONATHAN BURNLEY."

"P.S. As you intend to take no costs in this matter, nor shall I—regarding it as a matter of humanity. At the same time, if funds be provided by those well able to afford it, I think it would be not unreasonable for both you and me to be reimbursed the money which we may actually expend on the occasion; but equally with yourself, I will not hear of anything further."

The other matter to which the Secretary of State referred, Mr. Hylton perfectly understood; and the allusion to it threw him into a brief and anxious reverie. He had not felt himself at liberty to communicate the point to which Lord Farnborough must have alluded, to Mr. Melcombe; whose inquiries concerning the matter, on the present occasion, he easily parried. Both he and Mr. Melcombe were somewhat dashed in spirit by the foregoing letter. Neither of them could deny the weight which there was in the Secretary of State's observations. As for the prospect of his being able to extort from Lord Milverstoke an explanation of the mysterious conversation at the banqueting-table, and—above all—permission to communicate it to the Secretary of State, Mr. Hylton had regarded it as being quite as much out of the question as procuring his Lordship to join in a recommendation to mercy. Ought his Lordship, indeed, under all the dreadful circumstances of the

case, to be pressed upon such a subject? It required no small amount of firmness even to contemplate making the effort. Momentous as were the interests which a strong sense of duty had impelled Mr. Hylton to take into his keeping—the saving an innocent man from the blighting death of the guilty—he nevertheless could not regard the unfortunate Earl of Milverstoke otherwise than as an object of profound sympathy: as one whose grieved and harassed heart should not be assailed with rude intrusiveness, but approached with the delicacy and deference due to the terrible sufferings with which it had pleased the wisdom of God to visit him. If Mr. Hylton verily believed in Ayliffe's innocence, he remembered that it was in bold disregard of all those appearances and facts which abundantly justified, not only the Earl of Milverstoke, but every dispassionate impartial person, in believing Ayliffe to be really guilty of that cowardly and savage murder, of which he had been openly, and fairly, convicted by a court of justice. What father might not be expected to act similarly, if similarly situated? To the Earl, Mr. Hylton had himself most expressly admitted, that if he had felt satisfied of Ayliffe's guilt, he would not interpose to shield a murderer from that punishment with which the law both of God and man visited his crime. Mr. Hylton had brought himself to disbelieve in Ayliffe's guilt; but how was he to bring to that conviction the cruelly bereaved father, the Earl of Milverstoke? To attempt to coerce an understanding so clear and powerful as his? For of this Mr. Hylton sometimes feared that his efforts were falling but little short. Yet he inwardly disclaimed, as equally absurd, insulting, cruel, and hopeless, all design to influence the feelings of Lord Milverstoke, independently of his judgment. Mr. Hylton was justly entitled to place much reliance on his own understanding, which was really of a superior order; yet he often apprehensively asked himself what degree of confidence was he now—at this late stage of the affair—warranted in reposing in his own judgment, running counter as it did to that of the Lord Chief Justice and the Secretary of State, neither of them, surely, incapable of forming that judgment, or biased by partiality or any assignable improper motive whatever; both of them, moreover, being men of high intellectual power, of great experience, and most humanely disposed. Fortified by their unshaken conclusions, did not the Earl of Milverstoke stand as it were upon a rock; and might he not well be excused for repulsing Mr. Hylton's pertinacious efforts, with a

kind of impatient scorn and indignation? These were reflections occasioning Mr. Hylton increasing anxiety and misgiving, especially with reference to what he feared to have been the unauthorised use which he had made, with the Lord Chief Justice, of Captain Lutteridge's intimation concerning an alleged occurrence at the Earl of Milverstoke's own table, and which it was sought by Mr. Hylton to connect with the death of Lord Alkmond. How injurious and unwarrantable must not this appear to the Earl! and this too, as he saw by Mr. Burnley's letter, the Lord Chief Justice had communicated to the Secretary of State; who seemed, in consequence of it, evidently about to take some step or other which might place Mr. Hylton in a position of greatly aggravated and alarming embarrassment and responsibility. And his fears were abundantly justified by the event; for, on the morning after Mr. Melcombe's visit, Mr. Hylton received by post a letter, wearing an official aspect, addressed "To the Rev. Henry Hylton, at the Vicarage, Milverstoke;" with the name of the Secretary of State, "FARNBOROUGH," in the corner, sealed with his seal of office, and bearing the authoritative words "On his Majesty's Service. *Immediate.*" A little fluttered by the sight of this formidable missive, Mr. Hylton withdrew with it into his library, where he opened it and read as follows:—

"London, 15th April.

"Reverend Sir,

"I am directed by Lord Farnborough to communicate with you upon a matter of considerable difficulty, and also of pressing urgency; as it relates to the case of a prisoner, Adam Ayliffe, capitally convicted at the last Assizes for your county, of the murder of the late Lord Viscount Alkmond, and now awaiting execution on the 18th instant, having been respited till that day by the Lord Chief Justice, in consequence of representations made by you to his Lordship, on the day ensuing that of the sentence. Lord Farnborough has bestowed the greater attention on this case, in consequence of the illness and absence from London of the Lord Chief Justice, with whom, however, his Lordship some days ago fully conferred on the subject. And I am now to recall to your recollection one particular ground proposed by you to the Lord Chief Justice for delaying execution on the prisoner. You represented, in a very confident manner, that if time were afforded, you might be able to discover the existence of facts at present enveloped in mystery, the

tendency of which was, unless you are misunderstood, to connect the death of the deceased Lord Alkmond with matters which were not brought to notice at the trial. You are further reported to have intimated, that the persons able to afford such information are of rank and station, indisposed to speak of the matter, at present, from scruples of delicacy, fearing the imputation of a breach of confidence. You also further stated, that the person to whom you had already spoken, and promised again to apply, had expressed an opinion (in which you yourself, as you stated, had heard sufficient *to prevent your concurrence*) that the information, when obtained, would prove to have no bearing on the case, relating, though it did, to the late Lord Alkmond's quitting Milverstoke Castle at a very unusual hour, and under very unusual circumstances, for the wood in which he was so shortly afterwards found murdered. I am directed to draw your most serious attention to the responsibility attaching to any person making these communications; and also to those who have it in their power to prove, at once, that these suggestions and representations are either well founded, or totally groundless. A very painful responsibility is, moreover, thus cast on those whose duty it is, to direct the administration of justice, and advise His Majesty in a matter of life and death. As a clergyman and magistrate, you need not be reminded of what Lord Farnborough is entitled to expect from you under these critical circumstances: and you are requested, without a moment's delay, to furnish his Lordship with such information as may be acted upon, one way or the other. And Lord Farnborough directs me to inform you finally, that in the absence of any further communication from you, or of intelligence of a decisively satisfactory nature relating to this subject, the present respite will not be extended.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Reverend Sir,

"Your very faithful, and most obedient servant,

"J. C. L. WYLMINGTON.

"The Reverend Henry Hylton,

"Vicar of Milverstoke."

"*'The present respite will not be extended!'*"—Oh! words of portentous significance!" exclaimed Mr. Hylton aloud, in a despairing way, as, having finished reading the letter, he leaned back in his chair for nearly a quarter of an hour, in dire dismay and perplexity.

What had sprung up out of his own unjustifiable precipitation! for by no gentler name could he now characterize what he had done in making to the Lord Chief Justice the communication of which that eminent and conscientious functionary had felt it his duty to apprise the Minister intrusted with the executive authority of the State; and whom the above letter of the Under Secretary showed to have been plunged into deep anxiety by such communication. One of the first things that now recurred to Mr. Hylton's recollection, was the Earl of Milverstoke's most peremptory and emphatic assurance to him that the matter spoken of by Captain Lutteridge could have no bearing whatever upon the question of the prisoner's guilt or innocence: and so had, in the very first instance, said Captain Lutteridge himself! Had it thus become Mr. Hylton's duty, without harassing the Earl any more, to act upon his deliberate assurance, and write off to the Home Secretary, frankly abandoning as untenable the plea for delay which had called forth his Lordship's letter? But suppose he should do so: Ayliffe be executed: and it were to be afterwards discovered that the matter in question *had* a bearing, and a vital bearing, upon the question of his guilt or innocence; showed that whoever else might have committed this mysterious murder, Ayliffe had not; and that he had been hanged in spite of his vehement and unwavering denial of guilt and assertion of innocence, and without a stain on his previous character to lend colour to so frightful a charge as that in respect of which he had unjustly suffered? Was not that a possibility sufficient to make the most stout-hearted man shudder? Was, then, Mr. Hylton again to importune the Earl upon the subject? to show him the letter from the Secretary of State? and leave with his Lordship the painful responsibility of withholding the desired information? Suppose he should demand from Mr. Hylton, why he had not at once conveyed to the authorities, with whom he had been so busily communicating, the Earl's own deliberate and emphatic declaration on the subject?

Mr. Hylton was a courageous man, and of inflexible firmness of purpose; yet he contemplated another interview with the Earl with grave, very grave, anxiety. Fear he knew not; but what was not due to the feelings of the father of a murdered son? And had not Lord Milverstoke movingly acknowledged to him that, though the conversation of which he was in quest, had no bearing on the dreadful murder of his son, yet was it so connected with other associations and recollections, as to occasion his Lordship exquisite

pain in adverting to it? Again ; had not the Secretary of State addressed to him weighty matter; and was he not entitled to the prompt and decisive answer which he had demanded; and the refusal or neglect to afford which would plainly absolve him from all kind of responsibility, and a thousand-fold augment that which already rested upon others? Again; Mr. Hylton was beginning to regard with intense disfavour and repugnance this attempt to extort and divulge private conversation, that which had passed in the unrestrained freedom of fancied security, the confidential intercourse of private life. It required the conviction of some positive and overwhelming necessity to overcome such feelings in the breast of a gentleman—and a gentleman, indeed, and of pure and high feelings, was Mr. Hylton. But all this while poor Adam Ayliffe was lying in irons, broken-hearted, and drawing nearer HOURLY to the ignominious agonies and horrors of the scaffold! *What was to be done?* indeed. Mr. Hylton, conscious of the purity of his motives, and yet perceiving the thick darkness which seemed to lie upon the path of duty, humbly commended himself and his proceedings to God, and besought His assistance, that he might not, from mistaken motives, be blindly and rashly attempting to thwart the will of Providence; and instead of furthering the ends of justice, frustrate and pervert its efforts to attain them. For suppose, after all, that Ayliffe were falsely protesting his innocence, had really slain Lord Alkmond in mistake for another, or—horrid thought—had, through Mr. Oxley's proceedings, fallen into a mortal phrenzy of hatred against the Earl of Milverstoke, and his son? How many had gone to the scaffold, as loudly protesting their innocence as did Ayliffe, and concerning whose guilt there yet never was even a shadow of doubt? Distracted by these considerations, he folded up the letter, placed it in his pocket-book, ordered his horse, and resolved to go straightway and take counsel with quiet and judicious Mr. Melcombe. After having gone a little past the road which led to the barracks, "Why," said he to himself, suddenly stopping his horse, "Why should I not try my fate again with Captain Lutteridge?" He remained stationary for several minutes, and then, turning his horse's head, rode up to the barracks; resolved to read to the Captain the letter of the Secretary of State, and see what new view of the case it might present to that straightforward and well-meaning officer. The Captain received him with a sort of bluff caution; that of a plain unsuspecting man, who, feel-

ing that he had, somehow or other, got himself into difficulties on former occasions, was now at all events resolved to present no salient points of attack. Mr. Hylton, with whom time was becoming momentarily more precious, came to the subject of his application in a moment; assuring the Captain that he, Mr. Hylton, had taken no steps of any kind since they had met on the last occasion; but that the affair on which he had honoured himself by then speaking to the Captain, had suddenly assumed a more serious aspect than ever.

"This, Sir, in short, is a quandary; one you have got into, and must get out of," said the Captain, in a matter-of-fact manner; "and how do you intend doing it? I can't help you. We military people generally, you see, look a hair's-breadth or so beyond our noses, if one may so speak, in the moves we make—considering not only, how to advance, but how to retreat; not only, do you see, how to get to a place, but, by Jupiter—forgive me, Sir!—what to do when there—and then, how to get back again!"

"I cannot deny, Captain Lutteridge," said Mr. Hylton, with a very harassed air, "that I feel myself in a terrible perplexity"—

"Then give me, so please you, your hand," said the Captain, advancing to him cordially, with his right arm extended. "You know what my opinion was t'other day when you gave me the honour of a visit; and I thought, by——! hem! I ask your pardon, Sir—but—eh, Sir? Has anything now come of it?"

"I have received, within this hour," said Mr. Hylton, very seriously, while he opened his pocket-book and took out the Secretary of State's letter, "a letter of such weight and consequence, that I shall leave it to speak for itself, Captain Lutteridge."

"All about that abominable vagabond, I suppose, who"—

"Captain Lutteridge," said Mr. Hylton, in a very feeling way, "you pain me, indeed. Why should you, an officer, a man of birth, a gentleman, use language such as this towards a poor wretch at this moment shivering in irons, and expecting hourly to die an unjust death, as I believe it will be, since, as I have told you, I think him innocent?"

"I ask your pardon, Reverend Sir," said the Captain, very courteously; "but do not forget that we think differently about this affair—at least, you and Lord Milverstoke do. As for me," he added, with a look of sudden vexation, "little care I, truly, whether this gentleman live or die!"

“This is the letter I spoke of, Captain. Will you read it?” said Mr. Hylton : and his companion immediately took the letter, reading every line of it as scrupulously as though it had been some death-warrant addressed to, and requiring execution by, himself. “Phew ! Phew ! Sir !” he exclaimed, or rather whistled, when he had finished reading the letter, down even to the signature ; “by this time you must be somewhat sick of this business ! Well, I do say, not intending disrespect to civilians, but—give me Reverend Sir, a military trial, and a quick death according to order, without questions asked after the Court hath broke up ! It saves a world of trouble—all such as this you are giving yourself, and occasioning others, too !”

“But—forgive me, Captain—what say you to the substance of this letter ? Is my tongue to be tied, and is yours, and this man to die, therefore, possibly unjustly ?”

“Why, Sir, as to the letter, what is the Secretary of State to my Lord Milverstone or me ? Can he force open our lips ? No ; nor fifty Lord Farnboroughs, Sir !”

“But I trust you see now how careful I was, with both my Lord Farnborough and the Chief Justice, to say nothing, till authorized, about persons or places, as well as things ?”

“That, Sir, of course, you would be,” interposed the Captain, drily.

“But let me ask,” continued Mr. Hylton, “supposing this letter had been addressed to *you*, Captain, and you were in my place—what answer would you give ?”

“Why, Sir, I would not have put myself in your place, do you see ; for I should have deemed myself to be (which doubtless you, Reverend Sir, by reason of your holy cloth, are not) meddling somewhat.”

“But, Captain Lutteridge, I implore an answer—time presses frightfully !”

“Why, you see, Sir, I am a soldier, and you a parson, Reverend Sir : therefore”—the Captain paused ; the consequence, of which he had indicated the approach, not appearing, or presenting itself, exactly when he wished it.

“I must, in virtue of the sacred office which I hold, and of which you have reminded me, implore you to let no imaginary notions of honour”—

“Honour!—honour imaginary! I give you my word, Reverend Sir, that I never heard anything so monstrous fall from man before!” said the Captain, with an amazed air.

“Oh, Sir, neither said I, nor thought I, aught that you could except to,” replied Mr. Hylton. “No man values honour more than I; nor think I any man living can have a truer, keener sense of it than you, Captain Lutteridge: all I dread is, lest, while you strain honour too far, a fellow-creature be sacrificed.”

“What would you then, Reverend Sir,” inquired the Captain, somewhat appeased, “with me, now, after what has before passed between us? For I do protest that I know not! Say plainly, Sir!”

“This being an imminent matter of life and death,” said Mr. Hylton, after a pause, “do you feel yourself at liberty to authorize me, should I deem it proper, to communicate to the Secretary of State what you told me before I went up to London?”

“No, Sir,” replied the Captain, quietly.

“Is that really your final determination, dear Captain?” inquired Mr. Hylton, with such a kind of intensity in his manner, as quite touched the soldier’s heart.

“Upon my word of honour, Sir, I really fear it is. You see, Sir, I have often talked over this matter with my brother-officers; and we all, being bred alike, think alike. Where one’s own honour, and another man’s life, are in conflict, what the deuce to do, we know not. We made not honour: it is made for us; it governs us all, or ought; and it shall govern me, and be obeyed, so help—hem! I beg your pardon, Sir, for what I was going to say, but did not, you being a clergyman.”

“I am distracted!” said Mr. Hylton, pressing his hand to his forehead.

“So methinks, with much respect, you have good reason to be, Reverend Sir. Look you at the way in which you have fixed everybody: my Lord Milverstoke: my Lord Farnborough: me: but most especially yourself. Surely, good Sir, it was not I that did all this!”

“True, true, Captain,” replied Mr. Hylton, with a melancholy air, and sighing deeply; “and yet, had you not yourself, with all a soldier’s most honourable frankness, first volunteered to tell me all this”—

“Piff! paff!—Phew!” exclaimed the Captain, suddenly starting up as if he had just received a pistol-shot. “Why, Sir—egad—you are right! What you say is quite true!” Captain Lutteridge stood, rubbing his chin, and gazing earnestly, in perturbed silence at Mr. Hylton. “Why, hang me, Sir, if it is not I that have put you and everybody else into a false position!” He paused, gazing at Mr. Hylton with the look of a man astounded by some sudden discovery. “Sir, in his Majesty’s service there is not, I do believe, a greater fool at this moment than am I, Captain Lutteridge. The Devil hath this day suddenly paid me off, handsomely, a somewhat long score. I beseech you, Reverend Sir, in this horrible state that I am in, tell me what should I do? I own all this never occurred to me, nor those that I have talked with on the subject! I wonder my brother-officers yonder never thought of it; for as for myself, I am a fool—an arrant fool! Sir—I—I beg your pardon, for putting you into all this difficulty.”

“My dear Captain,” said Mr. Hylton, mildly, having waited till the Captain’s excitement had a little abated, “I really meant not to suggest anything of this kind: it did not occur to me”—

“Oh yes, it did, Sir; but you were too civil to say it. I stand an ass, Sir—a very ass before you! And what the deuce to do I know not; yet, on my honour, I never meant to do anything but what was proper and humane.”

“Still, Captain, let us not overlook the real difficulty of the case, nor forget what is due to yourself and also to me, as men of honour, as well as of humanity and religion. It is I that have entailed all this perplexity, by my unauthorized communication of what you had so frankly told me, in your love of justice and fair play. I may have erred in what I did—but what else could I have done? I was forced to leave by that night’s coach, or all would have been in vain; and, had I not made *some use* of what you had told me, I might as well have stayed here. And when I came back, and poor Ayliffe’s body was swinging in the air, you might have reproached me for my false honour and punctilio, and (for aught I could then have known) might have said that, in a matter like this, your delicacy would have given way.”

“Sir, there’s no gainsaying it. What a puzzle you must have been in! Sometimes, it seems, things will so turn out, that no man can possibly know how to act; and then, the only thing is, to do nothing, which can never be wrong.”

“ Oh, Captain, Captain ! cannot it ? Look at this case—this very case ! ”

“ I don't know, for the life of me, what to do ! ” said he, walking hastily up and down the room. “ Let me, Sir, read the letter again. It is a somewhat long-winded round-about despatch. Methinks I would have said as much in twenty words. ” He read it over pretty rapidly. “ One thing, Sir, it shows, that you certainly acted very handsomely at head-quarters, in not committing one whom you had no right to commit. ”

“ Indeed, Captain, I so deeply appreciated your disinterested and noble anxiety to assist the cause of justice and humanity, that I was doubly—trebly—on my guard. ”

“ Quite correct, Sir, to be so—quite. ”

“ Now, suppose, dear Captain, that you had happened to be in London at the time, and had thoughts of going at once to head-quarters to prevent injustice in this very matter, being unwittingly done : don't you think you might have said just as much to my Lord Chief Justice, as you did to me ?—and felt that Lord Milverstone could have no right to interfere in such a case of life and death as ought to be left to every man's own conscience alone to deal with ? ”

“ There's no knowing what a man might do when suddenly pushed, and off his guard. But, for the matter of this letter, ”—he turned to it again,—“ it seems that you very handsomely told the Judge what I said, that I thought the matter in question had no bearing on the case. ”

“ I did, most distinctly, most emphatically. ”

“ But, forgive me, Reverend Sir,—how came you to say, thereupon, that you differed with me ? ”

“ Pardon me, dear Captain ; I thought I was right in doing so. It appeared to me that at a point of time so all-important as that of Lord Alkmond's quitting the Castle for the wood ”—

“ That, Sir, is what I so marvel—have always marvelled—at. What possible bearing—pshaw !—what could duelling have to do with this vagabond and Lord— ”

“ *Duelling !* ” echoed Mr. Hylton, with a great start, while Captain Lutteridge sprang clean out of the chair in which he had the moment before sat down, and slapped his hand desperately on his mouth, as though he would have forced back the word that had leaped forth, never to return.

“Did I say *duelling*?” commenced the Captain, in a low tone, after a long gasp, and staring amazedly at his companion, who looked equally astounded, with him.

“Yes, you did, Captain Lutteridge!” said Mr. Hylton, in an absent manner—having fallen suddenly into a reverie.

The Captain stood still, his eyes fixed on the floor, in silence.

“Bah!” at length he exclaimed, with such a violent stamp of his foot, that the floor quivered under it. “I—I—look on this as a stroke of fate, Sir!” said he, approaching Mr. Hylton with a desperate air, his face quite flushed. “We don’t part, Reverend Sir, till we have agreed on what is to be done with the word that hath thus accursedly jumped out from me,” said the Captain, hastily going to the door, which he locked, and took out of it the key. Then he strode to the fire-place, and gave Mr. Hylton, in passing, a furious glance. “Look you, Sir, we soldiers are plain people; and if you, being one cunning in speech, came hither to lay a trap for me”—

“Captain Lutteridge,” replied Mr. Hylton, with dignity, “your language shows that you labour under sudden excitement. Do you, now that I remind you of your expression, really mean, Sir, to insinuate that I, a Christian minister, and, I trust, a gentleman also, could, under any conceivable circumstances whatever, stoop to the baseness of inveigling you into a breach of confidence? I forgive you, Captain Lutteridge, and also the gross and, saving your presence, vulgar indignity,” continued Mr. Hylton, pointing sternly to the door, “which you have just perpetrated upon me.”

“Mr. Hylton—Reverend Sir—I—beg your pardon; I—ask forgiveness, having quite forgotten myself, and you too,” said Captain Lutteridge, bowing profoundly, while the colour a little deserted his cheek, and hastily stepping to the door, he unlocked and threw it open. Then, returning to Mr. Hylton, he resumed—“You are as free as air, Sir: free to go whither you please; to say, to do, what you please, Sir; any where; to any body. You are a gentleman, Sir; and I, an officer, have not, I fear, acted as became an officer and a gentleman.”

Nothing could exceed the utter soldier-like simplicity, and the gravity, and the fine spirit, with which all this was said by Captain Lutteridge.

“’Tis all forgiven—forgotten: it is as though it had never happened, my dear Captain,” replied Mr. Hylton; “and I shall deem

myself honoured if you will suffer me to shake you by the hand, for whose character I have already learned to feel great admiration. Never saw I one whom I believed to be actuated by nobler motives; of that be assured: and as for this strange word that has escaped you, it is buried *here*”—he placed his right hand on his heart—“it is considered by me, already, as utterly unspoken.”

“God bless you, Reverend Sir; give me your hand!” said Captain Lutteridge, almost with tears in his eyes, grasping the proffered hand of Mr. Hylton. “I never came in my life near one that behaved with such handsomeness, by—I beg pardon, Sir! But I never did! And I’m beginning, I know not how, to take quite a different view of the whole matter. By Jove, Sir, your whole conduct on behalf of this poor wretch is disinterested and great, beyond utterance. The trouble you have taken—what you have put up with while doing all that you have done, no one thinks so high of as your humble, unworthy servant, Captain Lutteridge; and God Almighty himself only can reward you, for he put it all in your heart to do! Sir—I—I almost begin to think this man—God forgive me for calling him a vagabond, poor wretch—must be, as you say, innocent; though his case has, it must be owned, a desperate ugly look, or you would not have been led to do all you have done; and if so”—the Captain paused for a moment—“I have been all this while doing my best to tie the rope round his neck!”

While Captain Lutteridge was saying all this, Mr. Hylton appeared to be attentively listening to him in silence; but his mind was profoundly engaged with that subject, which had been suggested to it by the word that had fallen from Captain Lutteridge—*Duelling!*—Duelling? Had *that*, then, been the topic which Lord Alkmond could not bear to hear talked of, and by which he had been so much agitated, as Captain Lutteridge had represented? Why go out into the wood—and directly from the table? The more Mr. Hylton thought of it, and his ideas sprung up and followed one another with lightning rapidity—the greater were his amazement and anxiety; for, he recollected Lord Milverstoke’s great agitation on the subject being mentioned; his Lordship’s acknowledgment that it occasioned him great agony, from reasons of which, as his Lordship had said, Mr. Hylton could have no notion; and his solemn declaration that it had no connexion with, or bearing upon, the awful bereavement which he had suffered. And again: what reason could there be for his Lordship’s stern refusal to allow the

matter to be communicated to the official authorities, even in so grave a case as that affecting the life of a fellow-creature? And he had said, moreover, that it might, if talked about, afford matter for injurious and harassing gossip and speculation! He was thus getting deeper into gloomy speculation, when Captain Lutteridge's last words, alluding to the halter round Ayliffe's neck, startled Mr. Hylton out of his reverie—

“ True—certainly, Captain Lutteridge,” said he, as if still somewhat confounded with the course of his own bewildering reflections —“ but—that single word which you have so naturally let fall, at a moment when you were off your guard, has plunged me headlong into a sea of conjecture and perplexity. I own myself utterly at a loss how to connect this conversation with the death of poor Lord Alkmond; and consider you warranted (for all that at present occurs to me) in your frequent assertion that there really was no such connexion.”

“ That may all be, Sir, and perhaps is really so; but now the point is, what must be done herein? Anything, or nothing?”

“ Were I disposed to make any use, and you to permit me, of the information which I now possess”—

“ Get Lord Milverstoke's leave, and the thing is done! If his Lordship care not, I am sure I don't.”

“ But what if his Lordship should hear that which has happened here to-day, Captain Lutteridge?”

“ What if he do? It will make him angry, very angry, with me; but that I cannot help. He may curse my folly, but cannot question my honour: and what say you, by Jove, Sir!—to my going myself to my Lord Milverstoke, and plainly telling him what has happened? If it will serve your purpose, in this strait that you are in, why I will go at once, and within an hour's time his Lordship shall know all that has happened, and do as he pleases.”

“ Resolution such as yours cannot be daunted, I see, my dear Captain; and I entreat you, then, to do as you propose; and in justice to me, explain how it fell out, without effort of mine, and that I will of course neither say a word, nor take a step, till I have his Lordship's consent to do so.”

“ I will do all this, and the sooner the better: and why may I not tell him of Lord Farnborough's letter? I'm sure there's nothing can come of it, though. Men don't fight duels with bludgeons, and at night-time, eh? And strike from behind, too? You don't

suppose anything so wild as all that? Had my Lord Alkmond been stabbed or shot, the case might have looked somewhat different. But duelling was doubtless the thing talked of that night, and a bloody duel was spoken of, too, that had no long time before taken place. All this, however, let us see what my Lord Milverstone will say to. He, for aught I know, may let you go up to London with your news, and make what you can of it. 'Tis a hopeful case, truly; but here is my horse, and within an hour shall I learn what his Lordship hath to say to this my folly."

The Captain and Mr. Hylton then mounted their horses; the former galloping off towards Milverstone Castle; the latter to the town where Mr. Melcombe resided, with whom he was more anxious than ever to confer on the subject of the Secretary of State's letter.

CHAPTER VI.

As Mr. Hylton rode along, he felt a miserable suspicion strengthening in his mind, that the mystery on which he had been placing so fond but gratuitous a reliance, was vanishing into thin air, as far as concerned any probable connexion between it and the tragical end of Lord Alkmond. The last words of bluff Captain Lutteridge—the bludgeon, the pistol, the rapier, the dagger—quite haunted Mr. Hylton, forcing upon him an inference destructive of his hopes on behalf of Ayliffe. He of course made no mention to Mr. Melcombe of the accidental disclosure of Captain Lutteridge; but both of them were greatly perplexed as to the course proper to be taken with reference to the Secretary of State's letter, which nevertheless loudly demanded that *something* should be done, and that something quickly. Little thought Captain Lutteridge, as inwardly cursing his own stupidity at every step he took, he hastened on to the Castle, of the scene which his announced arrival would terminate. 'Twas one between young Lady Emily and her father, with whom she was angel-like pleading the desperate cause of Ayliffe! Any one who had been present, hearing the conversation which had taken place in the sick chamber of Lady Alkmond, between her Ladyship and Lady Emily, on the subject of Ayliffe, might have believed himself listening to the converse of two angels: so gentle, so pitiful, so pious was it, as no words can tell. Lady Alkmond lay in bed, in extreme weakness, in a state most precarious; so frightful had been the shock sustained by a delicate system, at a period when that delicacy was infinitely enhanced by the prospect of another addition to the ancient house of her murdered Lord. The Earl, on entering her chamber at his usual hour, on the morning of the day on which Mr. Hylton and the Captain's last interview had taken place, on sitting down beside the bed, leaned down and kissed the lily-hued cheek, and pressed the slight attenuated fingers of the gentle sufferer, with an air of inconceivable tenderness. Had his attention not been entirely absorbed by her whom he had come to visit, he might have

observed Lady Emily, who sat on the opposite side of the bed, looking pale and apprehensive : for she knew that Lady Alkmond intended to utter one word—only one word—into the Earl's ear, on his retiring, which Lady Emily had undertaken afterwards to enforce upon her father, with all her powers of dutiful and loving persuasion and intercession. She trembled like an aspen leaf, therefore, when the Earl, after sitting rather longer than usual, rose to take his departure. Lady Alkmond gazed at him sweetly, and as he kissed her forehead, and clasped her hand, she softly whispered "Forgive." Lady Emily observed her father slightly start—but only very slightly : he looked for a moment earnestly at Lady Alkmond ; and after a second time kissing her, withdrew in silence. When he had quitted the chamber, Lady Emily glided round to the side of her sister, and both of them remained for some moments silent, and with beating hearts.

"Don't fear, love," whispered Lady Alkmond.

"I tremble, Agnes ; I feel I do, but 'tis not from fear. I will do what I have promised !"

Lady Emily's fingers gently clasped those of her sister-in-law, whose beautiful cheek was of an ashy whiteness, and her bosom heaved ; for Lady Alkmond knew the firmness of the resolution which she had formed, to follow her stern father to his library, soon after he had quitted the chamber where they were sitting, and brave the peril of angering him upon a subject on which he had never hitherto interchanged a syllable with her. And she well knew his fierce inflexibility of character, and that on the trying topic which she was going to urge, that inflexibility would be exhibited with tenfold force. But she had received several letters from Mrs. Hylton, so feelingly advocating the cause of Ayliffe, his dying wife, and unfortunate little son ; and so strenuously protesting the writer's and her husband's conviction, of Ayliffe's innocence, that Lady Emily resolved, cost what effort it might, to make an attempt to wring from her father that expression of a desire for mercy to be extended to the prisoner, which Mrs. Hylton assured her would probably be attended with success, and save an innocent man from the horrible and ignominious death of a murderer. That morning she had been early in his library, and placed a little copy of the New Testament on the table at which he usually sat, with a slip of paper in it, on which she had written, in pencil, the words "Matthew xviii. 35." On his return from Lady Alkmond's

room, he repaired to his library, in which he walked to and fro for some time, meditating with no slight sternness and displacency on the word which had fallen from Lady Alkmond. He suspected its true import and object; and on taking his seat, and opening with some surprise the Testament which lay before him, guided by the reference written by the trembling fingers of his daughter, he read as follows:—“*So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye, from your hearts, forgive not, every one his brother, their trespasses.*” This verse the Earl read hastily, then laid down the book, folded his arms, and leaned back in his seat, not with subdued feelings, but very highly indignant. He now saw clearly what had been intended by the faint but impressive whisper of Lady Alkmond, even could he have before entertained a doubt upon the subject. Oh, why did not thoughts of the heavenly temper of these two loving and trembling spirits melt his stern heart? ’Twas not so, however: and even *anger* swelled within that FATHER’S breast of untamed fierceness—anger, almost struggling and shaping itself into the utterance of ‘Interference! intrusion! presumption!’ After a long interval, in which his thoughts were thus angrily occupied, he re-opened the Testament, and again read the sublime and awful declaration of the Redeemer of mankind; yet smote it not his heart. And after a while, removing the paper, he calmly replaced the sacred volume on the spot from which it had been taken by Lady Emily. Not long after he had done so, he heard a very faint tapping at the distant door, but without taking any notice of it; although he had a somewhat disturbing suspicion as to the cause of that same meek application, and the person by whom it was made. The sound was presently repeated, somewhat louder; on which “Who’s there?—enter!” called out the Earl, loudly, and in his usual stern tone, looking apprehensively towards the door—which was opened, as he had thought, and perhaps feared it might be, by Lady Emily.

“It is I, dear papa,” said she, closing the door after her, and advancing rather rapidly towards him, who moved not from his seat; though the appearance of—now—his only child, and that a daughter, most beautiful in budding womanhood, and approaching a FATHER with timid, downcast looks, might well have elicited some word or gesture of welcoming affection and tenderness.

“What brings you hither, Emily?” he inquired coldly, as his daughter, in her loveliness and terror, stood within a few feet of

him, her fine features wearing an expression of blended modesty and resolution.

“Do you not know, my dearest papa?” said she, gently; “do you not suspect? Do not be angry!—do not, dear papa, look so sternly at me! I come to speak with you, who are my father, in all love and duty.”

“I am not stern—I am not angry, Emily. Have I not ever been kind to you? Why, then, this unusual mode of approaching and addressing me? Were I a mere tyrant, you could not show better than your present manner does, that I am such.”

His words were kind, but his eye and his manner were blighting. His daughter’s knees trembled under her. She glanced hastily at the table in quest of the little book which her hands had that morning placed there; and not seeing it, her heart sunk.

“Be seated, Emily,” said her father, moving towards her a chair, and gently placing her in it immediately opposite to him, at only a very little distance. She thought that she had never till that moment seen her father’s face; or, at least, had never before noticed its true character. How cold and severe was the look of the penetrating eyes now fixed on her—how rigid were the features—how commanding the expression which they wore—how visibly clouded with sorrow, and marked with the traces of suffering!

“And what, Emily, would you say?” he inquired, calmly.

“Dearest papa, I would say, if I dared, what my sister said to you so short a time ago—*Forgive!*”

“Whom?” inquired the Earl, striving to repress all appearance of emotion.

“Him who is to die on Monday next—Adam Ayliffe. Oh, my dearest papa, do not—oh, do not look so fearfully at me!”

“You mean, Emily, *the murderer of your brother!*” He paused for a moment. “Am I right? Do I understand you?” inquired her father, gloomily.

“But I think that he is not—I do believe that he is not.”

“But how can it concern *you*, Emily, to think or believe on the subject? Good child, meddle not with what you understand not. Who has put you upon this, Emily?”

“My own heart, papa.”

“Bah, girl!” cried the Earl, unable to restrain his angry impulse, “do not patter nonsense with your father on a subject

like this. You have been trained and tutored to torment me on this matter!"

"Papa!—my papa!—I trained! I tutored! By whom? Am I of your blood?" said Lady Emily, proudly and indignantly.

"You had better return, my child, to your occupations"—

"My occupation, dearest papa, is here, and, so long as you may suffer me to be with you, to say few, but few words to you. It is hard if I cannot, I who never knowingly grieved you in my life. Remember that I am now your only child. Yet I fear you love me not as you ought to love an only child, or you could not speak to me as you have just spoken." She paused for a moment, and added, as if with a sudden desperate impulse—"My poor sister and I do implore you to give this wretch a chance of life, for we both believe that he is innocent!"

For a second or two the Earl seemed really astounded; and well he might, for his youthful daughter had suddenly spoken to him with a precision and distinctness of language, an energy of manner, and an expression of eye, such as the Earl had not dreamed of her being able to exhibit, and told of the strength of purpose with which she had come to him.

"And you both believe that he is innocent!" said he, echoing her words, too much amazed to utter another word.

"Yes, we do! we do! in our hearts. My sister and I have prayed to God many times for His mercy; and she desires me to tell you that she has forgiven this man Ayliffe, even though he did this dreadful deed, and so have I; wife and sister of the dear one dead, we both forgive, even though the poor wretch be guilty; but we believe him innocent, and if he be, oh, Heaven forbid that on Monday he should die!"

"Emily," said the Earl, who had waited with forced composure till his daughter had ceased, "do you not think that your proper place is in your own apartment, or with your suffering sister-in-law?"

"Why should you thus treat me as a child, papa?" inquired Lady Emily, scarcely able to restrain her tears.

"Why should I not?" asked her father, calmly.

Lady Emily looked to the ground for some moments in silence.

"Does it not occur to you as possible that you are meddling? meddling with matters beyond your province? Is it fitting, *girl*,"

he continued, unable to resist an instantaneous but most bitter emphasis on the word, "that you should be *HERE*, talking to me at all, for one moment even, on a matter which I have never thought of naming to you—a child?"

"I am a child, papa; but I am *your* child, and your only one; and love you more than all the whole world."

"Obey me, then, as a proof of that love : retire to your chamber, and there wonder at what you have ventured—presumed this morning to do."

Lady Emily felt the glance of his eye upon her, as though it had lightened; but she quailed not.

"My dear, my only parent, I implore you send me not away; let me—"

"Emily, I cannot be disobeyed; I am not in the habit of being disobeyed by any one; it is very sad that I should see the attempt first made by a child."

"Oh, papa! forgive me! forgive me!" She arose, and, approaching him hastily, as she observed him about to advance, sunk on one knee before him, clasping her hands together. "Oh, hear me for but a moment. Never knelt I before but to God, yet kneel I now to my father. Oh, have mercy! nay, be *JUST*!"

"Why, Emily, verily I fear that long confinement and want of exercise and change, and air, are preying upon your mind; you are not speaking rationally. Rise, child, and do not pursue this folly—or I may think you mad!" He disengaged her hands gently from his knee, which they had the moment before clasped, and raised her from her kneeling posture, she weeping bitterly.

"I am not mad, papa, nor is my sister; but we fear lest God's anger should fall upon you, nay, upon us all, if you will not listen to the voice of compassion."

"Be seated, Emily," said the Earl. "Excited as you are at present," he continued, with rapidly increasing sternness of manner, "no words of mine will be able to satisfy you of the grievous impropriety, nay, the cruel absurdity of all this proceeding. You talk to me like a parrot about mercy, and compassion, and God's anger, and so forth, as though you understood what you were saying, and I understood not what I am doing, what I ought to do, and what I have done. Child, you forget yourself, me, and your duty to me. How dared you to profane yonder Testament, and

insult your father by placing it before him as you did this morning? Did you do so?"

"I did," she answered, weeping.

"You presumptuous girl! forgetful of the fifth commandment!"

"Oh, say not so! say not so! I love, I reverence you—and I FEAR you now!" said Lady Emily, gazing at him with tears running down her cheeks; her dark hair partially deranged; her hands clasped in a supplicatory manner. "I prayed to God, first, that I might not be doing wrong; that you might not be angry with me; that if angry, you might forgive me!"

"Angry with you? Have I not cause? Never dared daughter do such thing to father before! You presume to rebuke and threaten me—*me*—with the vengeance of Heaven, if I yield not to your sickly, dreaming, drivelling sentimentality. Silence!" he exclaimed, perceiving her about to speak very earnestly. "I have not had my eyes closed, I tell you now, for days past—I have observed your changed manner—you have been deliberating long beforehand how to perpetrate this undutifulness! As though my heart had not been already struck as with a thunderbolt from Heaven—you, forsooth, you idle, unthinking child! must strive to stab it—to wound me! to insult me! This is not your own doing: you dared not have thought of it! You are the silly tool of others. Silence! hear me, undutiful girl!"

"Papa, I cannot hear you say all this, in which you are so wrong. No tool am I of anybody! Twice have you said this thing!" Her figure the Earl perceived involuntarily becoming erect as she spoke, and her eye fixed with steadfast brightness upon his. Had he been sufficiently calm and observant, he might have seen in his daughter at that moment a faint reflexion of his own lofty spirit—intolerant of injustice. "And even you, papa, have no right whatever thus to talk to me. If I have done wrong, chide me becomingly; but all that you have said to me only hurts me, and stings me, and I cannot submit to it—"

"Lady Emily, to your chamber!" said the Earl, with a stately air, rising; so did his daughter.

"My Lord!" she exclaimed magnificently; her tall figure drawn up to its full height, and her lustrous eyes fixed unwavering upon his own. Neither spoke for a moment; and the Earl began, he knew not why, to feel great inward agitation, as he gazed at the erect figure of his silent and indignant daughter.

“My child,” said he, at length, faintly, with a quivering lip; and extending his arms, he moved a step towards her; on which she sprung forward into his arms, throwing her own about his neck, and kissing his cheek passionately. His strong will for once had failed him; his full eyes overflowed, and a tear fell on his daughter’s forehead. She wept bitterly; for a while he spoke not; but gently led her to a couch, and sat down beside her.

“Oh, papa, papa!” she murmured, “how I love you!”

For a moment he answered not, struggling, and with partial success, to overcome the violence of his emotions. Then he spoke in a low deep tone—

“The voices of the dead are sounding in my ears, Emily! the tranquil dead! ’Tis said, my Emily,”—he paused for some moments, and his agitation was prodigious,—“that stern was I to your sweet mother”—

“Oh, dear, dearest, best beloved by daughter, never!” she cried vehemently, struggling to escape from his grasp, for he held her rigidly while gazing at her with agonised eyes.

“And I now fearfully feel—I fear—that stern I was, as stern I have this day been to you. Forgive me, ye meek and blessed dead!”—his quivering lips were closed for a moment, as were his eyes. “Oh, Emily! she is looking at me through your eyes. Oh, how like!” he remarked, as if speaking to himself. Lady Emily covered her eyes, and buried her head in his bosom. “Do you, my Emily, forgive me?”

“Oh, papa! no, no; what have I to forgive? Everything have I to love! my own, sweet papa! Much I fear that I may have done what a daughter ought not to have done! I have grieved and wounded a father that tenderly loved me”—

“Ay, my child, I do;” he whispered tremulously, gently drawing her slender form nearer to his heart. “Emily,” said he, after awhile, “go, get me that Testament which you placed before me; oh, go, dear child!” She still hung her head, and made no motion of going. “Go, get it me; bring it to me!”

She rose without a word, and brought it to him; and while he silently read the verse to which she had directed his attention, she sat beside him, her hands clasped together, and her eyes timidly fixed on the ground.

“It was in love, and not presumption, my Emily, that you laid these awful words before me?”

“Indeed, my papa, it was,” said she, bursting into tears.

He appeared about to speak to her, when words evidently failed him suddenly. At length—“And when that sweet soul”—he paused, “this morning whispered in my ear, did she know of this that you had done?” Lady Emily could not speak. She bowed her head in acquiescence, and sobbed convulsively. Her father was fearfully agitated. “Wretch that I am!—I am not worthy of either of you!” Lady Emily flung her arms round him fondly, and kissed him. “I am yielding to great weakness, my love,” said he, after a while, with somewhat more of composure. “Yet, never shall I—never can I—forget this morning! I have long felt, and feared, that I was not made to be loved: I have seen it written in people’s faces. Yet can I love!”

“I know you can! I know you do, my own dear papa! Do you not believe that I love you? that Agnes loves you?”

“I do, my Emily—I do! Yet till this moment have I felt alone in life. In this vast pile, to me how gloomy and desolate! with these woods, so horrible, around me, I have been alone—utterly alone! And yet were you with me—you, my only daughter—who, I suppose, dared not tell me how much you loved me!”

“Oh, do not say so, papa! I knew your grief and suffering. They were too sacred to be touched—I wept for you, but in my own chamber!”

“You stand beside me as an angel, Emily!” said the Earl fondly, “as you have ever been: yet I now feel as though my eyes had not really seen and known you!”

They were slowly walking to and fro, the Earl affectionately supporting her tall slim figure; and as he gazed at her, though her eyes were heavy with weeping, and her features partly concealed beneath her dark dishevelled tresses, he beheld in them a beauty which he had never fully seen before, and which no one knew him familiarly enough even to have remarked to him!

“Papa,” said she, at length, evidently with timorous reluctance in her manner; “Shall I offend you if”—She paused and glanced at him apprehensively.

“No, Emily, sweet love! you will not—you cannot now offend me,” said he, sighing deeply, and speaking very gravely, but affectionately. “I know what is in your gentle heart—your earliest words this morning are still ringing in my ears. Can you believe and trust in me, now, my dear Emily?”

“Indeed, indeed, papa, I can!”

“As you love me, then, do not, at present, speak to me on this dreadful affair. I know all that you would say : but—you do not, you cannot, you ought not, to know as much of this matter as I do. Remembering the solemn and fearful passage of Holy Writ which you have showed me, Emily, I declare to you I believe in my conscience, that there is no shadow of doubt about the guilt of Ayliffe! So said his judge, an able and merciful judge ; so said the jury ; so say the whole world ! I could tell you of expressions of dreadful malice on his part, against me and my family : but why ? why, my love, should I distress you, or harass myself?”

Lady Emily was going to speak—but he added,

“Suppose before he suffer the sentence of the law, he were to acknowledge that he did this awful deed : what then, Emily?”

“What mean you, dear papa?” said she faintly.

“Should his life be even *then* spared?—or should he die?”

“Oh! papa!” she murmured, after a pause, sighing heavenly. “But,” she added, “suppose he should not confess it, but die saying that he is innocent, and it should be so found afterwards? Would not that be awful, dearest papa?”

“My dear Emily, unfortunately few criminals suffer their just sentence, without falsely protesting innocence : were we to believe them against all proof positive of guilt, how could law or justice be administered?”

“But, forgive a word more, papa!—Suppose he should *really* die innocent?”

“My dear girl, that is, I own, a very shocking supposition ; but you may speak of this again to me—I hear the sound of steps coming along the corridor.”

The Earl was right ; in a few moments a servant gently opened the door, and announced that Captain Lutteridge had just arrived from the barracks, in great haste, and begged to be allowed immediately to see his Lordship on an important matter. The Earl started : and, after a few seconds’ angry pause, said, “Let him be shown hither.”

When the servant had withdrawn—“Emily,” said he, “this is a well-meaning, thick-headed soldier, who has occasioned me great distress by his folly and meddling ; but after the message which he has sent, I am bound to see him. Away, my love—I hear steps

at a distance—God bless thee! God bless thee!” He kissed her fondly—“Go through yonder door;” and Lady Emily ran to the private door, and in a moment more Captain Lutteridge entered and found the Earl alone.

“I fear your Lordship is ill,” said the Captain, approaching him.

“No, Sir; but I am harassed,” replied the Earl, who had resumed all his habitual cold haughtiness of manner: “and may I request the favour of being at once informed what is your urgent business with me?”

The Captain was, as usual, excessively irritated by the Earl’s address, but was then conscious of being in no position to quarrel with, or resent it.

“I will to the point at once, my Lord; I am come to own myself, to have been just playing the part of an utter fool.”

There was something in his quaint embarrassed manner, that instantly arrested the Earl’s attention; and he listened with stern curiosity.

“Your Lordship may believe that as a gentleman, and having the honour of bearing his Majesty’s commission, I would rather suffer death than willingly or knowingly break my word”—

“For Heaven’s sake, Sir, proceed; Go on:” said the Earl, impatiently, observing Captain Lutteridge hesitate for a moment.

“Well, my Lord, yet so the matter is;—in a conversation had scarce an hour ago with Mr. Hylton, about this caitiff that is to die on Monday—I could submit to be shot for having to acknowledge that unadvisedly and in the heat of the very speech in which I was protesting to the contrary, out slipped the accursed word *duelling*.”

“What, Sir!” exclaimed the Earl, starting out of his chair, and standing erect, gazing at Captain Lutteridge, in a kind of stupified silence.

“Yes, my Lord, I am a man of few words, and those few, how foolish sometimes! My Lord—I say—out jumped this thrice accursed word—*duelling*”—

“Merciful heavens!—these people will assuredly kill me, between them all,” exclaimed the Earl, striking his forehead with his clenched hand. “And what then, Sir?” he presently inquired, desperately, but with the manner of one quite exhausted.

“Nothing, my Lord,” replied the Captain.

"How say you, Sir? Are you trifling—bandying words with me? What mean you, Sir, by—*nothing*?"

"My Lord, what I mean, say I; what I say, that mean I," replied Captain Lutteridge, doggedly.

The Earl glanced at him, for a moment, with an expression which prevented a somewhat fierce speech that the Captain was about making; and then—

"Have you any other business with me, Sir?" inquired the Earl, with evidently suppressed fury.

"None, my Lord—none, I thank my stars;" replied the Captain, coolly.

"Sir, I seem the sport of destiny—this day. Never felt I so humiliated. I wish you good day, Sir," said the Earl.

"You see, my Lord," said the Captain, resolutely—"I am cool, your Lordship is not; wherefore I overlook"—

The Earl rang his bell violently; and stood in silence till a servant appeared; on which his Lordship motioned the Captain to the door, with an air which was to that gallant person utterly intolerable.

"This is your house, my Lord, and I have no right in it; nay, I had no business here whatever, seeing I ought to have better understood the nature of the person living in it. For the present, my Lord, good day. But I pray you, by no means to forget the words which you have this day used to me, nor the manner in which, before your menial, you have presumed to dismiss a gentleman and an officer. Be assured that if your Lordship be disposed to obliviousness hereof, I am not."

With this the Captain made a low and very formal bow, and with slow dignified steps withdrew.

If he imagined that his last words had had the least effect on Lord Milverstoke, he was mistaken; for his Lordship was sunk deep in a reverie with which the name and threats of Captain Lutteridge had no connexion whatever. And, indeed, as for the Captain himself, something occurred a few moments after his exit from the Earl's library, which made him for awhile forget the only as yet unavenged insult which he had ever experienced in his life. For he happened to encounter Lady Emily, who, unexpectedly to herself, crossed his path on her way to Lady Alkmond's apartment, and disappeared in a moment.

“By my sword,” said the Captain to himself, as he hurried on, “what a beauty is that girl, already! And in two years’ time—heigho—nought will be heard at Court but of her. But, if she hath a temper like her father’s—why, Heaven pity him that is captivated by her.”

When the Captain was fairly on his way back to the barracks, his first stinging recollection of the treatment which he had experienced from the Earl, made him scratch his ear violently, and then dig his spurs into his startled but obedient horse, who thereupon pelted onward with him, till suddenly reined up, on its rider meeting another horseman—and that was Mr. Hylton, on his way home from Mr. Melcombe’s.

“Sir, good day. Are you going to the Castle? Ecod, if you be, look out. You will be clean eaten up in one minute. Look out, therefore, is all I shall say, that am just escaped to tell you.”

“Why, Captain, what is the matter, eh?”

“Matter? Egad, go and see, if you be so minded; for I’ll be—hem! I ask your pardon, Sir, you being a parson—good day, Sir.”

“But stay—stay, Captain! Am I to go to the Castle? To see Lord Milverstoke?”

“Oh, certainly!” said the Captain, smiling grimly. “Go and put your head into the lion’s mouth for a moment. You *may* come out again, and if you do, blessed be the stars that will shine on Mr. Hylton—good day, good day, Sir!”—and away rode the Captain, leaving Mr. Hylton in a perplexed, whom he had found in a very melancholy, mood; for Mr. Hylton had quitted Mr. Melcombe without having scarcely a ray of hope left on behalf of the unhappy convict for whom he had so powerfully but (as he now feared) unavailingly exerted himself. While he and Mr. Melcombe had been in the midst of their anxious consultation on the course to be pursued, Mr. Hylton’s attention was called by his companion to a person just then passing along the street, into which the window of Mr. Melcombe’s office looked, and who was no other than old Ayliffe, in his broad hat, long thread-bare blue coat, and high walking-stick, on his way from the gaol. Oh, what a face was his! wasted, and full of sorrow and resignation! And his step seemed feebler than Mr. Hylton had before observed it to be. He heaved a deep sigh while gazing after the venerable figure of one whom he did not venture, and had not the heart, to summon into the apartment in which his son’s welfare was the sole subject of discourse

and consultation. Mr. Hylton told Mr. Melcombe, with a very depressed air, that he had accidentally discovered what had been the topic of conversation at the Earl of Milverstone's table, at the moment of Lord Alkmond's quitting it; but that it had become known to him in a manner which at present prevented his making any use of what he had heard; yet that he was able to assure Mr. Melcombe, that the conversation threw no light whatever on the gloomy affair, and, indeed, appeared quite incapable of being, in any intelligible or probable way, brought to bear upon it. Mr. Melcombe looked blank enough on hearing this.

"Then I fear *the game is up*, Mr. Hylton—if you will forgive the expression," said Mr. Melcombe, shrugging his shoulders, and sighing. Mr. Hylton only shook his head. "Can't you give me—I mean, are not you at liberty to give one the least inkling,—just a hint—a mere breath—eh? I would receive it in sacred confidence"—

"On no earthly consideration," replied Mr. Hylton, sadly. "My lips are sealed, till I see one from whom I accidentally learnt what I know. But this I can tell you: certain am I that there is something or other strange and mysterious about Lord Alkmond's fate, unconnected though it may be, with the facts proved against the prisoner."

"Does the intelligence which you have thus become possessed of, in any way vary your view of the facts proved at the trial?" After some moments, during which Mr. Hylton rapidly ran over them, he answered in the negative.

"Does it bear at all on the new facts laid before the Secretary of State, as mentioned in my agent's letter?" Again Mr. Hylton paused, and longer than before.

"I cannot say that it does; nor will I say that it does not."

"The way to try the question fairly is, to put yourself in my Lord Farnborough's place, and ask yourself whether what you now know warrants you in further suspending the execution of this sentence."

"Of course, acting only on the knowledge which he would then have of the case, I mean, independently of my own unshaken conviction of the prisoner's innocence?"

"Of course; most certainly. You see, Mr. Hylton, my Lord Farnborough has a tremendous responsibility upon him, and must rest his discretion on sure grounds. What conclusion, then, on

these principles, ought Lord Farnborough to arrive at—as the case now stands—and supposing him informed of that which you say that you now are?”

“Oh, do not ask me!” replied Mr. Hylton, gloomily.

“Is it information likely to bring you at all into communication with the Earl of Milverstoke? What effect will it have on him if he know it?—Have we any chance of getting from his Lordship an expression of doubt of the prisoner’s guilt, or a recommendation to mercy?” Again Mr. Hylton paused; turning over in his mind the possible result of Captain Lutteridge’s interview that day with Lord Milverstoke; and having done so, shook his head, and sighed.

“Well, mystery! mystery all! all is mystery!” exclaimed Mr. Melcombe, shrugging his shoulders: “my duties seem a farce at present. We are walking in a fog, a blinding fog;” but, thought he, I see through that fog the dim, ghastly outline of a gallows! “My real opinion,” he continued, “is that you have done all that can be done; and this unhappy fellow must be left to his fate. But, by the way, Mr. Hylton, you must needs answer the Home Secretary’s letter, and without delay. I never read a letter at once so courteous, so solemn, so exacting of an answer. As a gentleman, as a Christian, you are bound to be promptly candid in this matter, and relieve his Lordship from the harassing doubts which it is you only who have raised in his mind.”

“’Tis true, Mr. Melcombe; I feel the pressure of your words,” said Mr. Hylton; “and if possible I will write by this night’s coach; but I must first see or hear from Lord Milverstoke; and so have not”—looking at his watch—“a moment’s time to lose. Pray, come over to the parsonage to-morrow morning.” And with this Mr. Hylton took his leave of Mr. Melcombe, grievously depressed, and, indeed, reduced well nigh to downright despair. He was conscious of fearing to contemplate the scattered fragments of the structure of hope which he had raised with such well-meant precipitation. He felt, indeed, sick at heart. Not all the endearments of good Mrs. Hylton could cheer his drooping spirits for a moment. He began now to afflict himself on account of having only protracted the mortal anguish of Ayliffe, and—in language terrible to be recollected—made him suffer twice the pangs of death. Little thought he of the angel who, in the form of Lady Emily, had that day joined her passionate advocacy with his! Her

gentle hand had struck a blow that reached a long ice-bound heart, whence suddenly gushed upon her streams of pent-up love and tenderness, as from a source never, perchance, to be dried up again : but had that dear, noble creature succeeded in over-ruling her father's JUDGMENT? In his sudden condescension towards one whom he rightly regarded as, in such a matter, but a child, had he not shown a glimpse of reasoning, adverse to her wishes, which was not to be answered? Of all this Mr. Hylton knew nothing; and, in forming the resolution to go that evening to the Castle, ascertain the state of his Lordship's feelings on the subject, and make one last, earnest effort to shake his confidence in the prisoner's guilt, and persuade him to join in a recommendation to mercy, Mr. Hylton felt himself at once discharging a duty, and exercising a right.

CHAPTER VII.

Shortly after arriving at the parsonage, Mr. Hylton partook of a slight and hasty dinner : and then, taking with him the letter of Mr. Melcombe's London agent, and the Under Secretary of State's letter to himself, set off for the Castle, with heavy forebodings, when he adverted to the ominous intimations with which Captain Lutteridge had that day left him. M. Hylton's courage was not at fault ; and in a cause which he believed to be righteous and just, he would have faced the bloodiest tyrant that ever earth had seen and shuddered at. He would not else have been a true servant of his Master ; whose awful words should be ever sounding in our ears, subduing vain fears, and strengthening feeble purposes (and so they ever were with Mr. Hylton) :—*I say unto you, my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that, have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear : Fear Him who, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell ; YEA, I SAY UNTO YOU, FEAR HIM.* “So,” said Mr. Hylton within himself, as he went to pay probably his last visit, in Ayliffe's lifetime, to the Lord of Milverstoke, “do I verily in my conscience believe, as said the Judge to the jury in this poor man's case, that Adam Ayliffe is, in spite of all appearances against him, innocent of the crime for which he is adjudged to die?” And after a brief and serious revolving of the matter, he answered, “Yes, I do : then will I make this last effort, and if it fail, console myself by reflecting that what I thought my duty, I have done, careless of consequences.”

Having come to this conclusion, he felt a wonderful composure of feeling, and serenity of spirit, which deserted him not for a moment—even when he entered the room in which Lord Milverstoke awaited him, and which had been the scene of their former agitating interview. He expected to see the Earl with a fierce and scowling countenance, and hear him speak in a voice of bitter contemptuousness, if not even roused into fury ungovernable. But Lord Milverstoke received him with marvellous calmness of manner, albeit with visible gloom.

“Pray Mr. Hylton, be seated,” said his Lordship, with a sort of solemn courtesy that sensibly affected Mr. Hylton. “I am far from well, in either mind or body, but doubtless you have that to say which I ought to hear, and at once, therefore, Sir, speak freely. I am all attention.”

“Your Lordship has to-day seen Captain Lutteridge,” said Mr. Hylton, resolved to take advantage of this unexpectedly calm humour of the Earl, and touch first the most dangerous topic that he knew he should have to deal with.

“I have, Sir. He told me what had passed between you and him this day. Captain Lutteridge is a plain-spoken gentleman, and somewhat abruptly broke to me a matter very painful : and I fear I dismissed him roughly, for which I am sorry ; and request you, if you should see him, to tell him this from me.”

“I trust your Lordship is satisfied that I had taken no means whatever to betray the Captain into this.”

“He did not say that you did, Mr. Hylton, nor suggest it ; and I believe that you could not possibly do so base and paltry a thing. And now that you know what formed the subject of conversation at my table, on that—that—hideous night—let me ask you, Sir, whether you agree with what I told you some time ago, that what was said on that night could have no bearing on the case which you have thought proper so vehemently, so tenaciously, to advocate and uphold ?”

“My Lord, I feel it my duty to acknowledge that I have been unable hitherto to see any means of connecting that conversation with the event which we all do so deeply deplore ; which still seems to me enshrouded in mystery and terror. But I am unshaken in my belief of the innocence of Ayliffe”—

“I feel it, Sir, very difficult to listen to you with calmness ; but I restrain my feelings ; and I request to be informed of your object in coming hither to-night.”

“My Lord, I deem it right to show your Lordship how at present stands the case, which now probably can have only one ending on Monday morning next.” Here he took out of his pocket-book two letters, and handing them to his Lordship, said, “The first, my Lord, is one which gives an account of what took place before the Secretary of State, with reference to the communication forwarded from Dunkirk ; and the second is the Under Secretary’s letter to me on the subject on which I have just spoken to your Lordship.”

The Earl took the proffered document, and opened first the latter, with visibly checked eagerness ; reading it over in silence. “ I will not,” said his Lordship, when he had come to the end, “ ask you, Sir, whether *now* you feel justified in having made the representations which have called forth this very marvellous and creditable despatch ; for such I suppose I must call it. But if you have no objection to be so communicative, Sir, I wish to know what course you may now be intending to pursue. I mean, speaking with precision, how you will endeavour to make it appear that you have not disturbed the administration of justice.”

“ Oh, my Lord, while I acknowledge the courtesy of your Lordship’s language, I feel the searing severity of your rebuke, and must submit to it. But while I do so, suffer me to say, that my conscience acquits me of having done, intentionally, wrong. I acted in a great, a very terrible difficulty.”

“ I think, Sir, you evade—no, Sir, I beg your pardon—I mean, I think that you did not hear, or have forgotten, my question. I ask you again, what course you intend to pursue, with reference to this letter ? You pause, Mr. Hylton. If it be any relief to your feelings, I have to inform you, that I shall myself immediately write to my Lord Farnborough, telling him how I am forced, by circumstances, to disclose a conversation which took place in the fancied privacy of my own house. I shall also mention the subject of that conversation ;”—he paused, and involuntarily closed his eyes for a moment—“ and that—my— unfortunate murdered son was present, and probably heard what was said ; and shortly afterwards left the Castle. This I intend to do, Sir, immediately : and then, Sir, I presume your end will have been so far answered,” said the Earl, momentarily resuming his usual sternness of tone and manner. Mr. Hylton bowed in silent acquiescence.

“ And what inference do you think proper, Sir, to draw from this circumstance, touching my unhappy son’s murder ?” the Earl proceeded, with ill-subdued vehemence, and a voice in which a faint tremor was perceptible.

“ My Lord,” replied Mr. Hylton calmly, “ I profess to draw no inferences. I know not that I am entitled to draw any, nor that I am able to do so.”

“ This babbling Captain told you, Sir, I believe, that the late Lord Alkmond seemed disturbed—distressed—at the conversation ?”

“Certainly he did, my Lord.”

“And of course, Sir, you placed implicit reliance on what he said? and were ready to act on what a man in his cups fancied that he observed in another? But I cannot pursue this further, Sir,” said the Earl, having slightly changed colour. “And now concerning this other letter.”

That also his Lordship read entirely through. When he had done, he said, with a contemptuous air, “It did not require Lord Farnborough’s talents to dispose of *this* flimsy farce. But are *you* satisfied on this point also, Sir?”

“My Lord, I cannot carry the matter further, and look upon it, after the two letters which your Lordship has before you, as concluded; or at least placed beyond *my* judgment or responsibility.”

“And *what then*, Sir?” inquired Lord Milverstoke, eyeing Mr. Hylton steadfastly.

“What then, my Lord, indeed!” echoed Mr. Hylton, with a deep sigh.

“I will tell you, Sir. Justice will be satisfied, and a lesson taught to those who have striven to defeat it.”

“My Lord, pardon me, I cannot sit silent while”—

“I tell you, Sir, that you must and shall sit silent before him whom you have so deeply injured, whose feelings you have outraged, whose heart you have wrung, whose very soul you have tortured almost to very madness. I tell you, Sir, that you have acted in vain and presumptuous defiance of common sense, the law of the land, and the principles of justice; and most advisedly stabbed hearts into which it was your province rather to have poured sympathy and consolation. How, Sir, shall you ever make me amends for the days and nights of misery which your intrusive meddling and false humanity have occasioned me? Was your object, Sir, to hold me up as a mark for the arrows of calumny? To earn for yourself the reputation of the good and merciful, at my expense, coarsely careless of the peace of my family? To make me appear, I say, vindictive and relentless, that you might appear the reverse? But, doubtless, you have been partially successful; and I beg of you to spend an early day next week, a *very* early day, Sir, in humiliation and fasting, that you may acquire a smarting sense of your inhumanity, and possibly even learn a little humility, and to place less confidence in your own somewhat overweening and presumptuous judgment! Oh, let me hear, Sir, what you have

to say! By all means, Mr. Hylton; plausibility will not even now desert you!" said the Earl, with a most bitter smile, it being the first approach—but such an one!—to a smile of any kind, that had been seen in his features since his son's death.

"My Lord, I see before me, in your Lordship, only a cruelly injured and bereaved father; your Lordship, sees in me only an humble Clergyman, unable, and indisposed, even were he able, to resent insult, or *render railing for railing*. I dare not, I cannot, take or feel offence at anything that has fallen from your Lordship; and I believe that though sharp and cutting are your words, your Lordship meant not offence against one who never uttered a disrespectful or hasty word to your Lordship; who at this moment, God be my witness, loves and pities your Lordship"—

"I thank you, Sir," interposed the Earl, loftily.

—"And sympathizes with your sufferings. But, my Lord, I choose to appeal for a moment, calmly and confidently, to your own high feelings. I call upon you to remember my sacred character and office, and to bear with me while I solemnly denounce, in the name of Him whom I serve, your present fierce, unchristian, unhumiliated spirit."

"Mr. Hylton," said the Earl, his eyes glistening with fury, "I would be calm and temperate with you, in spite of your provoking me to forget what is due to myself, as well as you. Pray, Sir, exercise, in your amazing meekness!—a little discretion; and consider whether you are not guilty of inordinate assumption in thus addressing him whom you have injured, and towards whom you express no single word of regret or apology!"

"For what, my Lord, am I to apologise?" inquired Mr. Hylton, mildly.

"If your own heart do not tell you, Sir, words of mine are unavailing. And now that you have, perhaps, no fresh indignity to offer me under the guise of saintly counsel and rebuke"—Mr. Hylton gazed earnestly at the Earl, but evidently with no intention to interrupt him, and with a look which made the Earl falter for a second or two—"let me, in my unworthy turn, presume to offer *you* some advice; to give you, Sir, a recommendation, and methinks a very solemn one. To the prison, Sir—to the cell of the justly doomed betake yourself, and make efforts, which I would fain hope may not even yet be unavailing, to repair the almost mortal mischief that you have done! Try, Sir, to turn the guilty eye which is there, *again*

to hereafter—that eye which you have diverted fatally to earth. Calm *that* spirit! Collect *those* wandering and distracted thoughts! Clear away the confusion that you have *there* created! Be *this*, Reverend Sir, for some few days to come, your terrible task!”

“I have not, my Lord, your Lordship’s known eloquence, your powers of blighting sarcasm—gifts from God, for wise purposes, towards yourself and others, and not weapons to be thus used against an unoffending, though most unworthy, servant of that Great Giver! who is Lord of Lords, and King of King! Oh, my Lord! my Lord! to that condemned cell, my steps shall, indeed, soon be bent! Its poor occupant shall have my fervent prayers, my most affectionate offices! I will prostrate by his side my own unworthy soul before the awful throne of God, now, I humbly trust, brightening before his eye, from which are falling away the films of earth. I will try, unscathed by your causeless curse, to lift up those trembling hands, and support those feeble knees: and oh! my God! for His sake, who died the just for the unjust, assist my efforts on that occasion: and before he go hence, may he declare his forgiveness of those who express no forgiveness towards him!”

No man living could have then seen and heard Mr. Hylton unmoved: what dignity, and tenderness, were in his every look, his every word! The Earl gazed at him in silence as he spoke; and when he paused, said, with some effort to retain his former sternness of tone, “Sir, this is very eloquent and moving, and quite in the style of your profession, Sir!—but endeavour to be just. Have I said, Sir, that I would extend no forgiveness towards this unhappy wretch?”

“*Do you feel that you can*, my Lord?” inquired Mr. Hylton, and his eye seemed to search the soul of Lord Milverstone; whose wasted and agitated features were suddenly flushed, but he spoke not: “one word—one such word, my Lord, from those *truthful* lips of yours would be indeed”—

“Are you my confessor, Sir?” presently inquired Lord Milverstone sternly.

“No, my Lord, I am not; but still one who, till I may be dismissed, am intrusted with sacred functions towards your Lordship and your household. I charge you, my Lord, by your hope of eternal life and happiness, passing through the forgiveness of injury—I charge you, my Lord, to give me authority, on your behalf to tell this”—

“Let not my name be mentioned, Sir, in that place of guilt and

pollution!" said the Earl with great excitement: "by what authority, Sir, do you presume thus to talk to me? to tell me that you are entitled to ask me such a question? If, between my God and myself, Sir, I endeavour to do my duty towards Him and towards man; who, Sir, shall interfere? Sir, you still *are*, at present, one of my Chaplains, and I forbear; but you will find it prudent to pursue these topics no further."

Mr. Hylton bowed with sad respectfulness. "I ask your Lordship to bear with me—possibly for the last time that I may be seen, or my voice be heard, within your Lordship's residence—in your Lordship's presence. Reverse, for a moment, the case that is now, My Lord; and suppose that Adam Ayliffe had been the murdered man, and your Lordship unjustly accused as the murderer, and doomed to die, though innocent—to be ignominiously hanged, my Lord—your big, proud heart bursting indignantly amidst universal but undeserved execration"—

"Why, Sir, will you exercise your rhetorical powers upon *me*? I have acknowledged your eloquence; I add to it, if it gratify you that you are a master of your art; you display powers, Sir, that I never dreamed of your possessing; and, to show you the gross injustice of your accusation against me, if ever it be in my power to contribute towards placing your talents in a more conspicuous position—of usefulness, I mean, Sir—I will pledge myself to do it. Yes, Sir, heartily, zealously—from motives unimpeachable by God or man. Is not *that* a forgiveness of injury? For, Sir, I tell you that I bear an almost intolerable sense of the injury you have done me—which you continue to do me—injury with which you are now mingling *insult*!—insult, Sir—bitter insult! For I now feel that you are absurdly striving to practise upon my feelings! and to trifle with my understanding! Yes, I do, Sir," added the Earl, darting a furious glance at Mr. Hylton.

"Forgive me, my Lord Milverstoke; you cannot have calmly arrived at that conclusion; and you are wronging yourself, and not me! Oh, my Lord, my Lord, my question remains unanswered! Your expressions of intended good towards *me*, I am constrained to receive with implicit credence: but I ask no forgiveness for myself; it is for"—

"Pshaw, Sir! Now, let me remind you of a passage that you know well—Why see you the mote that is in my eye, and not the beam that is in your own? 'Tis almost descending to the ridi-

culous, Sir; but it is you who force that descent—you, oracle of humility in others! see with what tenacious conceit and pride you refuse to own *your* faults, and proudly disclaim a proffered forgiveness!”

“God must judge between us, my Lord,” said Mr. Hylton, with a sigh. “I am not conscious of feeling what you impute to me.”

“That, Sir, I believe,” interposed the Earl, scornfully; “and now we understand each other!”

“But if aught in me—my speech, my manner, aught that I have said, that I have done—have given offence, I ask your Lordship’s forgiveness most sincerely, and thankfully will receive it.”

“You have it, Sir.”

“And now, my Lord”—

“Pursue that subject no further, Sir,” interrupted the Earl, “lest you should clean provoke me out of all patience. I know what you would repeat and reiterate. Would you not be well pleased to see me accompany you, and present myself with you in the cell of—of”—the Earl stopped, shuddering, and recoiling from the presence which he had conjured up.

“If you even did, my Lord, it might stand you in stead hereafter, before the awful bar of God, when you, and I, and this your abhorred and despised fellow-man, are standing to receive our final and irrevocable judgment.” As Mr. Hylton said this, he dropped his head involuntarily, and spoke in a very thrilling tone as he continued—“There, also, will stand one who, could he now speak from amidst the silence of the grave, would say only—*Forgive*: in his name, my Lord, I”—

“Oh, you presumptuous, horrible, and most barbarous person!” exclaimed Lord Milverstoke, starting up, his features flushed, his eyes glaring with fearful expression at Mr. Hylton; “is the grave not sacred from your vile profaning touch, your polluting presence?”—he walked to and fro, apparently almost gasping for breath. “Leave the room, Sir!—leave me!—never let my eyes light on you again!—you, whose miscreant hand would pluck out my heart, and trample upon it and the mangled body of my son together!—out upon you!”

“May God forgive me, my Lord, if”—

“Silence! A word, Sir, and you drive me to madness!” The Earl stood still for a few moments, pressing both his hands upon

his head. "And all this—all this—to save"—he gasped—"from the gallows—a wretch—a blood-stained wretch.—Look you, Sir! look! So let him perish!" and rushing forward towards the table, on which stood a large and costly lamp, he struck it down with phrenzied violence, and they were instantly in darkness. "Begone, Sir!"

"I go, my Lord; and so may not you go, hereafter, into UTTER DARKNESS! Amen! Oh God! Amen!" exclaimed Mr. Hylton, at the same time slowly groping his way towards the door, and along the wall near which he had been standing.

"Begone! Messenger of Satan, sent to buffet me!" cried the Earl, with hoarse vehemence, stamping his foot furiously on the floor; and when Mr. Hylton had nearly reached the door, and was considering whether he should make one more effort before quitting the Castle for ever, he heard a loud groan issue from the Earl, and then a sound as of one falling heavily.

Mr. Hylton hastily opened the door, and, with marvellous presence of mind, avoided calling out for assistance, lest he should fatally alarm Lady Alkmond, whose apartments were, though at some distance, in that quarter of the Castle. With as little disturbance as was possible under the circumstances, assistance was soon procured for the Earl, the library within a few minutes' time being crowded with servants and others, who, it may easily be imagined, were fearfully shocked on entering the darkened room, where they found on one side of the library table the Earl stretched insensible on the floor, and on the other the scattered fragments of the lamp which he had, in his sudden phrenzy, destroyed. Happily medical aid was instantly at hand. The physician resident in the Castle, in attendance upon Lady Alkmond, expressed no surprise at the illness of the Earl, whom he had known to be for some time in a state of considerable excitement, and who had during that very day complained to him of indisposition. It could not be for some little time pronounced whether Lord Milverstoke was suffering from an attack of apoplexy; but the remedies applied had reference to such an alarming visitation, and he was profusely bled on the spot, and then carried to bed; a messenger being immediately despatched for the attendance of the consulting physician, resident in the county town, and a person of great skill and eminence. Mr. Hylton stayed for some time, in such a state of anxiety and distress as seemed likely, combined with his own long-continued excitement

and fatigue, to precipitate him also into serious illness. To the amazed and troubled inquiries of those whom he had summoned into the room, Mr. Hylton answered merely that the Earl had been engaged up to almost the last moment in very anxious conversation on the subject of recent events, and especially upon one that was to take place within a few days. Fortunately, he was not asked how they came to be in darkness, and the lamp broken upon the ground; and it was very naturally supposed that the lamp might have been overthrown accidentally in the hurried movements of Mr. Hylton in obtaining assistance. As calmly as he could, under circumstances of such an agitating kind as those which had happened just previously to his quitting the Castle, he considered, on his ride homeward, what course was now proper to be adopted with reference to answering the inquiries which the Secretary of State had directed to be addressed to him. As he conceived it requisite that no time should be lost, he hastened homeward; and in time for despatch by that night's mail, which passed at midnight through the village, he addressed the following letter to the Under Secretary of State:—

“Parsonage, Milverstoke.

“Sir,

“I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th instant, and to express the deep sense which I entertain of Lord Farnborough's anxiety to see justice done in a case which I humbly conceive (however erroneously) to be one of peculiar difficulty and responsibility. I made the representations to the Lord Chief Justice, which were substantially of the nature mentioned in your letter, under a deep sense of the responsibility which attached to me in making them. I have now to inform my Lord Farnborough that, after great efforts, and partly through an accident, I have discovered the nature of the occurrence which immediately preceded Lord Alkmond's departure from the Castle to the wood. It consisted of a conversation, merely among some of the guests left at the table, after Lord Milverstoke and others had quitted it, Lord Alkmond remaining behind. A topic was casually introduced which led to rather animated conversation, and which was observed to be extremely disagreeable, and even painful, to Lord Alkmond, who took no part in it; and, finding it persevered in, quitted the room, and was not seen afterwards alive by any of the guests at the Castle. The gentleman who first told me of this

circumstance was one of those who dined at the Castle on that occasion; and hearing, after the trial of this case, of a remark which had fallen from the Lord Chief Justice, sent for me and told me of the fact of this conversation, but declined mentioning what was the subject of it, until he should have received my Lord Milverstone's permission. I have just quitted the Castle; where, I lament to say, that while I was with his Lordship, he was seized with sudden—and possibly, I fear, serious—illness; such as will probably render it impossible for his Lordship to do what he explicitly declared to me that it was his intention to do to-morrow—namely, to write and inform my Lord Farnborough, that the conversation in question was on the subject of *duelling*. I conceive, under the special circumstances of the case, that I am justified in making this disclosure, to which I trust Lord Farnborough will give no publicity, unless it be deemed absolutely necessary for the ends of justice. I feel bound in candour to state, that after very anxious reflection during this day, I am at a loss to suggest any probable connexion between the happening of this conversation and the perpetration of the murder; nor have I, at present, any reason to believe that more light can be thrown on the subject, notwithstanding the possibility of the fact proving to be otherwise, were further time allowed for inquiry. And I must add, that the Earl of Milverstone has repeatedly and most explicitly stated to me, that he knew no reason whatever for Lord Alkmond's being agitated by such a conversation as that above mentioned; and could not conjecture what bearing it could have upon the horrible murder of the late lamented Lord Alkmond.

“I have been made aware of what passed before Lord Farnborough, and in your own presence, relating to this matter. I have no new facts or suggestions to offer on this subject, which I must now finally leave in the hands of his Lordship, under the direction of a superintending Providence. I cannot, however, abstain from adding, that my own conviction of the prisoner's innocence, remains unshaken; but, at the same time, I cannot deny the strength of the case against him, if regarded solely with reference to the facts established at the trial.

“I have the honour to be, Sir,

“Your obedient servant,

“HENRY HYLTON.”

“The Hon. H. J. C. Wylmington.”

“Alas, Adam! my poor friend! I fear all is over! I have done my best—but, I fear, in vain,” were the words with which, on the ensuing morning, Mr. Hylton led into his library old Ayliffe, who had come down to learn the final result of Mr. Hylton’s benevolent exertions; having walked for that purpose all the way from the county town where his son lay awaiting death. Ayliffe clasped his hands together in silence, and looked unutterable things at Mr. Hylton, who seemed unable to bear the misery that gleamed upon him from those penetrating blue eyes, the expression of which he had, in happier days, so often admired.

“Then he must die!” faintly exclaimed the old man, after awhile, his eyes never having wandered for even an instant from those of Mr. Hylton; who only shook his head, in sad affirmance of Ayliffe’s words. “Oh! let me return to my son!” said the old man, slowly rising. “Adam! my son! my son! would God I might die with thee! How we could uphold one another in passing through the waters! Will you not pray for us, Sir, that God would be with us in this bitter hour?”

“Ay, my poor brother; let us kneel before Him who will see, and hear, and answer us, though it may not be as we would at this moment desire.”

Mr. Hylton gently assisted Ayliffe to his knees, (for he appeared bewildered, though he had spoken calmly,) and sinking on his own, with faltering voice addressed a short and fervent prayer to the Almighty, that he would vouchsafe support to those who reverently strove, whether living or dying, to yield themselves to His sovereign will in all things.

“The blessing of an old man, fatherless, be upon thee and thine, thou Minister of God!” said Ayliffe, when they had risen from their knees; and his countenance, voice, and gesture seemed, as he spoke, scarcely to be of this world.

“Amen, Adam! Amen!” said Mr. Hylton, grasping his hands affectionately.

“Is it fixed that my son die on Monday?” inquired Ayliffe, with dreadful calmness.

“It is—alas! it is!” replied Mr. Hylton: “I see now no earthly means whatever of delaying the day, or preventing the execution of the law.”

“Friday!—Saturday!—Sunday!” said Ayliffe, gazing intently at Mr. Hylton.

“Yes, Adam; three days! only three! How important are they!”

“And then my son is no more on earth! Let me go to my son! I stay too long from him!” The old man rose from his seat, and, walking slowly to the door, taking his hat in one hand, and his staff in the other, exclaimed, as if to himself, “Adam! Adam! I am coming to thee!”

“How go you, Adam, my dear friend? have you any conveyance thither?” inquired Mr. Hylton, earnestly. His words seemed for a moment to rouse his unhappy companion.

“God will guide me. If he do not give me strength, I faint by the way; for truly, truly, Sir, my heart is very faint, and my knees tremble!”

“Remain a moment, till my return,” said Mr. Hylton, hurriedly—and presently returned, accompanied by Mrs. Hylton, who, in tearful silence, assisted her husband in pouring out a glass of wine, which the old man took with thankfulness, his hand trembling the while; and observing Mrs. Hylton in tears, he shook his head mournfully, attempting to speak to her, but his lips uttered no audible sound. At that moment their little daughter timidly approached the door, and, entering the room, stole beside her mother, gazing around her apprehensively and in silence. Then the old man’s feelings gave way, as he looked at her; the tears forced themselves down his cheeks; he shook his head for some time, evidently struggling for speech; and at length said in a faint voice, “The Lord bless thee little one!”

“Lay thy hands upon her, Adam, and give her thy blessing, thou suffering saint!” said Mr. Hylton: and gently placing his daughter before the old man, he put his hands upon her head, and solemnly and tremulously repeated his words, “The Lord bless thee! Amen!”

Shortly afterwards he quitted the parsonage, and would not hear of any assistance being provided to enable him to return. Mr. Hylton pledged himself to visit the unhappy convict, if possible, on that very day; “Though I tell you, Adam, it will be a far sorer trial to me than I can well bear. I trust, however,” continued Mr. Hylton, with emotion, “your poor son is satisfied that I have not lightly lengthened his sufferings.”

“Oh, Sir! Reverend Sir! if it were lawful for man to bow to

man, my poor Adam would fall on his knees before you, and even kiss the dust off your feet !”

“Let him receive me calmly, Adam, I entreat thee ; or I may not be able to discharge the solemn office which I shall go to perform—to administer such counsel as God may enable me. Farewell, now, Adam, for a while ; and tell your son, if I be not with him before you, that I am coming ; that I will not—I cannot—desert him.”

Within a few hours afterwards Mr. Hylton, after a very melancholy ride thither, entered the gaol, and took an opportunity, before going to the condemned cell, of seeing the Chaplain—an excellent person, most exemplary in the discharge of his gloomy duties at the prison, and who had been unremitting in his attentions to Ayliffe. The first words uttered by the Chaplain concerning Ayliffe, not a little agitated Mr. Hylton.

“Poor soul !” said the Chaplain, “he is about to ask you to use your influence, as a magistrate, with the authorities (I told him that I knew it would be in vain), that, when he has suffered, his body may not be given over to be anatomized, but be buried in your churchyard, in the same grave with his mother, and that you will bury him.”

“I—I—cannot, then, see the unhappy man to-day ! My feelings are already overpowered. I am quite unfit to discharge the duty which I came to endeavour to do,” said Mr. Hylton ; and his disturbed countenance and gestures confirmed what he said. “Is his father with him ?”

“No ; he has not yet returned from Milverstoke. He was to have seen you, and asked you, in his son’s name, to do what I have just mentioned.”

“He *has* been with me,” said Mr. Hylton, almost in tears ; “but his heart must have failed him : he said not a word to me on the dismal subject.”

“That old man is piety personified. His reverent submission to the will of God, in this awful dispensation of his Providence, has made all my own past teachings, my dear friend, seem poor and ineffectual. His image is ever before my eyes—his voice, solemn and calm, ever sounding in my ears. I sit, in spirit, at his feet !”

“And his son : does he waver in asserting his innocence ?”

“No, not for a moment : he is firm as at the first—declaring his belief that, when too late, it will be shown that the deed was done

by others, and that he knew nothing of it whatever. Once he showed unusual emotion on the subject, and, drawing himself up with an air of true dignity, if ever dignity I saw in man, exclaimed, 'No murder could I do at all; but least of all could I strike, coward-like, from behind. When I think of *that*, and that people can believe Adam Ayliffe, an Englishman, did so, I feel as though my heart would clean burst for shame and anger!'

Mr. Hylton listened to this in agitated silence; for he could not speak.

"And, in truth," continued the Chaplain, "there is something noble in the poor fellow's features, and their expression is of a pure frankness, such as never, I am sure, masked the heart of a murderer. I have come to your conclusion; and I terribly fear that this man is going to suffer wrongfully. But what can be done? Who is to be blamed? Consider that the gloomy position which has hanged him, was sought out by himself; and, as we cannot see with God's eyes, human justice must do the best it can."

"I have, I think, satisfied Ayliffe that a fairer trial than he had, could not have been. I have said to him, 'Had you been a juryman, as your father has several times been, and sworn on such a trial as yours, your verdict, on your oath, must have been Guilty:—and he was silent.'

"In what state of feeling is he, now that his doom is unchangeably fixed?"

"Then it really is fixed?" inquired the Chaplain suddenly, and very gravely.

"I doubt no more that he will suffer on Monday, than that the sun will rise on that morning. Alas! I am too well able to express that conviction. I have left no stone unturned—have moved in high, nay, the highest places—in vain. Only last night there was a truly awful scene between Lord Milverstoke and me, the consequence of which I cannot foresee; for he was seized with a fit while I was with him, endeavouring, to the best of my ability, to induce upon him a Christian temper of forgiveness and mercy."

"Is his Lordship, then, stern and implacable as ever?"

"Indeed, I fear he is; but God grant that, in my zeal, I may not have gone further than my duty warranted. My heart bleeds for his sufferings; so did it all the while I was with him. But, alas! his will is as iron, seemingly not softened by affliction."

"Oh, what a contrast!—what a contrast to this old man Ayliffe!

Before I leave you," said the Chaplain, suddenly placing his hand on Mr. Hylton's arm, and speaking with a very impressive air, "let me say, that you must attend the prisoner in his last hour—he will expect it—nay, I believe he will this day ask you."

"Oh, my dear friend," replied Mr. Hylton, rather faintly, "forgive me!—I pray you, cease! Surely sufficient for the day is the evil thereof!"

"True, my friend; but prepare you for the painful question: and therefore only do I mention it. And now you must lose no time, if you would be of service to the prisoner. You will find two Prayer-books in the cell; and will probably see the prisoner reading in the great old Bible of his father."

"Adam! God be with you!" exclaimed Mr. Hylton, as soon as the turnkey had unlocked, unbarred, and thrown open the door of the cell.

Poor Ayliffe rose eagerly, the clanking of his heavy fetters sickening the very soul of his sorrowful visitor, whose hand he clasped convulsively, and then carried to his lips, but spoke not a word.

"Alas, Adam! I have only gloomy tidings for you, if you need to be told them: all hope is now utterly extinguished—the day of your departure is near at hand. I feel it a sacred duty to assure you, that on Monday morning—*on Monday morning, Adam*—the will of God will be accomplished on you. Then He who gave you life, will take it from you: He who placed you on earth, will remove you from it. May you, Adam Ayliffe, be ready for that tremendous change!"

Finding that Ayliffe was firmly grasping his hand, and sighing deeply, but apparently not suffering violent emotion, Mr. Hylton, in a low earnest tone, continued to address him.

"Regard this transitory life, henceforth, as over: fled as a dream: gone as a shadow: yet leaving its traces in most awful responsibility on account of what has been done in that brief space, in that fleeting dream and passing shadow! Look upward! For that, is your spirit formed—of that, made capable. Be not disheartened,—be not presumptuous! It is fearful to look back on the long array of sins that you have committed, known only to God and yourself, to whom He may now have made many visible, that had before been forgotten! What sins wilfully committed, stifling the voice of conscience!—what myriad holy warnings disregarded!

Let not the foul tempter and enemy of mankind, in these your last hours, deceive you : be prepared against him. He will strive, as striven I know he has, to tell you of great sins and little sins, and that none which you have committed do deserve this punishment which is inflicted upon you—nay, impiously will he tell you that this death which is coming on you is unjust!”—Here Ayliffe heaved a profound sigh, but made no attempt to speak. “Whether you die innocent of the crime for which the law of man has declared your life forfeit, God perfectly knoweth, as you cannot doubt; and if your conscience be herein void of offence towards God and man, God forbid that such a consciousness should lead you down to destruction, by inciting profane and rebellious thoughts! Adam, as a servant of the living God, I earnestly warn you against this deadly snare and danger, and remind you that, as you cannot escape in anywise from the power of God Almighty, you must needs resign yourself into His hands, whose wisdom is unsearchable, infinitely past finding out, but also whose goodness and justice are perfect and absolute : and in this dispensation, which appears to you strange and unreasonable, yet in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye—He could reveal most abundantly sufficient grounds and reasons for this His ordering. He may not choose to do so with you in this life, though possibly, when you are gone, He may vouchsafe to make plain all that now seems mysterious and confounding. And he may not choose now to show you a reason for what he doth with you, because he will have you thoroughly exercise your faith and obedience, as the condition of your immortal soul entering into happiness with Him, that can have no end. And, though you die innocent of this particular act charged against you, and so, in the language of men, die unjustly—(yet forget never that this evil overtook you when seeking revenge, and indulging malignity most utterly abhorrent to God, and contrary to all religion)—yet, Adam! think of One who asked that, *if it were possible, the cup of agony and death might pass from Him*, yet submitted to the will of His Father, and knowing no sin, *died yet the just for the unjust!* Adam! let this thought kindle your spirit.”

“Oh, Sir! there—there are all my hopes : all is darkness but there! And when I am, though only for a moment, put off that thought and hope, I sink! and am quite undone!”

This Ayliffe said very earnestly, and in a way that greatly consoled and encouraged Mr. Hylton, who then spoke long and movingly

to him of the glorious, but awful Presence in which they were; and brought before him the gracious promises, but also the strict conditions, of the Gospel. Poor Ayliffe's answers told Mr. Hylton of the constant presence and teaching of old Ayliffe, whom Mr. Hylton likened to the guardian-angel of his son.

"And now, Adam, one question must I ask you, and the answer must be a true one, and it will tell at once whether your peace and hopes for hereafter be well or ill founded. Do you from your very heart and soul forgive all mankind—even those whom you think to have most grievously wronged you?"

"Ay, Sir, I do: God be thanked, I do!" replied Ayliffe, quickly and heartily, and with such a heavenly smile on his features, that Mr. Hylton felt an indescribable awe in looking at him and listening to him.

"Do you forgive Lord Milverstoke?"

"Oh, Sir, why should I be angered with him? His son has been murdered, and he thinks that I did it! But he has done nothing of malice against me, who die according to law. Never in this case have I felt malice towards my Lord, so God be my witness!"

"There is another, Adam," said Mr. Hylton, pointedly.

"I know, Sir, whom you mean—one that has truly been my enemy, and the foe of my father and me."

"I mean Mr. Oxley, Adam."

"I do clearly and perfectly forgive him, as I do hope myself to be forgiven; but I must say the truth, Sir; it has been a long and a hard business to do this—but God has heard prayer for me, and helped me to feel the forgiveness that I speak of; and I hope he will, when I am gone, bethink him of his unkindness towards those who never injured him, and were striving hard to live honestly, though near upon starving."

"And yet, Adam Ayliffe, is there one other?"

"Oh, Sir, you speak of Hundle, that first led me into all this. Whatever he has done against me I have forgiven—I do forgive! He was a cruel and deceitful man to me—but he must answer to God for it!"

"And have you, Adam—it is my duty to remind you—nothing to answer for against that man? With God, *intended* guilt is guilt—He sees into the heart!"

"I know it, Sir! I know it!" replied Ayliffe, with a contrite air.

“ I went out to lie in wait for him with foul ill-will : and Satan might have urged me further than I had meant ; for I will own, Sir, that as I walked in that wood, waiting to see him, when I thought of him, these fingers tightened like a vice on my stick. Oh, Sir ! a terrible business it might have been ! ”

“ And all this, Adam, fully seen and known by Almighty God at the time ! The forgiveness that you pray for must first be shown by you—there must not be one spark of animosity lurking in your heart, or it will pollute the whole beyond cleansing ! And have you thus thoroughly forgiven ? ”

“ Ay, ay, have it, God being my witness ! and from the time I first felt that I had done so, I was a changed man ; and even in these irons, felt for a while free and light-hearted ! I have forgiven ! I do—so may God forgive me ! ” said Ayliffe, with a look of such meek sincerity, that Mr. Hylton implicitly believed him, and said, very cheerfully—

“ Why, Adam ! God hath been with you ! and He is with you, and will be with you ! ”

“ So I do humbly believe and hope, Sir : yet, I feel oftentimes sharp and bitter pains and pangs, and fall into darkness. There’s one—nay, there be more, that I leave behind me—would that they went with me, if such were the will of God, and so were quit of a miserable world ! ”

“ Beware of such thoughts, Adam ! for they lead to unholy repinings and doubts. God may have good or evil in store for them ; but only when He pleases will they go after you. In the course for nature, your good, your virtuous father must follow you, and it may not be long ; but while he lives, surely you will be thankful that he is left here to watch, for a while, over those whom you love ? ”

“ But, Sir, there is a thing that does cruelly trouble my poor soul : where is their bread to come from ? Who is to work for them when I am gone ? Oh, Sir ! almost my last thoughts will be of that ! My child is a poor, little, weak creature, and likely never to be able to stir for himself ! Now would I cry, and would ever, when I think of him and Sarah : but cry I cannot ! Tears will not come, though they might ease my heart, which feels hot and choked ! ”

“ My poor friend ! believe me when I assure you that God has already raised up a friend for those whom you will leave behind you. Cast your care on Him who careth for you ; those you

love will not, shall not perish ; they shall not come to want ! ”

Here Ayliffe put his hand into his bosom, and took out a small packet, neatly fastened with thread, and opened it. There were two small papers, and each contained a lock of hair.

“ This is Sarah’s, Sir : and this is Adam’s,” said he, and he gave such a sad, heart-broken look, first at them, and then at Mr. Hylton, that the latter’s tears gushed out, and continued to do so for some moments.

“ Ah, Sir,” said Ayliffe, calmly, and sighing, “ I wish my tears could come ; but I am past it ! ” Then he folded up the little precious remembrances, and replaced them in his bosom. “ Are these to be buried with me, Sir ? ” said he, with an ominous—a fearfully significant look at Mr. Hylton ; who, remembering what the Chaplain had prepared him for, felt suddenly sick at heart.

“ What answer can I give you, my poor friend ? ” inquired Mr. Hylton, in a low tone, looking down ; and there was a dismal silence.

“ Oh, Sir, cannot you, being a magistrate, beg off my poor body for burial ? Some pangs it might save me, to think that I lay in the blessed earth of our churchyard at Milverstoke, in my mother’s grave—ah ! you buried her, Sir.”

“ I did, Adam—I did ; may you soon meet her sainted spirit ! and, oh ! why care about the darkened dust that you leave behind you ! If your *spirit* live for ever, in happiness ”—

“ Sir—good, kind Sir—I cannot help it ! It is the nature that I am made of. My flesh creeps to think that—that this body”—he shuddered visibly from head to foot.

“ Poor friend ! your feelings I respect—I would have your wishes attended to ; but, alas ! I have no power whatever. It pains me to remind you, Adam, of the sentence ”—

“ Oh, I heard it, Sir ! ” said he, and seemed for a moment absorbed in a sickening recollection ; “ I know that so as my soul be right, little signifies it about my poor body ; but I should not tell truth if I said this thing did not grieve—nay, fright me. How I do think of it, Sir ! Do, Sir, *promise* to do what you can ? ”

“ I promise to do my utmost endeavour.”

“ Thank you, Sir ! ” he replied, with a deep sigh.

“ And now I must leave you Adam ”—

He rose up suddenly, his irons rattling so as to startle Mr. Hylton.

"Not—not for ever, Sir!" said Ayliffe, with wild alarm in his face, stretching his arms towards Mr. Hylton.

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Hylton, faintly.

"Oh, Sir! good, dear, merciful Sir! do come to me again! I cannot die happy if I see you not again!"

"I will be with you again," faltered Mr. Hylton: and fearful of a more explicit promise being exacted from him, knocked at the cell-door, which was immediately opened. Then cordially grasping both the poor convict's hands, he fervently blessed him, and withdrew, with feelings much disturbed by the recollection of what had passed, and the prospect of the dismal scene, which, after his promise, awaited him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Assured that he would be too much agitated by the event of the ensuing Monday morning, to admit of his doing his ordinary duty at his church on the approaching Sunday, Mr. Hylton succeeded in procuring the assistance of a friend; and when the hour of divine service had arrived, Mr. Hylton was thankful that he had been relieved from a duty which he then felt that he certainly could not have gone through—at least with the requisite degree of calmness and self-possession.

When the congregation, which was crowded, and very sad, saw Mr. Hylton walk, unrobed, into his own pew, while a stranger entered the reading-desk, they too surely surmised the cause; and many eyed his harassed, benevolent countenance, with beating hearts. He was obliged to change his position once; for, as he stood, his eye fell on the seats, now vacant, which had usually been occupied by old Ayliffe and his son. Oh, where were they now! Where would one of them be at that time on the morrow? There were portions of the sublime service of the Church, which fell on all ears, and sunk into all hearts, that day, like sounds from the unseen world. When arrived at the appropriate part of the service, the minister paused for a moment, and amidst death-like silence said—

“The prayers of this congregation are desired for several persons dangerously ill, *and for one appointed to die!*”

The responses to the Litany, that morning, were but faintly audible; yet came they from the depths of hearts smitten with sympathy and fear.

All that day Milverstoke, though a secluded and rural district, afforded significant evidence of the excitement which pervaded the minds of those who lived in it and the neighbourhood. Many strangers came to the church both morning and afternoon; afterwards to be seen talking in the churchyard, and at the doors of the houses. As Mr. Hylton, with Mrs. Hylton and their little girl, walked on to the parsonage, the obeisances of those whom he

passed, were silent and almost reverential—bearing eloquent homage to his untiring zeal in the cause of humanity.

All were filled with concern at the final failure of his exertions to avert the fearful catastrophe which was to take place on the ensuing morning. The opinion of the neighbourhood had undergone a great change, influenced by the profound respect which every one entertained for the Vicar, his character, and talents. ‘If such a man,’ it was said, and not without good reason, ‘were so satisfied of the innocence of Ayliffe, as to have persevered with his strenuous exertions on his behalf, even up to the last moment; and had caused such doubts to be felt in the highest quarters, as had led to the fortnight’s respite, which, alas! was to end on the morrow;—there must be very cogent grounds for the belief on which he had acted.’ Rumour had got hold of some of the circumstances on which Mr. Hylton had founded his futile hopes—and those circumstances had been, as is usually the case, greatly misrepresented, but all in favour of Ayliffe. Vague whispers, also, were heard of something having occurred at the Castle, on the night of the murder, of a very mysterious character, connected with the officers. Captain Lutteridge’s visits to the Castle had been noticed, and also those of Mr. Hylton. The sudden illness of the Earl of Milverstoke, occurring just when it did, and while he was in consultation with Mr. Hylton, gave a strange, dark complexion to the whole affair. But the most substantial of all these matters was that founded on the facts which had been witnessed from the sea on the night of the murder: two men, no one could conjecture who, seen running along the shore, as for their lives, in a direction from the wood. What was the inference! No one thought of the possibility that these two might have been accomplices of Ayliffe; but they were given credit for having been the sole perpetrators of the appalling murder of Lord Alkmond. Then, upon all this doubt and mystery was brought to bear the excellent character which poor Ayliffe had ever borne:—perfectly irreproachable till thus accused—of a generous, affectionate, obliging nature—oh—thought all—’twas *impossible* that he could be a murderer! Then thought they of the father! the wife! the child! Oh! how this last was hugged and kissed, all unconscious of the cause of such accumulated endearments—that Sunday afternoon, by the good weeping woman-folk of the village! With what pity and awe was regarded the shut-up cottage of the Ayliffes, on which were written, in their eyes, desolation! and

terror! and injustice! And, indeed, this dismal and mysterious affair had obtained notoriety, not only throughout the county, and those adjoining it, but the whole kingdom. The murder of the son and heir of a peer of the realm—and that one so powerful and eminent as the Earl of Milverstoke—might well, indeed, be regarded as an incident of national interest and importance.

The fortnight's respite had awakened universal curiosity and apprehension, lest from any cause there should be an unhappy miscarriage of justice—by the escape of the guilty, or the sacrifice of the innocent. The authorities of the county were prepared for the attendance of a prodigious concourse on the ensuing morning to witness the execution of one, either most terribly and irreparably wronged, or the most cowardly and bloody of murderers. Prudent precautions were taken, under these circumstances, to preserve the public peace. Many special constables were sworn in; every turnkey in the prison was armed, and their numbers were doubled. A strong party of soldiers, both horse and foot, was ordered to be in attendance, the former under the command of Captain Lutteridge (who heartily wished that he had been in another part of the country), and to march into the open space in the centre of the prison, at a very early hour in the morning. All this had been deemed necessary by the High Sheriff as a matter of precaution, in consequence of certain intimations which had been conveyed to him of its not being improbable that a rescue might be attempted; as had been the case, under less exciting circumstances, only half a year before, in another part of the kingdom, where a man was executed who, being at the time believed, was afterwards proved, to have been quite innocent of the crime for which he died.

At seven o'clock on Monday morning, Mr. Hylton, pale and harassed, made his appearance at the chief gate of the prison on horseback: having, not without some difficulty, got through the throng of persons pouring down to the gaol; in front of which—a sickening spectacle—stood the expectant scaffold, already surrounded by a great and continually increasing crowd—though the brief work of death was not appointed to take place before nine o'clock. When Mr. Hylton had ridden within the gates, and before he had dismounted, his eye fell on Captain Lutteridge, who, while a servant held his horse, was walking slowly to and fro with folded arms before the soldiers. His features were stern and gloomy, and he returned Mr. Hylton's hasty and somewhat agitated salutation, in

silence. It was a calm, bright, spring morning ; the hedges and trees which Mr. Hylton had passed were all beginning to put on their glistening verdure, and the birds hopping and fluttering about, free as the air, and chirping and singing merrily. Mr. Hylton had sighed only the more heavily for observing them.—He found the Chaplain robed and waiting for him, as they had appointed, and, after taking each of them a glass of wine that stood in readiness, Mr. Hylton, without having spoken more than a word or two, followed the Chaplain to the condemned cell, where, shortly after their arrival, the Sacrament was to be administered. The door stood open—three turnkeys being near it, on the outside, each with his blunderbuss ; and Mr. Hylton's knees trembled beneath him, and he felt deadly faint at the first glance he got of the occupants of the cell—father and son silently locked in each other's arms ; not a word had they been heard to speak, for nearly half an hour.

“Do not—do not disturb them ; I cannot go in,” whispered Mr. Hylton ; and they both withdrew, returning to the room which they had quitted. The Chaplain spoke not to him, nor he to the Chaplain, for some time.

“But that my word is given to this poor soul, I could almost pray to be disabled from witnessing this appalling scene,” at length said Mr. Hylton.

“Courage, courage, my dear brother !” replied the Chaplain ; “the voice of duty calls you hither ; you shall now see such piety and virtue, in trouble, and in death, too, as shall for ever hallow this morning's scene in your recollection. I have myself been on my knees, and in tears, beseeching God Almighty that the lesson I am this morning learning, may be written on my heart till it cease to beat ! and that He would give me fortitude fittingly to discharge my sacred duties. Be not apprehensive ; our charge is subdued into an awful calmness, and has inquired after you with serenity almost approaching to cheerfulness. There is with him at this moment a visible angel ! But now let us return,” said the Chaplain, observing that Mr. Hylton had recovered his composure.

“All is in readiness for the last sacred rite of our religion !” Again they went on their solemn errand.

“Adam, my friend,” said the Chaplain gently, on entering the cell ; “here comes he whom you have asked for ; Mr. Hylton !”

The old man and his son were still locked in one another's arms, which, however, on the Chaplain speaking, were slowly unloosed ;

and two such countenances presently looked on Mr. Hylton, silently taking his seat beside them, as filled him with fear and reverence. Tearless were the eyes of both, but there was IMMORTALITY in their expression, a heavenly radiance on their solemn and wasted features. Neither father nor son spoke, as they gazed calmly at Mr. Hylton, who, as he grasped a hand of each, felt them to be cold as death : but there was no tremor in them. After a few moments they again slowly folded their arms round each other.

“Speak, Adam, tell these good gentlemen what God hath done for thee! Speak, my son, for thy God! Hath he not taken all fear of death from thee?” said at length the old man in a low tone, but with great firmness.

“He hath! and I know it is He that hath done it, of his unspeakable mercy!” replied his son, who, leaning forward, kissed his father’s white hair with gentle fondness and reverence.

“Here is my only son, God gave him to me, and hath allowed us many years of love together. He is now taking him back again! I shall stay a little time after thee, Adam; only a little; and assuredly we meet again!”

“The blessing of the ever-merciful God be upon you, Adam; upon you both,” said Mr. Hylton.

The prisoner slowly raised to his lips Mr. Hylton’s hand, and kissed it.

“I thank you, Sir, for coming as you promised! But—I cannot speak much,” said he, with an air of infinite sweetness. Oh! what love and pity you have ever shown me!” Here the Chaplain made a sign to Mr. Hylton that all was in readiness for the Sacrament, which was thereupon administered with an awful solemnity.

When it was over, “How much longer hath he to live?” inquired the father, as soon as he had risen from his knees, and kissed the forehead of his son. He spoke to the Under Sheriff, who had joined with them in the sublime ceremony which was just over.

“One hour and a-half—or only a very few minutes more,” he replied, looking sadly at his watch.

“May my son and I pass that hour alone?” inquired the old man : and added, turning to his son, “Adam, wouldst thou not rather that we spend this our last hour together, with no eye on us but that of God?”

“Yes, I would,” replied the prisoner, calmly; “but oh! *remem-*

ber!" said he, turning towards Mr. Hylton, and fixing on him an eye of mysterious expression.

"I do! I will!" replied Mr. Hylton; "at the hour's close, I will, with God's permission, again be with you, and remain!" On this the prisoner grasped his hand with silent energy.

"We will now leave you," said the Under Sheriff, "for exactly one hour; and then it will be necessary for you to quit this room for another;" by which he meant the press-room, where the prisoner's irons were to be knocked off. All then withdrew, and the cell-door was closed and locked. Word was from time to time brought to Mr. Hylton and the Chaplain, during that hour, that the occupants of the cell were engaged in almost constant prayer. The Chaplain's room, in which they were sitting, together with the Under Sheriff, overlooked the yard where the military stood; and shortly after they had entered this room, the window being open, Mr. Hylton overheard the stern peremptory voice of Captain Luteridge say a few words to the mounted dragoons, which were followed by the sounds of re-mounting. When the noise thus occasioned was over, both Mr. Hylton and the Chaplain distinctly heard the confused hum as of a great multitude, apparently close to them; and such was indeed the fact: the Governor taking occasion, as time wore on, to come into their room and inform them that the concourse without was beyond all measure the greatest that he or any one else in the prison had ever seen collected together; but, he added, that the road through which they should have to pass to the fatal spot, was very short, railed off, and guarded by a strong body of constables.

"And though we think it right to be prepared," he added, glancing towards the window significantly; "at present there has been not the slightest ground for apprehending any sort of disturbance." Mr. Hylton took the opportunity of the Governor leaving the room, to speak alone with the Under Sheriff on a subject which sickened him as he mentioned it.

"Must every portion—*every* portion of the sentence be carried into literal effect, Mr. Under Sheriff?"

"Certainly, Sir; certainly," he replied with a surprised air; but added quietly, "Oh! you mean, I dare say, whether the body must be given up to be dissected?" Mr. Hylton nodded in silence.

"Assuredly; quite a matter of course, Reverend Sir, however

painful to the friends or survivors. It is a part of the sentence, and can on no account be dispensed with. Not," he whispered, "if I may say it between us, that if very great interest were made, more than a *nominal*"— Here the prison bell began to toll—oh! dismal, dismal sound!—and the Under Sheriff ceased, took out his watch, and, observing the hour, withdrew in silence. In a few minutes' time Mr. Hylton and the Sheriff heard a clanking sound, as of one passing their door in fetters; and immediately afterwards, the Chaplain informed him that the prisoner was going to the press-room, where his irons were to be removed, and then the final preparations would be made.

"Poor soul! he will now soon be out of his misery!" said the Chaplain : and as he spoke, a turnkey came silently, motioning them to follow him. Mr. Hylton, with a beating heart, accompanied the Chaplain into the chamber, where, as he entered, he saw a turnkey in the act of knocking off the prisoner's irons. Ayliffe stood erect, his eyes fixed upwards, and his lips firmly compressed together; while his father, with both his arms grasping one of the prisoner's buried his head so that it could not be seen. The tolling of the bell, at intervals, had an almost palsyng effect upon the shaken nerves of Mr. Hylton. There was a petrifying silence for a few moments, as soon as the irons had been removed from the prisoner; and with suddenly averted eyes Mr. Hylton then observed approaching the prisoner one whose ghastly office was but too manifest. But at that moment a hasty step was heard entering the room; and turning round, Mr. Hylton observed the Governor of the gaol, with a face blanched by emotion of some sort, rapidly beckon to the Under Sheriff, who instantly quitted the room.

"I devoutly hope," whispered the Chaplain with evident agitation, "that this is no riot or attempted rescue!"

They both turned round; and Mr. Hylton quitted the room. In a few seconds afterwards he lost all sense of what was going on, and staggered unconsciously into the arms of the Governor, as the latter uttered the words—"A reprieve! Positively! A reprieve!"

The Under Sheriff, with cool self-possession, though with humanity, stepped instantly back to the press-room; and without entering, locked the door, and then went to ascertain, beyond all doubt, how the fact really was. That something extraordinary had happened was evident. Outside was a prodigious commotion;

inside were Captain Lutteridge and his dragoons, sword in hand, ready to charge at an instant's notice : but, thank God ! there was no necessity for their services. A confused cry some few minutes before had been heard from the extremity of the crowd, which stretched round a large building so as to be unable to catch any view of what was going on at the gaol ; but on turning the other way they beheld a startling sight : a post-chaise and four, with a horseman riding beside it, all at full gallop ; and inside the chaise was a man waving something white.

“ Stop ! stop !—stop the execution ! A reprieve ! a reprieve ! ” was shouted by both the person inside the chaise, and the horseman without. The cry was instantly caught, and presently an unusual thundering sound was heard from the crowd, echoing the word “ Reprieve ! reprieve ! reprieve ! ”

Round the outskirts of the crowd was in a twinkling seen dashing along towards the back of the gaol, where stood the chief entrance, the post-chaise and its accompanying horseman, each of whom bore a precious document, even under the sign-manual, both having been separately despatched from London, to prevent all possibility of accident ; and just eighteen minutes before the prison clock struck nine, the two authoritative acts of mercy were in the hands of those to whom they were addressed, the representative of the High Sheriff, and the Governor of the gaol.

Ay, there had been no miscarrying—there was no mistake. The swords, carbines, and muskets of the expectant soldiery were not, thank God ! to be turned upon the vast honest-hearted English crowd which stood outside, shouting, till their voices were well nigh cracked, “ Hurrah ! hurrah ! God save the King ! ”

On hearing all this, Captain Lutteridge hastily dismounted, and got sight of one of the documents which had proved of such prodigious potency. He quietly read it all over, and then somewhat quickly returned to the yard and mounted his horse.

“ My lads,” said he, addressing the soldiers, “ hearken to me, do you see. His Majesty the King, whose servants we are, hath been pleased to reprieve the prisoner, of his own good will and royal pleasure ; whereupon, my lads, we may by-and-bye return to our quarters, and in your hearts you may say, ‘ Long live King George ! ’—though that, doubtless, you do always ; for you serve the best and greatest King on earth, that is certain.”

The Captain was even meditating for a moment an extravagance,

viz. to give his men leave to *shout* "God save the King;" but discipline and a sense of dignity repressed any such exuberant manifestation of enthusiasm; he looked, however, at their pleased faces with great inward satisfaction; and a smile nearly stole over his grave rigid features, as he said to himself,—

'Those lads of mine are good lads; and methinks I know one that will make another of them, that I've long had my eye on. Piff! paff! If I can only catch hold of this man Ayliffe, I'll have him pretty quickly clapped on horseback, and in the ranks—and a better trooper than he will make is not to be seen. I'll warrant me he'll do a trifle of good service for his most merciful Majesty.'

But the Captain was here reckoning without his host. It was true that a pardon had arrived for Ayliffe, but only a conditional one, and that condition was—transportation to the Colonies for life! When the astounding news of his deliverance was communicated to him whom they suddenly snatched out of the gaping jaws of death, the hangman had just completed pinioning the prisoner's hands.

"Loose those cords," said the Under Sheriff, as calmly as he could; and, holding in his hand the document on which he was acting, he approached Ayliffe, and said, "Adam Ayliffe, his Majesty the King hath sent thee a pardon under his own sign-manual, on condition that thou be transported for life.—God save the King: so thou well mayest say!"

The prisoner staggered back for some paces before the cords could be loosed from his arms, as ordered by the Sheriff.

"Come, lad! come, come!" quoth the executioner, "take it steadily—take it quietly, lad—thou'st plenty of time to think on't, I assure thee, both here and elsewhere."

But Ayliffe still staggered back, with the appearance of one stunned by some sudden blow. Then he sunk, with a half-stupified air, on his knees, with his hands clasped together. From this position the executioner raised him, and seated him on a form which was near. In a few moments' time his face was covered with a clammy sweat, one, indeed, that had burst through every pore of his body. His grim attendant took out his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped Ayliffe's face gently.

"Fetch him some water, Gregory," said he to his man, who, in truth, had not yet quite recovered his own wits, which had been scattered by the suddenness of the affair.

He soon, however, obeyed his master, and in a few moments' time returned with some water, into which the Governor had put a glass of wine. Ayliffe, however, seemed to recoil from the sight of it, and, as though with a choking sensation, hastily motioned off the hand that held it to his lips; and there was horror in his eye. At length he opened his mouth with a sudden gasp, and heaved a mighty sigh—and another—and another.

“This is right,” quoth the executioner, patting him on the back; “he ’ll soon come to himself. Nay, lad, don’t be frightened—I ’ve done with thee! Why—how thou starest! Well,” he added, hastily, whispering, as he heard the Governor’s well-known heavy step approaching the room, “Good-bye, good-bye, my man. I do think thou wouldst have done well, and stood it bravely outside!”

Ayliffe gazed vacantly at him, as the hideous functionary slunk away: all present seeming to breathe more freely when he was gone.

Old Ayliffe had fallen senseless on the floor the moment that he had heard the Sheriff’s announcement, and lay there for some minutes quite unobserved; those present being sufficiently occupied with the person principally concerned in that day’s tragic and agitating proceedings. The rescued prisoner, however, recovered himself sufficiently to think of his venerable parent; but by the time that he was fully conscious of what had taken place, alas! he found himself the solitary tenant of a cell in the prison, whither he had been conveyed, almost unconsciously, by the Governor’s order, for security’s sake. In answer to his loud and agonising cries, he was presently informed by the Governor that his father was not well, having been somewhat overcome by the suddenness of that which had just taken place. The truth was, that the poor old man had lain insensible so long, in spite of all that could be done for him, as to alarm the gaol doctor for his safety. He was treated with all imaginable kindness, and taken to a chamber in the prisoners’ part of the gaol; lying on the very bed which had been occupied, some few months before, by his son.

There was yet another person then within those gloomy walls, on whom the marvellous occurrence of that morning had produced an overwhelming effect, and that was Mr. Hylton; to whom alone was attributable, under Providence, the deliverance of Adam Ayliffe from the ignominious and horrible death which, to all human appearance, had been inevitable.

Impelled by an irresistible impulse, and fortified by an unwavering conviction of the prisoner's innocence, Mr. Hylton, on the Friday evening, as a last resource, had, relying on the King's well-known sternly independent character, written a letter to His Majesty, under cover to a nobleman, then in London attending Parliament; and with whom Mr. Hylton had been acquainted at College. He earnestly entreated his Lordship to lose not a moment in securing a personal interview with the King; or, at all events, the delivery into His Majesty's hands, of the letter in question, touching as it did life and death; its object being to save from execution, on the Monday morning, a man who was, in the writer's opinion, as innocent of the death of which he had nevertheless been found guilty, as the Secretary of State himself, to whom application on behalf of the convict had been unhappily made in vain. M. Hylton's letter to the King was expressed in terms of grave eloquence. It set out with calling His Majesty's attention to the execution, six months before, of a man, for a crime, of which three days afterwards he was demonstrated to have been innocent. Then the letter gave a moving picture of the exemplary life and character of the prisoner, and of his father; pointed to testimonials given in his favour at the trial, and added the writer's own; together with the most emphatic and strong conviction which could be expressed in language, that whoever have been the perpetrator of this most atrocious murder, it was not the prisoner doomed to die on Monday. It then conjured His Majesty, by every consideration which could properly have weight with a sovereign intrusted with authority by Almighty God to govern according to justice and mercy, to give his personal attention to the case then laid before him, and act thereon according to His Majesty's own royal and clement judgment. This letter Mr. Hylton's noble acquaintance travelled thirty miles, at great inconvenience, to lay before the King; who did not receive it till past midnight, at St. James's, and after he had been in bed for upwards of an hour. On hearing, however, from the nobleman who brought the letter, that it was one of a very urgent nature, concerning life and death, those who were intrusted with guarding the royal repose, caused it to be broken by the delivery of the packet. His Majesty instantly got out of bed, and, after hastily glancing over the letter, directed Lord Farnborough to be sent for forthwith, and to bring along with him all the papers he had or could lay his hand on, relating to Adam Ayliffe, then lying under sentence of death for

the murder of Lord Alkmond. His Majesty had paced his chamber many times, very impatiently, before his astonished Minister, arrived : for the latter had had to go from his private residence, where he also was in bed, to his office, in order to get the documents required by the King, and had experienced great difficulty in finding them ; all clerks and others being, as might well be supposed, out of the way. Immediately on his entering the King's ante-chamber, Lord Farnborough encountered His Majesty, who in a bluff way begged him to be seated at a table, duly furnished with lights and writing materials : and then the King requested to hear the whole facts of the case ; to which he paid great attention. When Lord Farnborough had, in his usual terse and emphatic fashion, put His Majesty in possession of his, Lord Farnborough's, view of the case, assuring His Majesty, with expressions of profound respect, that a clearer case for hanging there never had been, if justice were to be any longer administered in the country ; his Lordship appeared confounded when the King said, very thoughtfully, that he was by no means so clear on the subject as seemed his Lordship ; and in fact felt so uneasy on the matter, being one of life and death, that he could not return to bed without deciding one way or the other. Lord Farnborough assured the King that he need feel no anxiety whatever on a matter which was exclusively within the province of his Ministers.

"Why look you, my Lord Farnborough," quoth the King, somewhat hastily and sternly, "suppose you and I differ on this matter?"

"Please your Majesty, we are your Majesty's sworn responsible servants"—

"So, so, because you are my servants, my Lord Farnborough, I am to be your puppet, eh?—to register your decrees *nolens volens*! By those that begot me, and those before me, but I will show you otherwise! Look you, my Lord, and all of you that serve me; I am set over my people to protect them, and am answerable for them, to Him who set me over them : and if it cost me my crown, look you, as I must answer for it hereafter, I won't see the humblest creature calling me King, deprived of his life, even though according to law (which can't give back life taken wrongly), if I in my conscience do verily doubt whether he ought to die."

Lord Farnborough said something rather faintly about a constitutional monarchy :—

"Ay," said the King, catching the word, "but I am also a conscientious King, my Lord. My advisers may be impeached in Parliament if they give me evil advice; but I have to answer to the King of Kings; and none but a King can tell a King's feelings in these matters. God Almighty only knows what I suffered some half a year ago, in a matter of this sort—eh, my Lord? What say you to that? Have you forgotten it?"

"Not at all, please your Majesty; but I take leave humbly to represent, Sire, in the matter now before your Majesty, that your Majesty has no discretion herein, but must allow the law to take its course."

"I won't, I won't, my Lord. There are features about this case that I don't like; and, in short, I shall not have this man die. Transport him for life, if you please; then, if we be wrong, he may return: BUT—there are paper, pens, and ink; pray, my Lord, let it be done instantly, for time is precious; I will put my hand to it now—and then methinks I shall sleep soundly till morning."

"Pardon me, Sire," began his Lordship, with an air of vast deference"—

"No, no! not *you*—I have nought to pardon you; 'tis another I mean to pardon"—

"Sire, this really is one of the plainest cases of guilt"—

"Did you not say the very same thing to me, my Lord, on the occasion I have just spoken of?" inquired the King very solemnly: "did I not *then* say I had doubts? but I yielded to your *certainly*, my Lord! And what followed?"

"Please your Majesty we are all frail; all human institutions are liable to error."

"Therefore," said the King quickly, "ought we the longer to doubt, in matters of life and death, my Lord."

"I do assure your Majesty that this interference of your Majesty will give great dissatisfaction"—

"To whom? Where? Why?" inquired the King sternly. "What is that to me, when my conscience is concerned, who have sworn an oath, when God Almighty placed my crown on my head, to cause law and justice, IN MERCY, to be executed in all my judgments? Who swore that oath, my people, or I? I did, and with God's assistance will keep my oath. And as for my people, they are a brave and virtuous people, and won't obey me the less, because I will not again let any one die on a gibbet, hastily."

Lord Farnborough remained with his eyes very seriously fixed on the King, and his pen in his hand, which hung down by his side.

“Let it be done, my Lord,” said the King peremptorily : and his Minister obeyed.

Within a couple of hours’ time down went the messengers of mercy, whose arrival has been already duly told. The King went to bed very comfortably ; the Minister returned to his, most exceedingly uncomfortable—with, as it were, a bee buzzing in each ear, and tickling, even to stinging, his consequence, personal and official ; expecting to be questioned pretty sharply in Parliament, on what had taken place. He resolved, however, that *then* he would loyally uphold his royal master’s act, at all hazards, and give him full credit for the noble spirit in which he had acted ; and he would ask, what if it should afterwards turn out that, but for the King, this man would have been hanged innocent? And who should gainsay the justice of the King’s reference to the very painful occasion of a former, fatal and irreparable, miscarriage of justice?

When Mr. Hylton entered the cell where Ayliffe sat, now not fettered, he sprung from his seat, and then dropping on his knees, embraced those of Mr. Hylton, crying like a child. Yet knew he nothing of that last interference of his exemplary benefactor, which had saved him at the eleventh hour from swinging a dishonoured corpse from the gallows, which they were at that moment taking down.

“God has been very, very merciful towards you, Adam,” said Mr. Hylton ; “and your spared life will be a monument of that mercy ! Adam, now that no power on earth can again place you in jeopardy on this charge, I ask you, as in the immediate presence of your merciful God, are you innocent?”

“Oh, Mr. Hylton ! oh, kind and most beloved Sir ! how can you ask ? Do you, then, doubt ? Have I not just been standing half way in eternity, and almost face to face with Him that was to judge me ; and could I stand there with a lie on my lips ? Ay, innocent am I as my own poor crippled child.” Here he burst into an agony of weeping.

“Well, well, Adam, you must forgive me. I ought not, perhaps, to have asked you such a question—I feel that I ought not ; but you know not yet the awful responsibility which I have incurred on

your behalf, and in reliance on your word. Adam, once for all, I tell you that I am as thoroughly persuaded of your innocence of this awful crime, as I am of mine own; and may God himself, if it please his infinite wisdom, one day make it plain to us, even here, in this life."

Ayliffe answered with a look and a manner eloquent with injured innocence, "Amen! yea, Amen! Amen! Sir." And then, burying his face with his hands, uttered aloud a few words of fervent prayer and praise, to which Mr. Hylton most reverently responded. "And now for Sarah, Sir. Oh, Sally! Sally! Sally! Shall we, then, meet again!" exclaimed Ayliffe, some time afterwards in a frantic manner.

"Adam, try to be calmer; it is very natural that you should be excited"—

"Why, Sir, *Is she dead?*" said Ayliffe, in a whisper that echoed through the soul of Mr. Hylton, who was also startled by the wild despairing eye that was staring at him.

"She is not dead, Adam," replied Mr Hylton; "and I go hence to see her."

Ayliffe burst into bitter weeping, and sobbed, "Oh! that I might go with you, Sir, to see her dear face, though but for one moment!"

"Adam, be thankful to God that it is as it is—that I have now to prepare her, not for your death, but your life."

"Oh! yes, Sir! thanks be to God for his infinite mercy! I leave it all to Him! for what have I deserved at His Hand!"

"What, indeed, Adam!" echoed Mr. Hylton.

With infinite tenderness and judgment did Mr. Hylton discharge the very critical duty which he had undertaken. His cautiously uttered words fell upon the ear and sunk into the fainting soul of poor Mrs. Ayliffe, like drops, as it were, of living water. What tears oozed from her closed eyes, and flowed down her wan and wasted cheeks! She knew not, so vigilant had been her faithful attendants, at the repeated instance of Mr. Hylton and the doctor resident at the Infirmary, the awful aspect with which had dawned upon her doomed husband that memorable Monday morning. And all that Mr. Hylton dared to tell her was, that her husband's *life* was no longer in danger. It was not till Mr. Hylton rode at a brisk canter into the village, passing many old familiar faces wearing an expression of tearful congratulation at the issue of his humane

exertions (the last of which, however, had not then become known), nor till he felt Mrs. Hylton sobbing in his arms, and his little Mary crying she scarce knew why, but not with an unhappy cry, that that good pastor of his flock felt the full luxury of having done good, and upon his humble handiwork the radiant seal of God's blessing. Oh, happy moment! in which he forgot all his past agonies and long-unrequited toil, and said, with profound devoutness and self-abasement, "Not unto us, O God! not unto us, but UNTO THY name give glory for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake."

About the middle of the next day, he went out on foot, some mile or two upon the road, to meet one whom he expected, and into whose well-nigh broken heart also he had been the honoured instrument of pouring the balm of consolation. 'Twas old Adam Ayliffe, sitting between a farmer and his wife, who had gone in their market-cart purposely to bring him home. The good woman's arm was kindly placed round the spare and feeble figure of the venerable sufferer, as her husband, on Mr. Hylton's coming up, stopped the cart. The old man then tried to rise, but in vain, his knees evidently tottering under him; and with trembling hands he raised his broad hat from his head, and looked unutterable gratitude towards Mr. Hylton, who himself could hardly speak, as he grasped one of Ayliffe's extended hands. His eyes were fixed tearlessly on Mr. Hylton for a long time, during which they spoke volumes of thrilling feeling.

"God bless thy dear bald head, Adam," said the farmer's wife, gently pressing upon it his hat; "do not thou catch cold; the parson, belike, may come and see thee when we get home."

"Yes, yes, I will," said Mr. Hylton, and followed them on to the cottage; which, during the preceding day and that morning, had been got to rights and made very tidy, against his return, by some dozen eager and affectionate pairs of hands: who had trimmed the little garden, cut the hedge, and cleaned the little windows till they looked clear as crystal. Ah, dear little services, how eloquent you are!—When the cart arrived at the cottage, old Ayliffe was carefully helped down, having under his arm his old Bible; and the hasty glance of affectionate reverence with which he regarded it, did not pass unregarded by the watchful eye of Mr. Hylton. Inside the cottage was Mrs. Hylton, who had intended to come out and welcome home the poor old man; but on seeing him, her heart failed her, and she remained within, trying to busy herself for a

moment with the little table on which her own hands had placed some small matters of refreshment. When Adam entered, leaning on Mr. Hylton's arm, all who were present, and there were several, rose and received him silently, being unable, when they saw his face, to speak a word; nor could he, but shook his head in silence. And when one of them, on his sitting down, brought him his little grandson, he folded in his arms its pale and silent figure, and presently his tears fell fast. They relieved him; and by-and-bye he was able to say, though in a very faint way, "God bless you all, good friends!" and he drank, without uttering a word, the glass of wine which Mr. Hylton had given him; and, perhaps recollecting on what occasion it was that wine had last touched his lips, he looked upward with an awful expression.

In the course of the next week, poor Ayliffe was removed, handcuffed, from the county gaol, together with several other prisoners, and conveyed to a vessel in a neighbouring port; and thence was duly brought to London, and placed on board a ship, to be conveyed abroad, in pursuance of the conditions of his pardon. He had spoken scarcely a syllable between the time of his quitting the gaol, and being lodged on shipboard, a handcuffed convict, shunned even by his guilty brethren, as one stained with blood, and unjustly saved from the scaffold. He resented no petty indignity which was offered him, and there were many, inflicted by those who loathed the vile Cheat-the-gallows: and his patient endurance they attributed to consciousness that he had no right to cumber the ground, to pollute by his accursed presence the land of the living. All this he bore in silence. His big, indignant heart seemed constantly on the point of breaking. No kind word to *him*, ever fell upon his ear. He felt desolate and blighted, bearing the brand of Cain, upon the brow of innocence.

For he was innocent!

The unfortunate Earl of Milverstoke lay, for a long while, in a most precarious state. The first words which he spoke, on regaining full consciousness, after having remained without it for nearly a fortnight, were to his daughter, who sat, pale and worn, beside him.

"Emily," said he, feebly, "let me, during the day, see Mr. Hylton:" and he was obeyed.

When Mr. Hylton seated himself, some hours afterwards, in a chair placed for him beside the prostrate peer, it was with mingled

hope and apprehension ; for with what feelings his Lordship might recollect the closing scene of their memorable interview Mr. Hylton knew not. He gazed at the sunken features of the Earl with deep emotion.

“Mr. Hylton,” said his Lordship, faintly, “have you forgiven me?”

“My dear Lord,” he replied, gently, “I have nothing to forgive. Were you fit to bear it, I should ask you to forgive *me*”—

“Do you think that God will forgive me?” inquired the Earl closing his eyes.

“To be sure He will, my dear Lord!” replied Mr. Hylton, with energy ; “He will ! if He be but rightly asked for forgiveness !” The Earl shook his head sadly ; and his wasted fingers, white as snow, grasped Mr. Hylton’s hand.

“May I—still—reckon on your pious services—towards me and my family?”

“Oh, my dear Lord,” replied Mr. Hylton, with subdued fervour, “as long as I live, and it may please God to enable me to serve you !”

“There are those here,” said the Earl with some difficulty, who love, who reverence you : and I am one of them, but the unworthiest !” Again his fingers gently compressed those of Mr. Hylton, who was much affected. “When I have a little more strength, Mr. Hylton, we will speak of *that*—of which we have already spoken, but it will be in a different spirit.”

Mr. Hylton bowed silently, with feelings of earnest respect and sympathy, and also with others of a profound and agitating character. For alas ! to him had been intrusted the trying and terrible duty, undertaken by him only in deference to the agonizing importunities of Lady Emily, of communicating to her noble parent intelligence, which had reached her accidentally, and while utterly unprepared for it ; and by which not only she, but shortly afterwards Lady Alkmond, had been fearfully agitated, and for a while prostrated.

Among several letters which had come to the Castle shortly after the Earl’s sudden illness, was one marked “Immediate” and “Private and Confidential,” and bearing outside the name of the Secretary of State. From this letter poor Lady Emily learnt the lamentable intelligence, that her brother, the late Lord Alkmond,

had, when on the Continent, and shortly before his marriage, slain in a duel an Hungarian officer, whom, having challenged for some affront which had passed at dinner, he had run through the heart, and killed on the spot: the unfortunate officer leaving behind him, alas! a widow and several orphans, all of them reduced to beggary. The dispute which had led to these disastrous results, had been one of really a trivial nature, but magnified into importance by the young Lord's quick and imperious temper, which had led him to dictate terms of apology so humiliating and offensive, that no one could submit to them. Wherefore the two met; and presently the Hungarian fell dead, his adversary's rapier having passed clean through the heart. It was, however, an affair that had been managed with perfect propriety; with an exact observance of the rules of duelling! All had been done legitimately! Yet was it MURDER; an honourable, a right honourable, murder: murder as clear and glaring, before the Judge of all the earth, as that by which Lord Alkmond had himself fallen. When thus fearfully summoned away to his account, the young noble's own hand was crimsoned with the blood which he had shed: and so went he into the awful presence of the Most High, whose voice had ever upon earth been sounding tremendous in his ears,—*Where is thy brother? What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.* Unhappy man! well might his heart have been heavy, when men expected it to be lightest! Well might his countenance darken, and his soul shudder within him, under the mortal throes of a guilty conscience! From his father's splendid banqueting-table he had been driven by remorse and horror; for his companions, unconscious that they were stabbing to the heart one who was present, WOULD TALK of duelling, and of one sanguinary duel in particular, that bore a ghastly resemblance to his own. Such poor amends as might be in his power to make, he had striven to offer to the miserable family whom he had bereaved, beggared, and desolated, to vindicate an honour which had never been for one instant really questioned, or compromised; and if it *had* been tarnished, could BLOOD cleanse and brighten it? All the money that he could ordinarily obtain from the Earl, had from time to time been furnished by Lord Alkmond to the family of his victim. For them it was that he had importuned his father for a sum of money sufficient to make for them an ample and permanent provision. Only the day before that on which he had quitted London,

to partake of the Christmas festivities, had he written an earnest letter to the person abroad with whom he had long communicated on the subject, assuring him that within a few weeks an ample and satisfactory final arrangement should be made. And he had resolved to make a last strenuous effort with the Earl; but whom, nevertheless, he dared not, except as a matter of dire necessity, tell the nature of his exigency. And why dared not the son tell his father? And why had that father shrunk, blighted, from the mention, by Captain Lutteridge and Mr. Hylton, of the conversation which had driven his son out into the solitude where he was slain? Alas, it opened to Lord Milverstoke himself a very frightful retrospect: through the vista of years his anguished, terror-stricken eye settled upon a crimsoned gloom—

—Oh, Lord Milverstoke!—and then would echo in thy ears, also, those appalling sounds,—*what hast thou done?*

For *thy*—Honour! also, had been dyed in blood!

CHAPTER IX.

Though no one liked to own it, or much less speak of it, the coming struggle for Senior Wrangler was pretty generally felt in the University to be one, as it were, between patrician and plebeian; since it had been for a length of time perceived that the contest lay between a noble member of a leading College and an obscure Sizar of an obscure College, which had never before signalised itself by producing even a creditable candidate for the laurel. The aristocrat was deservedly popular, a favourite with everybody. Handsome and graceful, engaging, affable, dignified, and unaffected, there was also a certain charming modesty and pensiveness in his demeanour, which some referred to the early and severe religious discipline which he was said to have received—a notion borne out by his exemplary conduct at College; and others, to profound love of study. These appeared somewhat unusual characteristics of the immediate heir to one of the most ancient peerages in the realm, and its vast unencumbered estates,—to wealth which made dizzy the heads of those who were weak enough to contemplate the possession of it with envious longings. To the destined lord of it, however, it seemed unattended with these effects. He was as assiduous and systematic in his studies, as though his daily bread had depended altogether on his obtaining academical distinction. His private tutor, himself a picked man, who had gained *almost* the highest honours, gave out from time to time confident assurances of his noble pupil's capabilities, and inspired high hopes of honour for his College; which, though a distinguished one, had not for the preceding four years produced a Senior Wrangler. But my Lord and his very numerous well-wishers were not, it seemed, to have it all their own way. For it had slowly grown into a rumour, during the year preceding the day of contest, that a person, of whom scarcely any one knew or had heard anything,—in fact, the aforesaid Sizar,—was coming out to do battle on behalf of his long unhonoured and humble College, against the whole University. The more that the matter was inquired into, the more exciting and interesting became the anti-

cipated contest; shadowing out in the minds of the solemn and quiet men looking on, a certain battle between Goliath of Gath, and one David. The tutor of the favourite made it his business to become acquainted, as far as practicable, with the real probabilities of the case; and the result was a very complete conviction that his pupil would have to encounter, in this champion of obscurity, a most formidable opponent, one apparently born with a genius for mathematics and the hidden mysteries of physical science. A Fellow, in the confidence of my Lord's tutor, desirous of probing the proficiency of this unknown disciple of Newton, threw himself in his way; and was pleased to declare himself puzzled with a certain question in high mathematics, which had occurred to him : *i. e.* he had picked it out of a recently published foreign scientific treatise. His teeth, however, presently chattered; for his difficulty was disposed of with a masterly ease, and also with a certain elegance that, under the circumstances, were most unsatisfactory and alarming to him whose genuine doubts had been solved. Who was this person? No one knew anything of him except his name, "Southern," and that of his College; that he led a very secluded life; appeared very poor; was studious, yet by no means devoted exclusively to mathematics, having such superior classical acquirements, as were quite unusual in the case of candidates for mathematical honours. In short, whoever he might be, he seemed likely to prove himself a first-rate man, and his College began to regard him with great interest; and its members, as the moment of contest approached, went about talking with a mighty easy air about the result. This led to increased energy and activity of operation among a certain large class of ardent University men, well versed in the pecuniary calculation of chances, and resolute in maintaining, even at considerable risk, any opinion which they might have espoused on a given subject; which in the present case was, Which of these two will come out Senior Wrangler? The higher class of men pretty generally backed the plebeian; the lower, the patrician: that is to say, the plebeians professed, and probably very sincerely felt, a deep interest in my Lord's success; while the patricians, and those of plebeian rank who were of natural nobility, felt a generous interest on behalf of his Lordship's obscure and unfriended competitor. And it must be recorded to his honour, that no man in the University could surpass in genuine and exalted feeling, that which animated the young aristocrat towards his un-

titled and, so far, therefore, ignoble rival. As the day of battle drew nigh, these two met, not quite undesignedly on my Lord's part; who very shortly established himself deservedly in the high estimation of his opponent. Each talked freely on his respective prospects, each admired the other's modesty, and entertained sharp qualms or twinges of apprehension as to the result of the contest. Several times in the dusk of the evening they were seen walking together; and a very striking contrast was there in the outward appearance of those on whose movements and prospects were now concentrated the curiosity and interest of the whole University. One was tall, slender, erect, graceful; the other short, lame, and a little distorted in figure. In short, though no person in the University knew it, one was son to the man who, nearly twenty years before, had been condemned to the gallows, on the charge of having murdered the father of the other! for who else should these two be, but the Lord Viscount Alkmond, and Adam Ayliffe! Strange, very strange, was it, yet true; and while the two combatants, Lord Alkmond and Mr. Southern, are in honourable and exceedingly eager strife together for the mastery, which of them shall be declared **THE FIRST MAN OF THE UNIVERSITY**, let us take a rapid retrospect of the interval of nearly twenty years which has elapsed since those two young men,—now walking together arm-in-arm, in amicable collegiate equality, each respecting, and fearing, the talents and acquirements of the other,—were lying respectively in castle, and cottage, at Milverstoke—oh, under what different circumstances!

—Twenty years! Prodigious interval in the life of man! How blessed is he who can turn himself round to contemplate it, with reverent composure and thankfulness; enjoying the humble and well-founded hope that he has become a wiser, a better, and a happier, albeit a somewhat sadder, man, than when those twenty years began! Though he has not been *cut down*, has he during all that momentous period been merely *cumbering the ground*, remaining now barren and blighted? or diligently self-cultivated and nourished, so as to thrive and bloom in immortality?

Mr. Hylton; the Earl of Milverstoke; and old Adam Ayliffe—all still were living; as also were some others who appeared in the former part of this history: and how have they fared? what have they done? what have they become, during those twenty years?

Mr. Hylton's hair is white as snow, but his eye is bright, his face beams with a benignity that is endearing and elevating to the heart

of the beholder. Still he lives at Milverstoke parsonage; and his good wife, also stricken in years, is still by his side, his cheerful, pious, and affectionate helpmate: his daughter, sole surviving child, has been spared to them, and has become—a woman—a charming woman. But how many of his parishioners has Mr. Hylton during these twenty years consigned to the tomb, reading over their remains, in solemn hopefulness, that sublime service which he trusts that some pious soul will by-and-bye read over *his* remains, when he also shall have become a tenant of the churchyard, sleeping beside those whom he has buried, and his children!

Upwards of a month elapsed from the time of Mr. Hylton's first visit to the Earl of Milverstoke after his illness, before Mr. Hylton deemed it prudent to communicate to him the afflicting intelligence concerning his late son, which has been already laid before the reader. There were reasons which rendered it highly expedient that no time should be needlessly lost in making the revelation in question, in order to protect the Earl from harassing importunities on behalf of the widow and orphans of the officer who had been killed by Lord Alkmond, and whose case had been repeatedly and very urgently pressed on the Secretary of State, through the intervention of the British and foreign ambassadors. In spite of all the discretion and skill of Mr. Hylton in making such an agitating communication to one so ill able to bear it, that communication almost prostrated the Earl both in mind and body. For upwards of half a year he lay at death's door; and for several weeks was bereft of reason. During those benighted intervals he not only raved wildly about his son, and the fearful transaction in which he had been engaged, but let fall expressions of dismal import, explicable only by a reference to some event of a similar nature in his own early life! He grievously reproached himself for not having instilled into his son, from earliest youth, an abhorrence of duelling; for not having affectionately and vigilantly trained and disciplined his hasty and imperious temper; and, above all, uttered lamentable accusations against himself for his hard-heartedness in not having yielded to his son's entreaties to be supplied with money (he had asked a sum of five thousand pounds), and encouraged him to disclose that which so evidently pressed upon his mind. And even after the Earl had recovered the use of his reason, he would talk in the same strain to Mr. Hylton; and began to express a suspicion lest the death of Lord Alkmond

should, in some mysterious and horrid way unknown, have had a connexion with his fatal duel. That idea had presented itself, indeed, to Mr. Hylton's mind. He thought it by no means impossible that some friend or member of the family of Lord Alkmond's victim, had come over to this country, impelled by a deadly spirit of revenge, tracked out Lord Alkmond's path, waited on his movements, and seized the first fitting opportunity to destroy him. Might not the assassin or assassins be the persons who had been seen by the sailor Harrup, from the sea, running along the shore, in a direction from the woods?

But the Earl of Milverstoke soon abandoned such ideas as chimerical, and recurred to his original opinion that the murderer had been none other than Ayliffe; whose rescue from the gallows was a subject on which the Earl never touched with Mr. Hylton, retaining his stern and sincere conviction and belief that by Ayliffe's escape, justice had been defeated. But what a vast change in his opinions, and in the whole temper of his soul, had been effected by the dreadful discovery concerning his son's sanguinary duel! Lord Milverstoke's angry rebellious feelings were quelled, and awed into a submissive recognition of God's moral government of the world—and he was terrified by the glimpses which he had obtained of His retributive justice. Declarations of Scripture which had never before attracted his attention, now gleamed before his eyes with a new aspect, and appeared invested with a tremendous significance. *Verily He is a God that judgeth in the earth! Vengeance belongeth unto me, I will recompense, saith the Lord! It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!* How amazing—how appalling—appeared now the indifference with which he had ever, till then, read and heard language such as this! Now it smote and shook his very soul within him. He dared hardly think of the startling assurance that *the sins of the father might be visited upon the children—yea, even to the third and fourth generation!* What ghastly light was thus reflected upon the death of his son? How impious now the father's secret accusation against the Most High, of hard and unreasonable dealing with his creatures! When his thoughts wore this terrifying complexion, he would abandon—but, alas! only for a moment—his vindictive and implacable feelings towards Ayliffe, and cease to murmur at the dispensation of Providence, by which his life had been saved. 'Even were he guilty,'—an awful voice, within, sometimes asked the Earl of Milverstoke,

'is it for THEE to complain that the vengeance of Heaven tarrieth? and for a while he would be speechless. Milverstoke became intolerable to the Earl : whose gloomy, unquiet, and still but half-subdued spirit dreaded solitude equally with society. How could he walk, as theretofore, in woods, which now seemed ever shrouded beneath an ensanguined haze! How appalling the silence ever reigning within the magnificent apartments of his Castle—of that stately structure where had lain so recently the bleeding remains of his son—for which it seemed to have been but a vast and dismal mausoleum! As soon, therefore, as his shattered condition would admit of his doing so, he removed with his family to another of his residences, in a distant part of England, not haunted with such maddening associations as that which he had quitted, and, as he purposed, for ever. There was one person whom he was deeply affected in taking leave of, and that was Mr. Hylton, whose character having always respected, he now regarded with reverence. In him was lofty purpose, in him inflexible rectitude ; purity unsullied ; a meekness which could never be ruffled or disturbed ; a simplicity, strength, and dignity of character, the foundations of which were laid in profound Christian humility, and faith. A thousand softening and self-reproaching recollections cherished the Earl, of this good man's patient gentleness under galling insult, such as his Lordship now felt would have infuriated most, if not all, others whom he had ever known in life. Mr. Hylton had, however, borne it in silence, yet without, on the one hand, surrendering an iota of his self-respect or independence, or, on the other, exhibiting the faintest approach to resentment. With what affectionate and persevering faithfulness, with what unwavering firmness, with what unbaffled skilfulness, had this, his spiritual physician, probed the unsoundness of his spirit, and then applied to it the cleansing and healing influences of religion! And even yet how much remained to be done, before the Earl could dare to look back, without blighting terror, or contemplate the future, with any degree of calmness and hope!—Alas, not once from those rigid lips had fallen a word of forgiveness towards the supposed slayer of his peace! The language of those lips was, and ever had been, truth and sincerity. Such, also, were the regulating principles of his conduct ; yet without *the one missing element*, all was the very blackness of darkness, and hopeless, eternal, exclusion from heaven. This felt Mr. Hylton, and fearfully felt ;

and the more, because to such absolute and intimate certainty, had not yet attained he whom it so awfully concerned. All these anxieties crowded into his mind, and many of them into that of the Earl, as his white attenuated hand finally grasped that of Mr. Hylton, before the equipage rolled away which conveyed the bereaved Earl, his beautiful but saddened daughter, and the lovely widowed mother of the little unconscious heir to all his earthly wealth, greatness, honour, and ancient lineage. The little lips of *the living Lord Alkmond*!—Mr. Hylton solemnly pressed with his own, in the Earl's presence; and with a voice and look pregnant with mysterious significance and warning, said, "REMEMBER!" The earl leaned back in silence, in his carriage; and, a few moments afterwards, had commenced his long journey. Both his lovely companions wept much; and as for Lady Emily, she had thrown her arms round Mr. and Mrs. Hylton, and kissed them, again and again, with all a daughter's fondness; and into Mr. Hylton's ear she softly whispered the word which he afterwards uttered to her noble father, "REMEMBER!" By that word he had signified, 'Forget not our many discourses together, nor that glorious and awful Volume which is now beginning to shine before your hitherto unseeing eyes, in letters of living light. Abhor yourself! Look within, and see in your heart a nest of serpents! Pray that they die, and disappear!—That pride, and revenge, may perish! Forgive, or ask not to be forgiven, lest you offend the awful majesty of Heaven, and draw down perdition on your soul! Adore the Unsearchable, the Just, the Merciful; but only through Him whom He hath sent! Tremble as you look on that little one, upon whom all your earthly hopes are fixed—whom you have chosen to make the pride and mainstay of your house! Let that little one be to you, not a vain idol, but a precious memento of your duty and your allegiance to Heaven, in whose anger this desire of your eyes may instantly wither and vanish. Look upon him, and tremblingly remember the doings of his progenitors!' The Lady Emily's "Remember" said gentler things! 'On me rest the succour of those who are objects, alas, of my father's implacable animosity. But remember the reverence that is due to him from me, as a most loving daughter!'

So departed the lordly occupants of Milverstoke Castle. Lady Emily's injunctions related to the father, wife, and son of the banished Ayliffe, of whose innocence she entertained, in confident

and not unjustifiable reliance on Mr. Hylton, a firm conviction. Her father's unbounded liberality gave her ample opportunity for carrying her generous purposes into effect, unknown to him, through the agency of Mr. Hylton. She settled on old Ayliffe a small weekly allowance sufficient for his modest wants, without the necessity of exertions, for which his years and his sufferings had incapacitated him. She contrived also, through Mr. Hylton, to find means of sending Mrs. Ayliffe to follow her husband, about a year after his ignominious banishment, that being the earliest moment that her shattered health would permit. And as for the wretched little Adam, Lady Emily had declared that he should become her child—that she would be wholly answerable for his support. Shortly before Mrs. Ayliffe's departure to rejoin her unfortunate husband, Mr. Hylton arranged that the woman to whom the care of her infant had been committed, on the arrest of his father, should take up her abode with her little charge at the cottage of old Ayliffe; and a touching and pleasant sight it was to behold the venerable sorrow-stricken grandfather betimes familiarizing the child with the Book to which alone, throughout life, he had himself clung for consolation and succour. 'Twas he who taught the child his letters, being as patient a teacher, as the learner was apt and docile. It seemed, indeed, as if Providence had compensated that poor little being's physical deficiencies, by intellectual endowments of a superior order. From a very early age his pale placid features evinced decided thoughtfulness. It was not timidity that characterised his demeanour and deportment, but a contemplative temperament conjoined with possibly a painful sense, increasing with his years, of physical inferiority—a combination of conditions which soon attracted the notice of an observer so acute and affectionately watchful as Mr. Hylton. He thought that the child exhibited precocity; but judiciously acted as though it had not. The death of his attentive nurse, when he was about four years old, enabled Mr. Hylton, with the consent of old Ayliffe, to carry into effect a scheme which had occurred to him, namely, the removal of the child to a distance from Milverstoke, and under another name, in order to avoid the fatal prejudice attached to the blighted name which he bore—that of a convicted murderer!—who was generally believed to have unjustly escaped the gallows, through the caprice or timidity of the King. Mr. Hylton's indefatigable zeal overcame several difficulties in his way, apparently trivial,

but practically very embarrassing; and he ultimately succeeded, with the assistance of a clerical relative in a village on the farthest outskirts of an adjoining county, in placing the child, under the name of Southern, in the house and under the care of a village schoolmaster—a person of much higher qualifications than were requisite for the humble sphere he then occupied, and to which he had been reduced by misfortune. In a much shorter time than Mr. Hylton could have anticipated, he was gratified by receiving more and more decisive, and indeed surprising, reports of the child's capacity and progress; who presently evinced, over and above his general talents, such a mathematical faculty, as very quickly placed him beyond the reach of his master, and commended him to the special notice of the clergyman whom Mr. Hylton had interested in his behalf, and who, like Mr. Hylton, had taken high honours at Cambridge. Mr. Hylton went over to see his charge regularly once a fortnight, and personally ascertained how well founded were the reports which he had received of the child's advancement. The two parsons often laid their good heads together on the subject; and at length Mr. Hylton, relying on the secret and most efficient patronage of Lady Emily, resolved to give the child a splendid start, as he called it, and put him into a position which would enable him to make the best of his rare talents. In short, Mr. Hylton, resolved, but with a sort of inward spasm when he reflected on the boldness of the enterprise, to give him the advantage of an University education. With Lady Emily's full concurrence, young Southern, as soon as ever he was deemed by Mr. Hylton duly qualified, was established as a Sizar at a very quiet and obscure College at Cambridge, with a few affectionate cautions from Mr. Hylton as to the course of conduct to be pursued there. Without distinctly intimating why, he told Southern to regard himself as an orphan, whose continuance at the University depended solely on the successful use which he might make of such rare advantages as had been most providentially conferred upon him. Good Mr. Hylton's heart yearned towards the modest youth while saying all this, which he felt to be indeed needless; and, while looking at his pale countenance, the lineaments of which betokened humility and goodness, while his dark eyes beamed with unerring indications of intellect and genius, Mr. Hylton's thoughts reverted to a scene of the youth's early childhood, when he lay uneasy, and yet unconscious of his position, in the

lap of his manacled and fettered father—of a father about to swing from the gibbet as a foul and cowardly murderer!

“Well, my good lad,” said Mr. Hylton, on first leaving him in his tiny room, “give me thy hand : God’s good Providence hath brought thee hither ; and may His smile be upon thee ! Ay, lad,” Mr. Hylton added, more firmly grasping his hand, “the smile of Him *from whom cometh every good and perfect gift* ! God bless thee, my lad ! One day thou wilt perhaps see a very angel upon this earth, whose finger hath pointed thy way hither : but of this inquire and speak never a word to any one, as thou lovest me, and wouldst remain here !”

Southern listened to all this with a beating heart, full of tenderness, gratitude, fear, hope, wonder, but, withal, a sustaining sense of capacity and power : alone, as he was amongst so many—the great, the wealthy, the proud—all of whom, whatever their disposition, would, had they known who he was, have spurned him, or shrunk from him as one in whose veins ran the black and corrupted blood of hereditary crime ! Poor youth ! Happy, happy, was thy ignorance ; and humane the object and purpose of those who placed thee in it !

Another there was, however, of nearly the same age as Southern—but how differently circumstanced !—with what different feelings regarded by those who surrounded him !—whose hearts he gladdened by displaying true nobility of disposition, as he grew up, and unequivocally superior intellectual endowments. This was the grandson of the Earl of Milverstoke, the youthful Viscount Alkmond. Living, as he had, in the presence of those who regarded him, so to speak, as the *very apple of their eye*—watching his every movement with lynx-like vigilance and unutterable love—yet had he breathed the pure and invigorating air of moral and religious discipline. He was regarded by those who surrounded him as indeed a precious trust from Heaven—an earnest and pledge of forgiveness and happiness, here and hereafter ! His ripening intellect was trained and cultivated by the most consummate skill that could be pressed into the responsible service. His temper was calm, mild, self-denying ; and so unaffected and humble, that he seemed really scarcely aware of the resplendent position which he occupied, and was apparently destined to grace and dignify. Oh, with what thrilling emotions of solicitous fondness, of well-warranted exultation, would his widowed mother gaze on his noble features, and

the winning but pensive smile that played over them! Who but she could tell the feelings with which she often detected in them the highest expression that she had ever seen in those of his unhappy, departed father! Who could sound the awful depth of those reflections into which the Earl of Milverstoke would sink, when he regarded that son of a murdered father—and *he* the son of a father—that grandson of one who——the Earl would tremble when thoughts like these presented themselves—thoughts which flung him prostrate before the awful footstool of Mercy—and even there would he lie quaking with terror, yet—God be thanked!—*not in despair.*

Every year were Mr. and Mrs. Hylton visitors at the picturesque and splendid residence to which the Earl had betaken himself, on quitting Milverstoke. The presence of that Minister of God served at once to humble and exalt those to whom he came, radiant with the pure influences of piety and virtue—which, in his meek presence, shone, as it were, before their very eyes. And, when absent, still, year after year came from him many missives of earnest and faithful teaching: soul-subduing, soul-elevating; entering into his very inner man, and seeking to expel all that could defile the temple of the living God. And he had, indeed, at length sapped the foundations of PRIDE: the pillar that had stood upon it, in black and hideous strength and height, had fallen, and lay crushed in visible fragments around. Yet was there another, apparently adamant and inaccessible—alas! still continued the Earl utterly UNFORGIVING! And the subtle fiend, who ever hovered around so coveted a victim—to him invisible, but visible to the eyes of the Minister of Christ—supplied reasons that seemed unanswerable for perseverance in blind and deadly infatuation. In vain presented Mr. Hylton to the shuddering averted eye of the Earl, moving pictures of the miserable *father* of the heart-broken exile—of blameless life, of exalted piety, of unswerving faith, of utter forgiveness of injuries: the more vivid the colouring, the nearer came the awe-inspiring figure—the hastier and angrier was the retreat of the inexorable Earl. And that poor exile himself—him also fearlessly presented Mr. Hylton to the Earl as an image of resignation and Christian forgiveness: but all in vain—the Earl recoiled from the approach in mingled disgust and horror. And Mr. Hylton's last weapon, which with dauntless aim he drove home—*What if all this time he be innocent as your Lordship's self!*—

even that, too, failed of its purpose. Mr. Hylton's steadfast perseverance, year after year, did not, however, exasperate the Earl, who loved and revered one whom he might well style—incomparable. The finest living in his gift (and he had several) he most earnestly and affectionately pressed upon Mr. Hylton—but in vain.

“No, dear my Lord,” said he, “give it to a younger, stronger, a better man. *Here* pitched I my tent long ago; and here will I remain and take my rest, with those whom I love, whom one by one I have followed lovingly to the dust—my people!—my flock!—my children! Here are they all! Here sweetly sleep they; and by-and-bye I hope to slumber beside them, till we all rise together again from the dust.”

When the Earl got the letter that contained these moving expressions, he took it out with him, and read it often, as he walked in solitude for many hours. “This man's foot,” said he, “I could see placed upon my paltry coronet of dust; for on his brow wears he one that gleams with heavenly brightness!”

Hopeless indeed seemed Mr. Hylton's efforts : but the stake which he played for was one of tremendous magnitude; and he dared not cease his exertions—he dared not despair: it was a contest that was sublime; one upon which angels looked down—ay, into which they entered unseen—one on which victory would be celebrated in eternity.

Many brilliant suitors sought the hand of Lady Alkmond, but in vain : her heart could feel no second love, but was either buried in the untimely grave of her husband, or absorbed with the treasure which survived him. She was still lovely—pensive in her loveliness—and meet companion to the father of him whose loss she mourned : and she was in time his only companion—for Lady Emily, peerless in beauty, ay, and in purity and goodness, on coming forth from her stately privacy into the world, found herself surrounded by those who paid an eager and enthusiastic homage to her charms; and it was not long before the contest ended—the fortress surrendered at discretion; and fair Lady Emily became the Duchess of Waverdale—her lord, her slave; she, his vowed servant, his sweet and absolute mistress! The link which bound them together, passed through the hallowing hands of Mr. Hylton.

Little difficulty felt the beautiful Duchess in obtaining the Duke's sanction to her arrangement with Mr. Hylton, for the support of

young Southern, both at school, and at College; but the alarmed perplexity into which fell both the Duchess and Mr. Hylton, on hearing of the destination of the young Lord Alkmond to Cambridge, instead of Oxford, where the Earl of Milverstoke had been educated, may be easily imagined. Mr. Hylton, good soul, took the earliest opportunity which he could find, of sounding to the Earl the praises of Oxford; which he did with such remarkable energy and pertinacity, as not a little surprised his Lordship; and once or twice even drew from him what was very rarely seen, a smile, as he good-naturedly reproached Mr. Hylton with ingratitude and undutifulness towards his *Alma Mater*.

The Earl heartily, and very justly, loved Oxford, where he himself had contended successfully for honours; but the last and greatest resident tutor of Lord Alkmond was a Cambridge man; and had made such stimulating representations concerning Lord Alkmond's mathematical talents and acquirements, and the probability which there was of their conducting him to the highest point of academical distinction, that the Earl resolved on having his grandson entered at Cambridge. And to Cambridge, therefore, he went; little dreaming he, the while, of the tremulous anxiety which his going thither occasioned.

Mr. Hylton and the Duchess had some anxious correspondence on the question of intrusting at once, in confidence, to Lord Alkmond, the secret by which they were themselves so disquieted. They finally determined, however, not to do so; and perhaps wisely. And on another cognate matter were they also agreed—to keep Mr. Southern in the dark as to the position which he occupied with reference to the young Lord Alkmond; with whom—a nobleman, and member of the leading College in the University—possibly, he—an obscure Sizar of an obscure College—might never happen to come into personal contact.

Sixteen years after the cruel death of Lord Alkmond, the persevering efforts of Mr. Hylton to overcome the unrelenting and bitterly unchristian feelings of the Earl towards the supposed murderer of his son were at length crowned with success, to Mr. Hylton's unspeakable joy and satisfaction. But it was only because his pious efforts had been aided by the afflicting hand which it had pleased God to lay upon the Earl, who was brought very nearly to the door of death, and then saw around him the uncompromising minister of religion, his own daughter, and his widowed daughter-

in-law, all of whom, with gentle, and at length irresistible persuasion and prayer, urged him to utter (which uttering, they knew he would feel) the word which would open to him that door of mercy, which otherwise must remain for ever—yes, FOR EVER closed.

“Come forth from that wretched hard-heartedness of thine,” said Mr. Hylton, with solemn energy, “and thankfully and reverently echo the awful language of the Saviour of mankind, in his agony on the cross, ‘FATHER, FORGIVE THEM!’ Oh, how art thou hereafter to stand before Him asking for mercy, whose example thou didst on earth disregard, and disregarding, despise? Awake! awake from thy horrible and deadly trance! *Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!*”

“Oh, my brother! oh, my teacher!” said the Earl, devoutly, and with a holy transport, “the scales are falling from mine eyes! Pray for me!—pray for me! I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes!”

And they did pray for him, and with him, and the offended majesty of God was appeased, through an ever-living Intercessor. From his foot there fell the last fetter that bound him in the dungeon of the Prince of Darkness.

“I humbly and fearfully FORGIVE!” he said—and the light of Heaven fell upon his benighted soul, scaring away for ever the fiends of darkness! A sudden peace pervaded his long-troubled breast.

“Oh, ever merciful God! it is sufficient! Keep Thou thy servant in this spirit, and in this faith!” solemnly faltered Mr. Hylton, kneeling at his bedside, where also knelt the weeping figures of the Duchess, and Lady Alkmond.

Yes, the grace had been given—the long, fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man had availed much,—and, oh, stupendous, inconceivable change! due only to heavenly potency! a whole nature had been transformed—a great spirit, long downward sinking, sprung like lightning out of the awful abyss of condemnation and despair—and stood, trembling, but firm, upon the Rock of Ages, with humble uplifted eye, on which streamed light and glory from the Sun of Righteousness.

“Oh, why,” thought afterwards the Earl, “hath this been so long delayed? Why have I passed thus far through this earth, a blasted wilderness, that might have bloomed and blossomed as the rose,—a very paradise around me!”

That sickness was not unto death, but had been otherwise ordered by the supreme disposer of events; and not very long after this blessed change had come over the Earl of Milverstoke, whose very countenance betokened it, there happened an event so utterly unlooked for and signal, as to demand a faithful record of it.

For the benefit of the sea air, Lord Milverstoke, after seventeen years' absence from the scene, to his Lordship dismal enough, of those events which have formed the subject of this history, returned to Milverstoke Castle—oh, what an altered man! It might almost be said that it was in a stern spirit of martyrdom that he returned to a spot so surrounded with associations of grief and horror. But he resolved to dare all, to bear all, and in a spirit of voluntary, self-denying humiliation. And, indeed, his very soul shuddered within him as he passed through the village, and drove along the road lying *in that horrible wood*—to his long-deserted Castle, soon standing before him with an aspect of gloomy, nay, terrible magnificence.

“Courage!” said Mr. Hylton, who, at his request, was standing ready to receive him as he alighted, the Earl grasping his proffered hand, with an almost convulsive energy, and involuntarily closing his eyes. “You are entering this great and ancient house,” whispered Mr. Hylton, “possibly more blessed by Heaven than ever entered any of your ancestors.”

“Oh, Mr. Hylton!” faltered the Earl, “it may be, it may be!”—and the Earl took off his hat with an air of profound reverence, and for a moment stood still in the hall through which he was passing.

His hair had become white as snow; his noble features wore an expression of sorrowful dignity; but their once haughty frowning sternness was gone for ever, having vanished with the temper and feelings in which it had originated. His tall commanding figure, once erect as an arrow, now was bent beneath the burden of age and grief, and his gait and step were feeble. But what gentleness in his eyes, what gentleness in the tones of his voice, appeared to those now around him, who remembered the proud Earl of Milverstoke of a former day! And there was his daughter, still blooming with beauty, and the Duke, her husband, and her children—all there to welcome him!—and his daughter-in-law and his grandson—all of whom he embraced, but especially the last, with a tenderness that could find no utterance.

That evening, before the assembled family and household, Mr. Hylton resumed his functions as the Earl's Chaplain, in the presence of a very grave auditory, collected in that chamber, the library, which had formerly witnessed scenes so stormy and so different. Mr. Hylton read the ninetieth Psalm, and the prayers, with soul-subduing solemnity; for his spirit was indeed moved within him by the mighty contrast which he beheld between NOW and THEN, by the humble but lively hope which he felt, that old things had passed away, and all things had become new.

"Why, what can this be, Mary?" said Mr. Hylton, as Mrs. Hylton placed in his hands, on his return one day from a walk in the village, after paying a visit to old Ayliffe, who still occupied his own cottage, a grateful pensioner on the bounty, conveyed through Mr. Hylton, of the Lady Emily of a former day, the brilliant and celebrated Duchess of the present—who, with beauty in nowise faded, but only perfectly matured, retained all her characteristic simplicity and loveliness of character.

"What can His Majesty have thought it worth his while to send, in his royal pleasure, to the Vicar of Milverstoke?" He alluded to the words "On His Majesty's service," standing on a packet of much greater than the usual dimensions; and in the corner was the signature "Mordaunt,"—that of the Secretary of State, Lord Mordaunt, the third successor to Lord Farnborough, in whose time he had communicated, in the character of Mr. Under Secretary Wylmington, with Mr. Hylton. The letter contained a large enclosure, to which a note from the Under Secretary called Mr. Hylton's attention; such enclosure being a copy of a communication which had just been received from the gentleman whose name it bore.

"MY LORD,

"I lose no time in informing your Lordship of a somewhat remarkable fact which has just been communicated to me, officially, by the Chaplain of the prison here. This morning, a person named Isaac Hart, otherwise Jonas Hundle, was executed, pursuant to the statute 18 Geo. II. c. 27, for stealing a piece of cotton goods, value ten shillings, from a bleaching-field in this county. There was every reason to believe that this was a second offence. Yesterday evening the prisoner, being much troubled in his mind, desired to

see the Chaplain, to whom, I rejoice to say, he heartily acknowledged the justice of the sentence under which he was going to suffer. And he then went on to speak to the following effect (the words I copy from those which the Reverend Chaplain took down, from the prisoner's lips, and which afterwards he signed himself, by affixing thereto his mark, in the presence of the Chaplain aforesaid, and the Governor of the gaol), that is to say,—

“ ‘I, who am to die in the morning, most justly for my many sins, am not Isaac Hart, but Jonas Hundle, formerly living far away from this. And it was I that did kill and murder my Lord Milverstoke's son, for which one Ayliffe was taken, and condemned to die, but is now transported, and possibly dead. I did it with one Giles Armstrong, my brother-in-law, thinking never to kill the Lord's son, whom we knew not, nor knowing, would have harmed, having no cause, that I knew of, for so doing; nor knowing to this day how he came ever into the wood that night, so as to be killed. I and Armstrong (who hath died five years ago) did determine to kill Master Godbolt, the head keeper, for divers ills that he had done us, having shot Giles's brother, and transported another; wherefore we purposed to kill him, and I did with mine own hand strike him, as I thought, having heard that he was to be that night in the wood alone. I and Armstrong were together, but the young Lord came up to me before him, and I, thinking him, in the dark, to be Godbolt, and he walking quick, did strike him (for which God forgive me) with the coulter of a plough which Giles did take that evening from Farmer Hopkins's plough, and I did, for fear's sake, when I had struck Godbolt (as I thought it was), and lest I should be found out, thrust the coulter into a hole in a hollow tree hard by, where now, please God, it may be found, if yon tree do yet stand in that wood. And we both did get off as best we might, hearing steps, and Giles did drop over the cliff where lowest, but I ran round, and we two did go along by the sea till we got to Gaffer Strong's house, and so home by the road, no one seeing us that we knew of. And this is the very truth thereof, and I did hear Adam Ayliffe hereof tried, being present in Court during that time, but fearing to speak, lest I should have to die; but I heard him not sentenced, for my heart did fail me, and hoping he may be now alive, may God have mercy on my sinful soul, which is justly to leave this world to-morrow morning, having done many other wicked things, but none so great as this that I now tell, and that

for which I am to die to-morrow, which did to me seem hard, till I bethought me of the great wickedness of robbing people that were forced to have their goods put out in open air for to bleach, and this murder which I did on the young Lord, that another was to suffer for, but mercifully did not; all which is true, as I die to-morrow, and hope to be saved hereafter, knowing nothing can save me here from the consequence of my evil and most horrid life. God bless all Christian people, and forgive me, dying penitent. Amen.

“ ‘ JONAS [X] HUNDLE, *his mark.*

“ ‘ *Witnesses.* GREGORY DURDEN, *Chaplain.*

ABRAHAM HIGSON, *Governor.*’

“Just before the prisoner had his irons struck off, he was asked by the aforesaid Governor and Chaplain, whether all that he had over-night said was true, having first had read over to him the above, word for word; when he said it was true as the Gospel: and again Mr. Durden did ask him just before he suffered, and he did most solemnly declare to the truth thereof; and so he died. And, respectfully begging forgiveness for thus troubling your Lordship, yet knowing your Lordship’s desire to help the cause of justice, I have thought fit, on great consideration, to send off this forthwith to your Lordship, being, my Lord,

“Your Lordship’s most obedient, humble servant,

“HUMPHREY HARRIS, *Clerk of the Peace.*”

“My Lord Mordaunt,” said Mr. Hylton’s correspondent, “was sure that Mr. Hylton would give his best attention to the enclosed document; not merely as a magistrate for the county, and a gentleman anxious for the due administration of justice, but also as one who formerly had taken great personal interest in the case of Adam Ayliffe above mentioned, as Lord Mordaunt well remembered; who relied on Mr. Hylton’s taking steps, without delay, to confirm or contradict, as far as might be practicable, the extraordinary statements of the deceased convict Hart *alias* Hundle, in order that, if Adam Ayliffe were yet living, justice should be done in the matter, as far as yet might be.”

“Oh, Mary, Mary!” said Mr. Hylton, after he had somewhat recovered from the astonishment into which this letter had thrown him, “that hath now happened which I ever felt and knew within myself would happen, before I died!”

“Yes, my dear, 'tis indeed strange and most wonderful, if it be true; but stir not herein before you have found the coulter in the tree spoken of; and also, as Hopkins is alive, learnt from that good soul whether coulter he lost at that time, that he now can remember.”

“That is all reasonable enough, and true; but the matter is already absolutely determined. I have that within me, Mary, which tells me that so it is, as I have ever felt that so it would prove to be; but what you say shall be done.”

Good Mr. Hylton could no longer mount his horse, and ride about, as twenty years before he used to do, but was somewhat feeble, and had gotten a gig to carry him easily and quietly about, as he might require. And in this gig he had soon placed himself, with his old gardener; and he drove off to his nearest brother magistrate, and then to the clerk to the justices, a most shrewd and practised attorney. To all of them he read the marvellous letter which had brought him to them; and then they agreed to accompany him at a given hour that afternoon, to Milverstoke Wood, and search for the instrument of murder alleged to be there lying hid. But Mr. Hylton also determined, for the sake of more absolute security of evidence, to have with them still other witnesses of what might be discovered. Wherefore it happened, that about three o'clock that afternoon a party of at least eight people met together in Milverstoke Wood, several of whom were well acquainted with the hollow tree spoken of in the confession of Hart *alias* Hundle; and to be sure, when they had come up to the tree, there was a hole in the trunk some four feet above the ground, and quite capable of receiving what was alleged to have been thrust into it. The head bailiff, one of the party, put his hand into the hole amidst excited silence, but felt nothing. “The hole,” said he, “seems deep—the tree cannot stand many more high winds, so hollow as it is. I will soon mend this matter.” With this, he sent off his man, who was present, to the woodman's house, not far off; and before long the two returned, with an axe, which they plied heartily, and soon slit down nearly three feet of the half-rotten trunk; when out sprung a large snake (which had doubtless crept in through a hole at the foot of the trunk), startling everybody away, and getting out of sight before it could be killed. Before those who had been thus stirred had quite recovered themselves, Mr. Hylton, too much absorbed with the object of his errand to take

much notice of what had just happened put his own hand into the hole (careless at the moment of the possibility that other snakes were there), and, sure enough! amidst expressions of wonder, and even awe, from all present, drew forth the coulter of a plough! Mr. Hylton, holding in his hands the dismal memorial of the black transaction which has been commemorated in this history, stood greatly moved before his companions. At length, "My friends," said he, very solemnly, "this seems to be the doing of Almighty God; let us acknowledge it with awe and thankfulness!" As he said this, he uncovered his venerable head, his example being followed by all present; and for some moments a dead silence prevailed, during which thoughts passed through the mind of each, not to be forgotten, nor easily to be expressed. They then closely examined the rusty iron, but could discover nothing upon it that would warrant the belief, after so great a lapse of time, that the instrument bore any marks of the bloody use to which it had been applied. Mr. Hylton himself took possession of it, covering it up in a cloth, which he had provided against the occasion; and his next object was to see old Hopkins, whose farm, now managed by his son-in-law, was not far off, and lay in Mr. Hylton's way home. He and his brother magistrate went into the farm-house, where sat the old man smoking in the chimney-corner, cheerful and intelligent, and able to hear everything that was said to him. Mr. Hylton, having quietly led the conversation to the time of the great murder, which, with all its incidents, seemed quite fresh in the old man's mind, asked him whether he had ever, about that time, chanced to miss a coulter from a plough of his.

"Ay, ay, I think," said he, rubbing his forehead for a few moments, "I do bethink me I did, and somewhere, too, about that time; nay, now I do remember that I did truly lose one, and thought that one of those Armstrongs must have taken it—a sad family they were—but I never did see or hear more of the matter."

"Should you know that coulter, were you to see it now, as matter of curiosity?" said Mr. Hylton.

"What! now? That coulter?—No, no; not after all these years, hardly," replied the old man, smiling. "I got another coulter when t'other was wanting, and thought no more of it; but I've often thought that Giles did me that trick; he were a bad one, I always thought."

"Did you ever know one Hundle?"

"What—Jonas Hundle? the lad that choused poor Adam Ayliffe

about the hare? Ay!—A sorry knave was he, I ever did think—he and Giles were always, as I may say, together, and never doing good. Glad was I to get rid of 'em—and I don't know what came of 'em, nor ever cared, not I!”

“Well—I can tell thee—Jonas was hanged, some two hundred miles off, last week.”

“Hanged! And only last week? He hath had a long hide and seek with Satan (saving your Reverence)—and what might he go for, at the last?”

“He robbed a bleaching-ground.”

“Why, what's that?” said the farmer, scratching his head—“we've no such things in these parts, I'm thinking.”

“And what would you say, my friend, if I told you that just before he died, he confessed a great murder.”

Hopkins suddenly took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared silently at Mr. Hylton, who proceeded—

“Ay, and that he did it with that same coultter of yours that I have spoken of.”

“Lord have mercy upon us!” exclaimed Hopkins, faintly, dropping his pipe on the hearth—“why—it—was not—the young Lord—the Lord Alkmond—surely! surely!”

“Ay, but he dying did declare it was, and that he did it with his own hand, and with that same coultter, which is here.”

Hopkins got up from his chair with a long-drawn sigh, and walked a step or two about the room, with an amazed air.

“This is it,” said Mr. Hylton, beginning to uncover it.

“Phew!” cried Hopkins, earnestly—“I wish it were not in *my* house, here: it takes my breath off—it does, gentlemen! But—if it be my coultter, look ye, gentlemen, at one end—I do now well remember that it was broken, and so would not hold on, and was to have been taken to the smith's:—is it so?”

It was, verily! And Hopkins saw and identified it—but would not touch the horrid instrument of murder, which Mr. Hylton, himself with shuddering reluctance, took home with him. Further minute inquiry afforded complete corroboration to every part of Hundle's confession.

Godbolt, the head keeper, was dead: but he was in the wood on the night of the murder, going his rounds, and he it was who had stumbled over the body of Lord Alkmond; who, it now appeared, had been mistaken for him, owing to the obscurity of the night, and

the sanguinary impetuosity of the assassins. And though true it was that Hundle had remained in the neighbourhood till some time subsequently to the trial, apparently occupied only as an occasional farming-servant, yet a few months afterwards he left, and was never seen or heard of any more in that part of the country. It appeared, also, that Giles Armstrong, his brother-in-law, ceased, about the same time, to be known in those parts ; and there was every reason to believe that he was, as stated by Hundle, dead.

So then, poor Adam Ayliffe was innocent ! innocent as the unborn child ! The discovery, together with the reflections which it occasioned, was to Mr. Hylton perfectly overwhelming. It was, indeed, an awful mystery ; an inscrutable dispensation of Providence ; one which baffled the impious daring of human conjecture ; but was assuredly reconcilable, though our limited and disturbed faculties should be unable to perceive it, with the ineffable wisdom and justice of the Almighty maker and governor of the world. When, on the ensuing morning, Mr. Hylton went to Old Ayliffe to communicate to him this extraordinary and most affecting intelligence, he greatly feared the effect which it might produce upon the venerable sufferer of nearly a twenty years' martyrdom. He found the old man alone in his cottage, reading that Book which had been long the only solace of his life ; one which either gave him a clue to the course of God's Providence in human affairs, or conferred upon him the blessing of a composed resignation, an implicit faith and confidence that one day would make it known that He *had done all things well*. Deep in that old man's heart were engraved the solemnizing and consolatory words of the Apostle : *For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then, face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know, even as also I am known*. God and his doings are at present surrounded with darkness, often impenetrable : but otherwise shall it be hereafter—when He shall be seen to have here been, where He was not known to be !—Therefore the old man received this amazing intelligence, the first shock over, with calmness and dignity. “God is good,” said he, “that hath given me to see this day, to hear these tidings, as a ray of sunshine on the short path which leads me to my home yonder,” and he pointed, through his little window, to the churchyard. “It will not shorten, nor could the want of it have lengthened, my sleep in the dust. This old body of mine hath increasing attraction to the dust : I feel the hour coming when it must drop, when the *earthly house*

of this tabernacle shall be dissolved : and I leave it cheerfully here, to enter a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. *For in this tabernacle,*" continued he solemnly, "*I do groan, being burthened : not for that I would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality may be swallowed up in life !* Links have I that yet bind me to this earth, but they will presently melt and dissolve away, and I escape. My son, my only son, whom I loved, hath been offered up this twenty years upon my heart, an offering unto God : when He unlooseth him, I will receive him back thankfully, be it but for a moment. Ay, let me see my son, my son Adam, and I depart in peace, knowing that God hath heard my prayer. His mother hath long been dust ; so will be soon his father : so ere long will he be."

Here he paused long, and seemed to have fallen into a reverie, which Mr. Hylton's feelings permitted him not to disturb. "I reckon his hair will be long gone grey ; turning white ; and his face sad and worn : and so will it be with Sarah ; but—I shall know them!" said the old man, his sad low voice such as would have broken a heart of stone. "Doth my Lord know of this?" he presently inquired, gazing with momentary stateliness at Mr. Hylton, who answered in the negative. "I felt, then, Satan, for a moment ; but he is gone : God be thanked!" said he, with his former solemn and affecting tranquillity of tone and manner.

That day Mr. Hylton wrote a letter to the Secretary of State, explaining the complete verification he had obtained, of the confession which had been made by the deceased miscreant Hundle.

From Ayliffe Mr. Hylton went direct to the Earl of Milverstoke ; deeming it of great importance to obtain, before answering the Secretary of State's letter, the hearty and decisive acquiescence of the Earl in the truth of the disclosure which had thus signally vindicated the innocence of one whom he was going down to the grave believing to be the murderer of his son. The Earl's coach was standing at the Castle door when Mr. Hylton arrived, his Lordship being about to take his usual mid-day drive. Mr. Hylton was, however, shown immediately into the library, where the feeble Earl's valet, and another, were assisting in drawing on his Lordship's gloves, and preparing him to encounter the out-door air, which was keen and biting. Mr. Hylton's countenance showed that he came the bearer of some kind of serious intelligence : and on the Earl's inquiring, somewhat apprehensively, if such was the case,

and being answered in the affirmative, he ordered his attendants instantly to withdraw—and then he and Mr. Hylton were alone.

“My grandson—is Alkmond well? Speak!” said the Earl, who had gone suddenly pale—“if anything has happened, let me, in pity, know at once”—

“No, no, my Lord; nought that I know of, nor have reason to fear. When last I heard, he was well—quite well—and going on to great distinction.”

“Then what hath happened? Speak, whatever it be. I am old and feeble now, and suspense doth make me shake inwardly, as though my soul were palsied. Speak, good Mr. Hylton”—continued the Earl, earnestly, drawing near to Mr. Hylton, who, while the Earl was speaking, had been hastily considering which was the best mode of breaking the matter to one whose nerves were, indeed, as he had said, shattered.

“My dear Lord Milverstoke,” said he, with a frank air —“we are both now very far on in years, and have seen no little of God’s dealing with mankind, to discipline and subdue our unruly and wicked hearts and wills. For wise and awful purposes of His own, His government of man is one of deep mystery; His doings are only partially revealed—sometimes never, in this dim scene of our trial. But He doth now and then condescend unto our weakness and blindness; and now shall I show you one marvellous and most signal doing of His. I pray your Lordship to be calm while I speak,” he continued—observing the Earl’s gathering excitement —“calm as was that aged saint whom I have just quitted, when I told him of what I tell your Lordship now. Oh, my dear Lord! Adam Ayliffe—poor banished Adam Ayliffe”—

“Is he dead, then?” asked the Earl gravely, appearing suddenly calm, as if relieved from apprehension—“And if he be—how was his end? What said he, before quitting to give his great account?”

“How feels your Lordship towards him?” said Mr. Hylton, glancing searchingly at the Earl, and removing from his pocket-book, and opening, the Secretary of State’s letter.

“I have, God be my witness, no ill-will towards him, my wretched brother sinner. Malice hath long since died within me, as you do know, dear friend Mr. Hylton; and I feel! alas!—who am I that should bear malice to another!” said Lord Milverstoke, with a perceptible shudder.

“Ah, my good Lord, I must now, then, tell you all! Adam Ay-

liffe is innocent—innocent as am I—of poor Lord Alkmond's murder." The Earl's face went suddenly of a ghastly whiteness, and in his eye, fixed intensely on Mr. Hylton, apprehension was evidently mingled with some of the sternness, and even fierceness, of a former day. But he seemed resolved, as Mr. Hylton judged from his rigid and compressed lips, to listen in silence; so Mr. Hylton proceeded, firmly and with his peculiar and impressive emphasis: "The Providence of God, my dear Lord, hath at length cleared up this mystery, and all is revealed." The Earl sunk back in his seat, faintly asking for water, which Mr. Hylton caused to be immediately procured. When his Lordship had drunk a little, which Mr. Hylton gave him, he asked for a little wine to be added, which also was done; and then he whispered to Mr. Hylton to order those out who had come in to answer his summons. Within a few moments they were again alone.

"That—letter: is it from abroad?"—he gasped, with tremulous eagerness.

"No my Lord—no: you have no need to fear any thing from the quarter you think of, where your munificence hath long, long ago extinguished all claim on your Lordship—but this letter is from the Secretary of State, and encloseth the confession of a guilty wretch, hanged within these last few days only, and who, to the Chaplain attending him, did in his last moments most solemnly and explicitly confess that he had done this foul murder; and proof that he spake truly, the Providence of God hath placed in our reach, and I have got that proof: with mine own eyes have I seen, with mine own hands have I felt, with mine own ears have I heard it! Oh, the wonderful"—

"My friend—my friend—your voice fails; I have not heard much of what you have been saying! Let me hear again, and somewhat louder," said the Earl, leaning forward, and speaking in a very feeble tone, his eyes also gazing languidly at Mr. Hylton, who had, in truth, been speaking most deliberately, and with rather more distinctness and loudness than usual. He repeated what he had said—and as he went on, the Earl closed his eyes, and shook his head gently and mournfully, his snowy attenuated hands resting on his knees, which were trembling visibly.

"My Lord—I perceive that you are not able now to hear me—that you are indisposed"—

"Now! now! or it may be—never!" said the Earl, opening his

eyes, and gazing with a steadfastness and energy at Mr. Hylton, which he had not seen for years, and betokened the great effort of the Earl's will, which produced it. Mr. Hylton then read the letter which he had received from London—Lord Milverstoke's eye being all the while fixed upon him with unwavering intensity; and also while he explained, as briefly but pointedly as possible, the steps which he had taken to obtain, and by which he had obtained, complete corroboration of the matters which had been spoken of by the murderer. When he had concluded, the Earl heaved a succession of deep-drawn sighs: and then tremulously said, "Is all this in judgment, or in mercy?"

"In mercy, dear my Lord! in mercy!" answered Mr. Hylton, with a brightening countenance and a cheerful voice,—“in you, spared to advanced age, I see before me only a monument of mercy and goodness! Had you continued till now, deaf to the teaching of His Holy Spirit—dead to His gracious influences—hateful, relentless, and vindictive—this which has now occurred would, to my poor thinking, have appeared to speak only in judgment, uttering condemnation in your ears, and sealing your eyes in judicial blindness! But you have been enabled to hear a still small voice, whose melting accents have pierced through your deaf ear, and broken a heart once obdurate in pride and hopelessly unforgiving. Plainly I speak, dear my Lord, for my mission I feel to be now no longer one of terror, but of consolation! What hath happened is awful, but awful in mercy only, and condescension!”

"All this—all this—to a worm of the earth, guilty—utterly worthless," faltered the Earl.

"Nay, call that not worthless which God himself hath deigned to redeem! which he hath endowed with immortality! and placed here to become fitted for eternal happiness!"

The Earl spoke not for some minutes.

"Twenty years!—nearly twenty years!—twenty years' exile and misery!—and injustice!" he presently exclaimed, clasping his hands over his forehead. "Oh, what an eternity of anguish, upon earth!"

"Afflict not yourself unnecessarily, my dear Lord, nor in vain. Attribute not to your agency that which is caused only by the unavoidably imperfect administration of justice—and for which you are not responsible, before either God or man. It was not you who placed this unfortunate man in the circumstances which led

him into the mortal peril from which the Providence of God only rescued him. Nor was it you who judged or condemned him : yet only your own heart can tell you, how you have stood before God, towards this your brother, in spirit and in intention ! ”

“ Oh, my heart condemns ! hath terribly condemned me ! Oh, fiend that I have been ! And I to be, of all men, thus exacting and vindictive ! ”

“ These, my Lord, are painful, but wholesome thoughts, and I dare not interrupt them. ”

“ Alas, alas ! Mr. Hylton, were I to dwell upon them, I should despair : my eyes turn ever back upon the past, and *there* still gleams upon me vengeance unappeased ! ” He paused. “ Dare I ask—what says poor Ayliffe—Adam Ayliffe, the father ? ”

“ He seems but half with us, my Lord, on earth ! As though he had lingered only to hear these glad tidings, before descending into the dust ! ”

“ Twenty years ! twenty years hath he, too, spent in misery and wrong ! ”

“ Twenty years have they been, my Lord, of resignation, of faith, which have raised and purified his noble soul—for noble, my Lord, even in the language of men, it is—from almost all dross of earth ! Never one word has there fallen from him during those long twenty years, that angels might not joyfully carry up to Heaven as tokens of his fitness to join them ! ”

“ Oh, venerable man ! Think you that he would receive one whose head, aged as his own, is bowed with shame, while his, is erect in virtue and nobleness ? ”

Mr. Hylton was moved almost to tears at the spectacle which was before his mind's eye, of these two old men meeting for the first, and it might be for the only, time upon earth : and his offer to accompany his Lordship at once to the cottage, the Earl eagerly accepted, and they both took their departure. As the carriage approached, the Earl showed no little agitation at the prospect of the coming interview.

“ Yonder,” said Mr. Hylton exultingly, “ yonder is the humble place where dwells still, and for but a little longer, one whom angels there have ministered to ; with whom God hath there ever communion ;—and it is a hallowed spot ! ”

The Earl spoke not; and in a few minutes' time, he was to be seen, supported by Mr. Hylton and a servant, closely approaching the cottage door, another preceding him to announce his arrival, and standing uncovered outside the door, as the Earl entered it; his lordly master himself uncovering, and bowing low as he stepped within, accompanied by Mr. Hylton, who led him up to old Ayliffe, saying, "Adam, here comes one to speak with you—my Lord Milverstoke—who saith that he hath long, in heart, done to you and yours injustice; and hath come hither to tell you so." The Earl trembled on Mr. Hylton's arm while he said this, and stood uncovered, gazing with an air of reverence at the old man, who, when they entered, was sitting near the fire, leaning on his staff beside a table, on which stood his old Bible open, with his spectacles lying upon it, as though he had but just laid them there. He rose slowly as Mr. Hylton finished speaking.

"My Lord," said he, solemnly, and standing more erectly than he had stood for years, "we be now both very old men, and God hath not spared us thus long for nothing."

"Ay, Adam Ayliffe, indeed it is so! Will you forgive me, and take my hand?" said the Earl faintly, advancing his right hand.

"Ay, my Lord—ay, in the name of God! feeling that I have had somewhat to forgive! For a father am I, and a father *wast* thou, my Lord! Here, since it hath been asked for, is my hand, that never was withheld from man that kindly asked for it; and my heart goes out to thee with it? God bless thee, my Lord, in these thine old and feeble days—old and feeble are we both, *and the grasshopper is a burthen to us!*"

"Let me sit down, my friend," said the Earl gently. "I am feebler than thou; and be thou seated also!" They both sat down opposite to each other, Mr. Hylton looking on in silence. "God may forgive me (and *may* He, of His infinite mercy!)—thou, my fellow-creature, mayst forgive me; but I cannot forgive myself, when I am here looking at thee. Good Adam! what hast thou not gone through these twenty years!" faltered the Earl.

"Ay, twenty years it is!" echoed Ayliffe solemnly, sighing deeply, and looking with sorrowful dignity at the Earl. "Life hath, during these twenty years, been a long journey, through a country dark and lonesome; but yet, here is the lamp that hath shone ever blessedly beside me, or I must have stumbled, and missed my way for ever, and perished in the valley of the shadow

of death!" As he spoke, his eyes were fixed steadfastly on the Earl, and he placed his hand reverently upon the sacred volume beside him.

"Adam, God hath greatly humbled me, and mightily afflicted me!" said the Earl: "I am not what I was!"

"The scourge thou doubtless didst need, my Lord, and it hath been heavily laid upon thee; yet it is in mercy to thee, that thou art here, my good Lord!" said Ayliffe, with an eye and in a tone of voice belonging only to one who spoke with authority. "It is in mercy, too," he continued, "to me, that I am here to receive and listen to thee! I, too, have been perverse and rebellious, yet have I been spared!—And art thou, then, my Lord, in thy heart, satisfied that my poor son hath indeed suffered wrongfully?"

"Good Adam," said the Earl, sorrowfully, and yet with dignity, "I believe *now* that thy son is innocent, and ought not to have suffered; yet God hath chosen that we should not see all things as He seeth them, Adam. The law, with which I had nought to do, went right, as the law of men goeth; but, alas! as for me, what a spirit hath been shown by me towards thee and thine! Forgive me, Adam! There is one here that knoweth more against me"—the Earl turned towards Mr. Hylton with a look of gloomy significance—"than I dare tell thee, of mine own awful guiltiness before God."

"He is merciful! He is merciful!" said Ayliffe.

"Wilt thou give me a token of thy forgiveness of a spirit most bitter and inhuman?" said the Earl presently. "If thy poor son Adam cometh home while I live, wilt thou speak with him, that he forgive me my cruel heart towards him?—that he accept amends at my hands?"

"For amends, my Lord," said Ayliffe, "doubtless he will have none but those which God may provide for him; and my son hath no claim upon thee for human amends. His forgiveness I know that thou wilt have, for aught in which, my Lord, thou mayst have wronged him by uncharitableness; or he is not son of mine, and God hath afflicted him in vain."

Here Mr. Hylton interposed, observing the Earl grow very faint, and rose to assist him to the door.

"Good day, friend Adam, good day," said Lord Milverstoke, feebly, but cordially grasping the hand which Ayliffe tendered to him. "I will come hither again to see thee; but if I may not,

wilt thou come yonder to me? Say yes, good Adam! for my days are fewer, I feel, than thine!"

"When thou canst not come to me, my good Lord, I will come to thee!" said Ayliffe, sadly, following the Earl to the door, and gazing after him till he had driven away.

That evening Mr. Hylton wrote off to the Secretary of State, fully detailing the corroboration which he had obtained of every part of Hundle's confession, and also communicating Lord Milverstoke's complete conviction of its truth, and his Lordship's extreme anxiety that not an hour should be lost in providing means for Ayliffe's immediate return home; Lord Milverstoke declaring his readiness to equip a vessel at his own expense, to proceed, at the earliest moment, abroad for that purpose. To this Mr. Hylton added the firm conviction which he had from the first entertained of Ayliffe's innocence, and which had been strengthened by constant correspondence with him ever since his quitting England!

Mr. Hylton was summoned, by the Earl's desire, that evening to the Castle, which he had quitted scarcely two hours before, it being believed that his Lordship was dying; and, indeed, Mr. Hylton was greatly affected when he saw the Earl, whom he verily believed to be indeed near his end, and who exhibited a solemn tranquillity, and expressed a mournful sympathy on behalf of old Ayliffe and his son, such as no one could have observed without being greatly moved. When Mr. Hylton returned, leaving the Earl a little revived, it was in company with his Lordship's solicitor, for whom a special messenger had been despatched by his Lordship, immediately on his return to the Castle, from visiting Ayliffe's cottage. The solicitor was a very affable person, but on matters of business his lips were, so to speak, hermetically sealed. Not a word, therefore, passed between him and Mr. Hylton respecting anything that might have taken place between him and the Earl, that evening. But his Lordship afterwards rallied from the prostration which had been occasioned by the agitation of that day; and on the ensuing Sunday, Mr. Hylton had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing both the Earl and Old Ayliffe at church; and of administering to them, kneeling side by side, amongst others, the Sacrament. It was a sight that was long afterwards spoken of, by those who saw the two old men taking leave of each other, at the church door, with solemn courtesy, each, forgetful of mere earthly relations, uncovering to the other, in silence, his venerable head;

shaking each other by the hand ; and then the one assisted into his stately coach, the other into the small cart in which a friendly neighbour had conveyed him to the church. Then went they severally home, from the house of their common Father—the *Father of the spirits of all flesh* ; who was no *respector of persons* ! The spectacle of that day produced a deep and lasting impression on the beholders of it ; but especially upon those who had lived long enough to remember, or had been told by those who did, what had taken place in Milverstoke some twenty years before.

Shortly after the happening of the events which have last been mentioned, there came on at Cambridge the exciting struggle for pre-eminence, to which the whole University had for some time been looking forward with an unusual degree of interest and curiosity, and which was concentrated on the two individuals who have been already mentioned—Viscount Alkmond and Mr. Southern. Their respective partisans lacked, altogether, the calmness and good-nature of the two principals, who had just that degree of intercourse with each other, before the hour of contest, which was calculated to excite reciprocal respect and apprehension. Each, it need hardly, perhaps, be said, continued in profound ignorance of the strange and critical position which his family occupied with respect to that of the other.

Lord Alkmond was stimulated to his uttermost exertion ; for to him, the future head and representative of an ancient and noble family, what could be more desirable than intellectual distinction—the highest honours of a great University, won in fair fight with an antagonist so formidable, so worthy of being arduously conquered, as Mr. Southern ? But if the pressure of such incentives were great upon Lord Alkmond—what would have been the effect of his knowing, besides, who that formidable competitor really was ? The son, not of his father's murderer, but of the heart-broken man who, having been falsely accused of that murder, had nearly perished for it on the gibbet, and afterwards passed for it twenty years of his life in ignominious exile ! Would Lord Alkmond have retired from the contest, overpowered by his feelings, and, under an impulse of chivalrous generosity, leaving his innocent and unfortunate opponent to occupy the splendid post of distinction to which his great and admitted talents and acquirements entitled him ?—Who can tell ?

But suppose that Mr. Southern had discovered who he himself

really was, and the position in which he and his family at that moment stood towards that of his distinguished opponent—what would he have done? Or, suppose him aware that amongst those who regarded him as an object of interest—as one of the two observed of all observers in that great academical struggle—was one who watched him with a straining eye and a well-nigh bursting heart—that long dishonoured exile, that falsely adjudged murderer, *his father*? Yet so it was! Him Nature nearly overpowered into forgetfulness of the solemnly pledged word of a Christian man, that he would not disclose himself to his son, till that son should have passed through the fiery ordeal into which he had entered, and on the issue of which depended all his earthly prospects. Yes, poor Ayliffe and his wife had indeed returned to their native country—to dreadful, but still dear, England!

Unable to resist the poor father's importunities, Mr. Hylton had accompanied him to Cambridge the day before that on which the contest commenced; and in going thither had exacted the promise which has been mentioned above. Besides this, Mr. Hylton had most earnestly impressed upon him lessons of piety and gratitude, towards Him who out of seeming evil, brought, so often, good.

"Here, Adam, is your son, likely to become the foremost man of Cambridge University, and have all the honours and advantages attending such high distinction. He is now contending, as an equal, with the future Earl of Milverstoke, whom he may vanquish by the force of his talents and learning. Could this have been, in all human probability, if what has happened to you had not taken place? And had he been strong and well-formed like you, might he not have gone to the plough—or at all events been never what now he is?"

Ayliffe, now a grey-headed, care-worn, sad-hearted man, was silent. Oh, with what feelings did he first, at a distance, catch sight of his son! That son was in academical costume, walking alone with an air of deep thought for a while, till he was joined by—Lord Alkmond! Poor Ayliffe, who gazed at his son from the window of an inn, with Mr. Hylton beside him, was violently affected on seeing him, and wept like a child.

"How like his mother!" he exclaimed: and indeed that young man was.

"And is not Lord Alkmond like his poor father?" inquired Mr. Hylton.

“He is!” replied Ayliffe, with a cold shudder.

The contest lay entirely that year, as all had foreseen, between Lord Alkmond and Mr. Southern, both of whom far outstripped all other competitors; and between those two, the issue was long doubtful, to all but one or two of the most experienced and able members of the University: who privately expressed a decided opinion as to which of the two would be the Senior Wrangler. And at length their confident prediction was verified: for Mr. Southern was declared the victor, after a most severe struggle with his noble antagonist—NOBLE in every sense of the word—noble before, infinitely nobler after, this great contest, in which success had been, to his Lordship, an object on many accounts so dearly prized. From him Mr. Southern received the first and heartiest of the congratulations which were soon from all quarters showered upon him. If ever a pure and high spirit were shown by man, it was that which then actuated Lord Alkmond; and his modest, retiring, confused victor profoundly felt the generosity of his defeated but gifted antagonist.

Great curiosity was excited in the University about their new Senior Wrangler; and “Who is he?—Where does he come from?—Who knows anything about him?” were questions asked eagerly on every hand. Who, however, could answer them? Lord Alkmond was repeatedly asked—but, in spite of his apparent acquaintanceship with his victorious opponent, could give no information about him. Curiosity was raised to a very high pitch on the day after this great contest, when Mr. Southern was seen walking along the streets, his face exhibiting traces of strong and recent excitement and agitation, and he arm-in-arm with a tall, elderly, grey-haired man, with a melancholy countenance, and a very homely appearance. The latter, also, looked as if he had not yet recovered from agitation: there was in his features a mingled expression of grief and exultation; and the two were observed frequently to gaze with sudden and strange earnestness at each other. During the course of that day, Lord Alkmond, walking arm-in-arm with Mr. Hylton, appeared also somewhat pale, and as if he too had been lately the subject of strong emotion, or had not recovered from the effects of some agitating intelligence. He shook hands with Mr. Southern in a very marked manner: evidently with cordiality, yet with a certain gravity which he had never before exhibited: and he took off his hat with a very courteous air, yet a concerned countenance, to the

person with whom Mr. Southern was walking. With a sudden impulse, however, his Lordship shook him cordially by the hand, and said, "Sir, allow me most earnestly to congratulate you on Mr. Southern's—I mean—Mr. Ayliffe's—I mean, your son's success and long may you live to see the fruits of his distinction!" The person addressed bowed low, and in his turn looked greatly embarrassed. Nor was this all the food which events seemed to have provided for the lovers of mystery at the University, or in its neighbourhood. A very great dinner was given, two days after the contest for the Senior Wranglership, by the Duke and Duchess of Waverdale, who had come to a residence of theirs near the University, chiefly on account of the interest which they took in their relative Lord Alkmond. Several of the august Heads of Houses were there; and the conversation naturally turned upon the University struggle which had just closed.

"Our new Senior Wrangler is a man that hath dropped down among us from the moon, brimful of mathematics," said the Vice-Chancellor.

"He is a particular friend of mine," replied the brilliant Duchess of Waverdale, with sudden and visible emotion, her eyes filling with tears—"and he was invited to dinner here to-day, but has an engagement which all who know him must respect him for keeping. Do they not, dear Mr. Hylton?"

"Indeed, my dear Duchess, they do! I shall never forget yesterday—or rather, the day before! I am thinking very anxiously about—you know whom!—What will *he* say of it?"

"Let us drink health and prosperity to the new Senior Wrangler," said the Duke, somewhat abruptly, glancing significantly at the Duchess; "for he is an honour to your University. Come, my dear Alkmond"—

"Indeed I will—with my entire heart," he replied. "I shall ever feel an inexpressible interest in Mr.—Southern."

The Heads all looked at one another with a well-bred air of mystery, as though they had hit upon a problem that would bear discussing by-and-bye. But one thing occurred to them all, that Mr. Southern was a person very fit to be friendly with, and on whom a little civility might be bestowed not unadvantageously. On the next evening, it got noised about that Lord Alkmond, Mr. Southern, and the strange-looking person with whom he walked about so much, had all dined together at the inn: and it somehow or other

got known that conversation was particularly restrained and formal, so long as dinner was on the table, but seemed afterwards more earnest. And the next day the whole party quitted Cambridge in a carriage and four! Such, indeed, was the fact; and their destination was Milverstoke—whither Lord Alkmond very anxiously hastened to give an account of the defeat which he had sustained, to his grandfather, and prepare him to hear by whom, in the strange course of events, that defeat had been occasioned, Mr. Hylton promising his assistance in the enterprise: for he knew, better even than the high-minded and frank-hearted young Viscount, the bitter mortification which was in store for the Earl, who seemed long to have set his heart upon his grandson's obtaining the distinction which his tutors had so confidently anticipated for him. The Earl had had, up to that moment, no knowledge whatever of young Ayliffe's being at the University: and how this fact, and that of his defeating Lord Alkmond, would be received by the Earl, was a problem which Mr. Hylton was about to solve with some trepidation; and that trepidation he had communicated to Lord Alkmond. "But," said his Lordship, "I will answer for my grandfather. When he hears it all—he may be a little angry about the concealment, but that can be most amiably accounted for: and then, if I know the nature of the blood that runs in our family, he may be somewhat dissatisfied with me for my failure, but towards my distinguished opponent he will feel as becomes a gentleman." How differently turned out events from these for which they were preparing!—The Earl of Milverstoke was dead.

For some time before Mr. Hylton's departure for Cambridge, the Earl's health and spirits had seemed greatly depressed, which Mr. Hylton, and his Lordship's medical attendant, attributed to the excitement and agitation occasioned by the Ayliffes' return to Milverstoke, and anxiety about Lord Alkmond's success at the University. As to the former, immediately on the Earl's hearing of the return of the Ayliffes, he sent a message to Mr. Hylton, requesting him to take a chaise and bring with him Ayliffe and his wife to the Castle. This Mr. Hylton did; and the Earl's manner, in receiving and addressing them, was signally characterised by dignity and kindness.

"Remember always," said his Lordship, "it was not I that caused your arrest on the charge upon which you were tried, nor placed you in the situation which led to your being arrested. You

were fairly and openly tried by your equals, as every Englishman must be who is charged, whether rightly or wrongfully, with an offence. I, who had no part in your trial, verily believed you guilty : I do declare it upon my honour—I do assure you of it solemnly before God : and I continued to believe it till the extraordinary confession of the crime, by the man whose cruelty first led you heedlessly astray. No man could force my understanding, Adam, to believe that you were innocent when I conscientiously believed that you were guilty, or guilty, when I really believed that you were innocent : but I freely own, humbly and penitently, before God, that I have, ever since you were charged with my unhappy son's death, until very lately, felt a most unjustifiable animosity and vindictiveness towards both you and your exemplary father. Through the teaching of Mr. Hylton, and the blessing of God, I have lately, I trust, been greatly altered, and regard my past conduct with downright shame and grief. But Christ my Saviour hath looked upon me in mercy, and softened (I trust) a heart that was a heart of stone. I hope that the consolations of religion are yours, and that they have been during your banishment ; and now that you are returned, I hope that peace will attend you both—nay, all of you—for the rest of your days. I am a very great sinner,"—here the Earl became greatly affected, turned very pale, and paused for a while : then he proceeded in a broken voice—"I am a much greater sinner than you think of, or than probably any one now knows of, but my kind, pitying friend, Mr. Hylton. But I have repented—ay, in dust and ashes ; and may God accept of my repentance. I am not much longer for this world. Would I had led a better life, and set a better example to those around me. And now, do you, both of you, heartily forgive me, my friends—my long-oppressed, my excellent and greatly pitied friends?"

Both Ayliffe and his wife, whom the Earl had made to sit down near him when they entered, were in tears all the while that the Earl was speaking : for there was something indescribably touching and solemn in the tones of his voice, and the expression of his countenance. They fervently assured his Lordship that all was forgotten in the joy of their returning ; and with the bloody stain of guilt blotted out.

"Then may God Almighty bless you both, my poor persecuted friends ! bless you here and hereafter, and prepare you for that day

which I feel is drawing awfully near to me! Pray for me while I am with you; and when I am dead, continue in a kind and forgiving spirit, and be gentle to my memory. He that will succeed me will behave more worthily in his station than I have. I am not deserving of such a grandson! But I am faint, and must bid you farewell. Give me your hands, my friends; and when you return home, here is a little token a-piece for you, of my good will, and an earnest only of what I will do for you!" Then he gave to each a small sealed packet, and they withdrew, leaving him much exhausted. The Earl had given each of them bank-notes to the amount of 500*l*.

When Mr. Hylton had set off for Cambridge with Adam Ayliffe (whose accompanying him was not known to the Earl), Lady Alkmond, who was from the first acquainted with the secret concerning him, who had become unexpectedly so formidable a competitor with her son, resolved, being left alone with the Earl, and seeing his subdued and gentle temper, herself to break the whole matter to him; and this she did so judiciously, and with such winning tenderness, that the Earl expressed only great, very great surprise, but no anger whatever. He was, on the contrary, much affected by the silent unostentatious generosity of his daughter, the Duchess of Waverdale. When the news came that Lord Alkmond had been defeated, and by young Ayliffe, Lady Alkmond shed a flood of tears; and with a mother's fondness lamented the grievous disappointment of their proud and ambitious hopes. When she had sufficiently recovered her self-possession, she went to the Earl, and broke the tidings to him as gently as possible. He was then lying in the bed from which he was destined never to rise; and received the intelligence with perfect calmness, though a faint flush at first overspread his features. The first words he uttered, after tenderly folding his arms round Lady Alkmond, and kissing her, were only these:—"This God hath done, and as a scourge for my pride! As such I humbly receive it. God bless the boy: may God bless them both! Oh, send for him! my daughter! my friend Hylton!"—

The next day the Doctor told Lady Alkmond that he had noticed a striking alteration in the Earl's countenance, and advised her to prepare for a great change. Other medical assistance was sent for, and an express was despatched for Lord Alkmond, the Duchess of Waverdale, and Mr. Hylton. The Earl's solicitor was also sum-

moned, and remained alone for some little time with his Lordship, who caused some additions to be made to his will. The Earl, getting worse, directed his confidential servant to go in the coach, to the cottage of old Adam Ayliffe, with an entreaty to him to come, in remembrance of a promise which he had made to the Earl of Milverstone some time before.

On hearing this, the old man trembled, and covered his face with his hands for some moments. Then, with a solemn countenance, getting his hat and stick, and putting his Bible under his arm, he said, "Ay, I will go with thee to my Lord!"

When the Earl saw him it was about evening, and the sun was setting, and its declining rays shone softly into the room.

"Adam, see—it is going down!" said Lord Milverstone in a low tone, looking sadly at Adam, and pointing to the sun.

"How is thy soul with God?" said the old man, with great solemnity.

The Earl placed his hands together, and remained silent for some moments. Then he said, "I would it were, good Adam, as I believe thine is!"

"Nay, my good Lord, think only of thine own, not mine; I am sinful, and often of weak faith. But hast thou faith and hope?"

"I thank God, Adam, that I have some little! Before I was afflicted, I went astray! But I have sinned deeper than even thou thinkest, good soul!"

"But His mercy, to whom thou art going, is deeper than thy sins!"

"Oh, Adam! I have this day often thought that I could die more peacefully in thy little cottage than in this place!"

"So thy heart and soul be right, what signifies where thou diest?"

"Adam," said the Earl, gently, "thou speakest somewhat sternly to one with a broken spirit—but God bless thee! thy voice searcheth me! Wilt thou make me a promise, Adam?" said the Earl, softly placing his hand in that of Ayliffe.

"Ay, my Lord, if I can perform it."

"Wilt thou follow me to the grave? I would have followed, thee, hadst thou gone first!"

"I will?" replied Adam, looking solemnly at the Earl.

“And now give me thy prayers, dear Adam! Pray for him that—is to come after me—for I go—and in peace—in peace”—

Lady Alkmond, who was at the other side of the bed, observed a great change come suddenly over the Earl's face, while Adam was opening the Bible and adjusting his glasses to read a Psalm. She hastened round, she leaned down and kissed the Earl's forehead and cheek, grasped his thin fingers, and burst into weeping. But the Earl saw her not, nor heard her: he was no longer among the living.

The Earl of Milverstoke left to the Ayliffes the munificent bequest of ten thousand pounds, which he styled in his will “an humble peace-offering.” He also directed that all the land which had been purchased on his account, from old Ayliffe, should be reconveyed to him, free of every charge: and bequeathed twenty pounds for a tablet to be erected in the church, to the memory of old Adam Ayliffe, the inscription on which was to be written by Mr. Hylton. Concerning him, his Lordship said, that he left the Rev. Henry Hylton his affectionate and most unworthy blessing; grieving that he had made the Earl promise to leave him no money, on hearing from his Lordship that such was his intention. But his Lordship left Mary Hylton, the daughter of his dear friend, the Rev. Henry Hylton, five thousand pounds.

It cost the venerable Mr. Hylton a great effort to comply with the wishes of the new Earl of Milverstoke, and his sorrowful relatives, that he should bury his late friend. But he did; and old Adam Ayliffe went as one of the mourners, and stood with a majestic countenance, only a few yards from the spot where, within three months' time, he was himself laid, that he might take his rest beside her whom he had loved, till both—till all mankind—shall rise at the sound of the trumpet of the Resurrection. He died with noble calmness. His very dead countenance diffused a living peace round the room; for its expression was that of a heavenly serenity. Him also Mr. Hylton buried; the young Earl of Milverstoke joining with Adam Ayliffe, and his son, in following his honoured remains through a little concourse, in the churchyard, who wept silently as they passed.

All those here mentioned are long since mouldered into dust—their kindred dust. They are dead, but have not perished: being only asleep. Perhaps already, they see no longer through a glass, darkly, but face to face: knowing no longer in part, but even as they are known. We, who have come after them, see also, at present, as they saw, only through a glass, darkly: wherefore we look for full clearness, hereafter only: and till our sleeping time come, walk trembling, but hopefully.



THE END.

THEY
NOW AND THEN

All those here mentioned are long since deceased. They are dead, but they are not departed; they are only sleeping. Perhaps already they are no longer in pain, but even as they are known. We who have come along their way, we know as they are, only through a glass, darkly; whereas we look for full clearness, hereafter only; and till our sleeping time come, with trembling, but hopefully.

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Now and then through a glass, darkly

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